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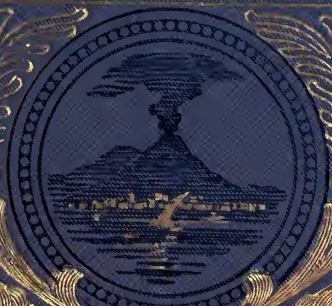
NAPLES
THE CITY OF PARTHENOPE



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Hear then, oh, hear the sea-maid's airy shell;
Listen, oh, listen! 't is the siren sings,—
The spirit of the deep,— Parthenope,—
She who did once i' the dreamy days of old
Sport on these golden sands beneath the moon,
Or poured the ravishing music of her song
Over the silent waters, and bequeathed
To all these sunny capes and dazzling shores
Her own immortal beauty and her name.

ANNA JAMESON.

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NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF A NATION AND A LANGUAGE.

LONG centuries ago, when sirens dwelt on islands and naiads haunted rivers and springs, when nymphs thronged in forest glades where trees oft held imprisoned dryads, when sibyls made their homes in caves and grottos, the peninsula of Naples was a favorite haunt of these mysterious beings; and we can but count the Fates most kind to Parthenope when she was cast upon a shore so fitting for her home. That she should here have built her Neapolis — New City — and here have been buried, as Strabo tells us, seems but what any siren, ancient or modern, would have done had she the power.

Here were the Elysian and the Phlegræan Fields: the first —

> "Clothed in the delicate atmosphere of Spring,
> Sprouting with young vines, redolent of the fruit
> And flower of orange, true Hesperian gold,
> And the wide whisper of the violet;"

while in sad contrast the second stood —

> "Where Titan force still heaves
> The uncertain bases of the vernal hills;
> Volcanic bowls, smouldering and boiling yet,
> Or brimmed with cool oblivion of the wave."

Here, too, was Lake Avernus, very "gate of hell," through which Ulysses passed to gloomier shades below; and here Amsanctus, then as now exhaling death. Of Avernus, Virgil says, —

> "Deep in the craggy gorge a cavern yawned;
> A pitchy lake and forests black as night
> Girdled its depths profound. No bird unharmed
> O'er that dread orifice might steer its flight, —
> Such baneful exhalation through the air
> Reeked from its murky jaws.

And famed Manduria's well, — as Pliny saw it, still it is; draw off or pour within a constant stream, and still the water stands at the same height. Through this charmed land the magic Crathis flowed o'er sands of gold, and those who bathed therein had ever after hair like golden threads by fairies spun. Here, too, that other river with its seven streams, in which Orestes bathed, and lost the foul stains of his mother's blood; and here the fountain of Artacia, where Ulysses met the daughter of the Læstrygonian king.

Historic mountains tower in all this land, and promontories rise from out its seas that have been famed since poets and historians sang and wrote. Horace tells of the wondrous bees and honey of Mons Matinus, and of the shipwreck of Archytas on the shore below, and begs each passer-by to help in covering the unburied corpse, —

> "O sailor-man, these bones, this skull to hide,
> Grudge not a handful of the drifting sand;
> So may the East-wind on Venusia blow,
> And spare thee on the waters far away.
> Just guerdon for thy care may Jove bestow,
> And Neptune, guardian of Tarentum's bay.
> But if thou turn a deaf ear to my prayer,
> Surely thy children's fortune shall be wrecked,
> And thou, for lack of charity, shalt bear
> The just requital of a like neglect.
> No expiation shall undo the wrong,

No lustral waters purify thy heart;
The boon I ask will not delay thee long, —
Three handfuls of gray dust, and then depart."

To the height of Gaeta, Virgil has given undying interest, — the burial-place of Caieta, the unforgotten nurse of brave Æneas; and to that other promontory, world renowned, which bears his pilot's name, — as the Cumæan Sibyl promised that eternally it should, — the headland of Palinurus. Far to the southeast, in old Lucania, the mountains of La Sila furnish masts and timber to shipbuilders now, as in the ancient days to the Athenians. There still lie perpetual snows, and, lower down, the same impenetrable forests, rich pastoral plains, and beautiful ravines that Strabo describes and Virgil clothes in graceful imagery.

Volcanoes too are there: that Vesēvus that still lives, — which Goethe called a peak of hell rising from Paradise, — and others that have died, hold their place in the story of this land; a place of "horrors on horrors multiplied," such as it would seem could only be wrought by furious, imprisoned giants.

Here rose a chain of temples sacred to the gods of Greece, many of which even now delight us, ruined as they are. Still towers there, in its majestic loneliness, one column of that fane, founded by Hercules, where Juno Lacinia was worshipped. So sacred was it held that Pyrrhus and Hannibal alike feared to profane its shrines, rich as they were; and upon its walls the great Carthaginian inscribed his victories in Greek and Punic characters. Even the immortal Zeuxis contributed to its adorning, and near by, at Croton, — famous alike for its beautiful women and its wrestlers in the Olympic games, — he sought a model for his picture of the divine Helen. The temple of Proserpine stood in that grove now known as La Selva di Agatocle, where it is said that the dread goddess gathered flowers and wove them into garlands. The sites

of numberless shrines are known, and each contributes its peculiar part to the surpassing interest of this peninsula.

Along its coasts are islands and rocks whose fame is as old as the written words of classic song, — the Arimos of Homer and Inarime of Virgil, where Typhœus makes his bed beneath Epopeus; Prochyta, "broken off" from Arimos by the mighty struggles of the father of bad winds; and Capreæ, or Cephorim, with all its storied heights and wondrous grottos, not far from the dreaded island of the sirens. Circé had warned Ulysses of his danger; and yet, so sweetly did they sing, that had he not been fast bound he would have made a willing victim to their wiles.

Yet still farther south are found those rocky straits of which Ulysses was again forewarned: —

"No mariner can boast
That he has passed by Scylla with a crew
Unharmed; she snatches from the deck, and bears
Away in each grim mouth, a living man.
Another rock, Ulysses, thou wilt see,
Of lower height, so near her that a spear,
Cast by the hand, might reach it. On it grows
A huge wild fig-tree with luxuriant leaves.
Below, Charybdis, of immortal birth,
Draws the dark water down; for thrice a day
She gives it forth, and thrice with fearful whirl
She draws it in. Oh, be it not thy lot
To come while the dark water rushes down!
Even Neptune could not then deliver thee.
Then turn thy course with speed toward Scylla's rock,
And pass that way; 't were better far that six
Should perish from the ship than all be lost."

Thus, from the northernmost point to Capo Spartivento, from Capo di Leuca to Terracina, one re-reads his classics and his history in what he sees around him. No words written now could better portray the natural features of this land than do those of Homer, Strabo, Horace, and

Virgil; while all around it flow the seas made so familiar to us in our youth, — those waters which Palinurus watched; and when he saw them calm, the heavens serene, and the stars bright with gold, his clear signal called his friends to strike their tents and "fly with wingèd sails."

> "And 'Italy' rings first
> Achates' voice, and Italy with shouts
> Of joy my comrades greet. My father then
> Wreathes a great cup, and fills it up with wine,
> And, standing in the stern, invokes the gods:
> 'Ye potent deities of sea and land,
> And of the storms, grant us a passage safe,
> And favoring breezes.' Soon the wished-for winds
> Freshen, and wider grows the harbor now;
> Minerva's temple on a height appears;
> We furl the sails, and turn our prows to land."

It is said that over the Vergillus Hannibal erected a bridge of human bodies, and the plain near by is still called the Pezzo di Sangue; and Belisarius, unable to conquer Naples with its walls which had withstood Pyrrhus, Hannibal, and Spartacus, turned aside the waters of the aqueduct, and, entering by it, brought upon the city its first calamity. In this Neapolitan territory the Roman army, humbled by the Samnites, passed the Caudine Forks; and innumerable heroic achievements have here had place, which are recounted to the wonder and delight of each new generation as they learn of ancient days when gods and men as giants walked the earth.

Besides the tales of sibyls and sirens and "spirits from the vasty deep," both good and evil, with which these coasts abound, we find that Hercules at Boaulia built the stables for the oxen of Geryon, and that the bow and arrows of this god of strength were suspended in the temple of Apollo Alæus, built by Philoctetes on the Punta dell' Alice. But of all these marvellous tales of fact and fancy

none are more unusual and memorable than that of the death and burial of Alaric, King of the Goths, suddenly arrested in his triumphant course when seeking further conquests. Fearing that his grave might be violated, his followers determined to render that impossible, and afforded him a burial such as no other hero is known to have had. Gibbon says: —

"The ferocious character of the Barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero whose valor and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labor of a captive multitude, they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was forever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work."

Turn ye the waters from their course,
Bid Nature yield to human force,
And hollow in the torrent's bed
A chamber for the mighty dead.
The work is done, — the captive's hand
Hath well obeyed his lord's command.
Within that royal tomb are cast
The richest trophies of the past,
The wealth of many a stately dome,
The gold and gems of plundered Rome;
And when the midnight stars are beaming,
And ocean waves in stillness gleaming,
Stern in their grief, his warriors bear
The Chastener of the Nations there,
To rest at length from victory's toil,
Alone, with all an Empire's spoil!

Then the freed current's rushing wave
Rolls o'er the secret of the grave;
Then streams the martyred captives' blood
To crimson that sepulchral flood,

Whose conscious tide alone shall keep
The mystery in its bosom deep.
Time hath passed on since then, and swept
From earth the urns where heroes slept;
Temples of gods and domes of kings
Are mouldering with forgotten things;
Yet shall not ages e'er molest
The viewless home of Alaric's rest:
Still rolls, like them, the unfailing river,
The guardian of his dust forever.

Felicia Hemans.

It is difficult to put aside the fascinating story of the ancient days, and turn our attention to the modern life of this peninsula. It would require volumes to describe in detail the marvellous events of which history and tradition make it the actual scene; and many of them are characterized by such heroic romance as has rarely been excelled in any land. We are tempted to echo the words of Dr. Johnson: "The great object of all travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean, on which were the four great empires of the world, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman."

It is not for us to attempt to fix the dates at which colonies of various ancient races — nor, indeed, those at which the Latin peoples — came to Southern Italy. It is believed that Cumæ was settled by Phœnicians 1400 B. C., and that it was not a new city three centuries later is a well-established fact. Sybaris was founded 720 B. C., and it is certain that the Marsi, Samnites, Brutii, Lucanians, Calabri, Greeks, and others settled here at remote periods; while later, the descendants of the ancient Italian tribes were mingled with those of Greeks, Lombards, Normans, Saracens, Provençals, and Spaniards.

This mixture of races has produced a people in many respects remarkable; and men learned in such matters claim that even now, especially in the more isolated dis-

tricts, habits and customs exist which can be traced to these remote ancestors. The Marsi afford an example of the truth of this. The banks of Lake Fucinus,[1] near which they dwelt, abounded with asps and vipers, and the water with snakes, which the Marsi were skilled in charming, — as Virgil describes (Æneid, VII.), — and still in various parts of Southern Italy their descendants are seen supporting themselves on what they gain as snake-charmers.

In the third century B. C. the Romans were masters of the peninsula; after the fall of the Western Empire, Goths, Lombards, and Romans of the Eastern Empire were powerful in turn, until, in A. D. 1042, the Normans became sole masters of the land. It cannot be said, however, that they established a government until Robert Guiscard, in a quarter of a century (1060–1085), united the detached sovereignties within the Neapolitan territory, and transmitted to his successor a kingdom sufficiently organized to be maintained and strengthened, until, in 1127, under the nephew of Robert Guiscard, — Roger II., the great Count of Sicily, — a monarchy was founded which united Sicily and the Neapolitan territory, and remained under the rule of the Normans until it passed to the House of Hohenstaufen in 1194.

In spite of the incursions of Romans, Ostrogoths, and Lombards, and the conquests of Normans and Suabians, the customs of the ancestors of this people, such as that to which we have referred, and notably the ancient language, obstinately survived. After the earlier Samnite and Oscan tongues were lost, Greek retained its hold, and was the language of the people among themselves long after they had found it needful to make Latin their mercantile tongue;

[1] Drained by Prince Torlonia, who opened the tunnel on which thirty thousand men had worked eleven years in the time of the Emperor Claudius. The modern work was done in thirteen years, and finished in 1875. The reclaimed land, thirty-six thousand acres, is now a model farm, colonized by families from the Torlonia estates.

from this custom arose the Roman term for the Neapolitans, *Bilingues*. Even now the traveller and the student who are interested in such matters will find that Renan spoke truly, when he said, "If we wish to see the life of Greece prolonging itself to our own days, it is to Sicily and to the Bay of Naples that we must go."

Not until the early part of the thirteenth century, during the reign of Frederick II., who founded the University of Naples, did the modern Italian language begin to be formed. The first dawn of Italian literature appeared in the territory of Naples among its Greek colonies; and a long and noble line of writers, who greatly enriched the learning of the world, were born here. Zaleucus declares himself a native of Locri; Pythagoras of Croton, where he established his school of philosophy; Archytas was of Tarentum, and Alexis of Sibarum. Of later authors, Ennius, Cicero, Sallust, Vitruvius, Ovid, Horace, and Cassiodorus, as well as men famed for their science and learning, first saw the light beneath the skies of the Neapolitan peninsula.

Thus, almost twenty-five hundred years later than the earliest dates we have mentioned, more than ten centuries after the birth of Jesus Christ, and nearly a thousand years after Saint Paul had brought the knowledge of the Christian religion to these shores; after millions of human beings had here acted their parts for good or evil in the drama of the universe, and various Southern races had followed their customs in life and death; after many historic scenes in barbarous and deadly wars, and numberless celebrations of the most exciting games and exquisite festivals of peace, — the Normans came, full of energy, to found a kingdom, to be shortly superseded by Teutons, who not only strengthened the empire, but gave a beautiful common language to these descendants of many nations, and established the institutions of civilization in their midst.

It is a curious and interesting fact that while there are

remarkable remains of Cyclopean and Pelasgic architecture in the Neapolitan territory, while existing ruins show the magnificence of the ancient temples erected here, while mural painting and mosaic and bronze work reached a rare perfection under Byzantine influence, while during the centuries immediately preceding and following the beginning of the Christian era many famous authors were born in the cities of this peninsula, yet, since those days, but a slight impression has been made on the art and literature of the world by native Southern Italians, while in more northern Italy art has reached the most glorious heights it has attained since the time of Pericles, and literature has been enriched and ennobled by famous scholars and immortal poets.

Having thus traced the merest outline of the origin of the Neapolitans and of the first steps in the evolution of their nation and language, we turn to the more prosaic time when their history is no longer veiled by myths and traditions, — a time when sirens, sibyls, and fairy folk of all degrees found this paradise of land and sky and sea no longer to their taste, and fled, we know not whither, leaving the country of Parthenope to a far less fascinating and more tangible people.

CHAPTER II.

FROM FREDERICK II. TO CHARLES V.

1198–1516.

FREDERICK II., sometimes called "The Wonder of the World," is an important figure in mediæval history. He was the grandson of Frederick Barbarossa, and inherited the kingdom of Naples and Sicily through his mother Constance, daughter of Roger II. of the Norman dynasty. His father, Henry VI., was in his full career of vice and oppression when Frederick was born in Sicily, in 1194, and died when the child was but three years old; a year later Constance also died, and the infant king was left to the guardianship of the Pope.

From his very cradle circumstances combined to fix attention upon him. On account of his mother's age, his birth was likened to those of Isaac, Samuel, and John the Baptist; he was a sovereign from his infancy, heir to the vast power and possessions of the Norman kings and the Suabian emperors. Married when fifteen years old, he was the father of a future emperor at eighteen, and after many experiences freighted with great importance to all Christendom, but not appertaining strictly to our present subject, he was crowned Emperor of the Romans by Pope Honorius. This was one of the few occasions when such a coronation was accomplished peacefully, and there were many reasons why it was not to be expected in this case; but it may be accounted for on the supposition that although he was the Emperor of the Germans, having been born within the borders of Italy, of a Sicilian mother,

he was expected to make the southern portion of his realm first in his care and affection.

During the childhood of Frederick, Sicily was the scene of fierce contentions between the German and Saracen troops and the soldiers sent to quiet them by Pope Innocent III.; and not until Frederick himself came into full power was a wiser policy inaugurated. He transplanted the Saracens to the city of Lucera in Apulia, and to Nocera in Campania, where they became his most trusty soldiers; they were loyal to him, and could not be influenced by the threats or the promised rewards of pope or priest. In Sicily Frederick established a legal despotism, and subdued both Normans and Infidels, the two turbulent and rebellious classes.

His life was passed amid contentions and quarrels with different Popes, and he was accused of being a traitor to the Church and to his people. But these matters had little or no effect upon his reign in Naples and Sicily, where he must have found more abundant recompense for his cares and anxieties, and greater personal happiness in the early years of his sovereignty, than elsewhere in any portion of his life. He not only founded the University of Naples and laid the foundation of the Italian language, but he interested himself in the universities of Bologna and Salerno as well; he encouraged native literature by his own writing of Italian poetry, and generously devoted himself to the intellectual upbuilding of the kingdom of his birth.

The old English historian, Matthew Paris, calls him "the most remarkable man of a remarkable age;" and Freeman says: —

"We do not say the greatest, still less the best, man of his time, but, as Matthew Paris calls him, the most wonderful man; the man, in short, who was in all things the most unlike to all the other men who were about him. It is probable that

there never lived a human being endowed with greater natural gifts, or whose natural gifts were, according to the means afforded him by his age, more sedulously cultivated, than the last Emperor of the House of Suabia. There seems to be no aspect of human nature that was not developed to the highest degree in his person. In versatility of gifts, in what we may call many-sidedness of character, he appears as a sort of mediæval Alkibiadês, while he was far removed from Alkibiadês' utter lack of principle or steadiness of any kind. Warrior, statesman, lawgiver, scholar, there was nothing in the compass of the political or intellectual world of his age which he failed to grasp. . . . Of all men, Frederick II. might have been expected to be the founder of something, the beginner of some new era, political or intellectual. . . . But the most gifted of the sons of men has left behind him no such memory. . . . Frederick, in fact, founded nothing, and he sowed the seeds of the destruction of many things. . . . In fact, in whatever aspect we look at Frederick II. we find him, not the first, but the last, of every series to which he belongs. . . . He was the last prince in whose style the Imperial titles do not seem a mockery; he was the last under whose rule the three Imperial kingdoms retained any practical connection with one another and with the ancient capital of all. Frederick, who sent his trophies to Rome to be guarded by his own subjects in his own city, was a Roman Cæsar in a sense in which no other Emperor was after him. And he was not only the last Emperor of the whole Empire; he might also be called the last King of its several Kingdoms. After his time Burgundy vanishes as a kingdom; . . . Italy, too, after Frederick, vanishes as a kingdom; any later exercise of the royal authority in Italy was something which came and went wholly by fits and starts. . . . Germany did not utterly vanish, or utterly split in pieces, like the sister kingdoms; but after Frederick came the Great Interregnum, and after the Great Interregnum the royal power in Germany never was what it had been before. In his hereditary Kingdom of Sicily he was not absolutely the last of his dynasty, for his son Manfred ruled prosperously and gloriously

for some years after his death. But it is none the less clear that from Frederick's time the Sicilian Kingdom was doomed; it was marked out to be, what it has been ever since, divided, reunited, divided again, tossed to and fro between one foreign sovereign and another. Still more conspicuously than all was Frederick the last Christian King of Jerusalem, the last baptized man who really ruled the Holy Land or wore a crown in the Holy City. And yet, strangely enough, it was at Jerusalem, if anywhere, that Frederick might claim in some measure the honors of a founder. If he was the last more than nominal King of Jerusalem, he was also, after a considerable interval, the first; he recovered the kingdom by his own address, and, if he lost it, its loss was, of all the misfortunes of his reign, that which could be with the least justice attributed to him as a fault. In the world of elegant letters Frederick has some claim to be looked on as the founder of that modern Italian language and literature which first assumed a distinctive shape at his Sicilian court. . . . It is a significant fact that one who in mere genius, in mere accomplishments, was surely the greatest prince who ever wore a crown, a prince who held the greatest place on earth, and who was concerned during a long reign in some of the greatest transactions of one of the greatest ages, seems never, even from his own flatterers, to have received that title of *Great* which has been so lavishly bestowed on far smaller men. The world instinctively felt that Frederick, by nature the more than peer of Alexander, of Constantine, and of Charles, had left behind him no such creation as they left, and had not influenced the world as they influenced it. He was *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*, but the name of *Fridericus Magnus* was kept in store for a prince of quite another age and house, who, whatever else we say of him, at least showed that he had learned the art of Themistoklês, and knew how to change a small state into a great one."

Since many of the most important events in the life of Frederick II., and especially the most interesting question

of his religious beliefs, have no bearing upon the story of Naples, we can here give but this meagre hint of the rare attractions of a full record of his remarkable life.

This great Emperor died in 1250, and was buried in the Cathedral of Palermo, where his wife, Constance of Aragon, also reposes. In 1783, more than five centuries after his burial, the sarcophagus of Frederick was opened, and his remains found in a good state of preservation.

Frederick II. was succeeded by his son Conrad, whose reign of four years was a period of violence. This king devoted himself to contending with William of Holland for the imperial crown, and made his illegitimate brother, Manfred, his regent in Italy; although hated by Conrad, Manfred bravely and faithfully defended his brother's rights against Pope Innocent IV. At Conrad's death, his infant son, Conradin, became king, and Manfred continued to govern in his name, and in 1258, on a rumor of the young king's death, was himself made King of Naples and Sicily, and crowned at Palermo in August of that year.

Manfred made an alliance with the Ghibellines which largely increased his power, but he was continually under the displeasure of the Popes, and led a stormy and turbulent life. Early in his reign he was forced to fly from the curses of the Pontiff to the protection of the Saracens whom his father had placed at Lucera. His journey was full of danger; leaving Venosa at midnight, with but few attendants, — one of whom, Niccolo di Giansilla, wrote an account of the adventure, — he encountered a frightful storm, and would have been lost but for a chance meeting with some huntsmen of his father's, who guided him to a deserted hunting-lodge which had belonged to the late Emperor. Manfred was here securely hidden from his pursuers, and gained some hours of repose while his garments were dried before what he termed "a royal fire."

Next morning the huntsmen conducted him to the

castle of Lucera, and one of them, speaking in Arabic, announced to the Saracens that the son of their Emperor came to them for protection. These Infidels were enthusiastic in their loyalty to Manfred; but the keeper of the fortress, who held the keys, was his enemy, and refused him admission. At this point a Saracen directed Manfred's attention to a gutter made for the passage of rain-water beneath the gate. Manfred threw himself from his horse and had entered the ditch, when the garrison, enraged at seeing their prince thus humiliated, rushed to the gates and burst them open; and Manfred, remounting his horse, was led triumphantly into the city, where he was received with demonstrations of respect and affection, as the son of their beloved Emperor.

In 1260 Manfred had successfully invaded the Papal States, after being excommunicated by Urban IV., and had conquered all Tuscany. He now found time to devote himself to the improvement of his kingdom, as his father had done; and, like the great Frederick, Manfred knew how to gain the affection of his people. He commenced the construction of the port of Salerno, and founded the beautiful city of Manfredonia, to which he gave the celebrated bell, — the largest in Italy, — the tone of which surpassed all others in its rich sweetness. He established schools in the principal cities of his kingdom; and at his splendid court, of which he was the brilliant centre, scholars and poets were made welcome.

But the battle of Benevento, in 1266, where Manfred was defeated by Charles I. of Anjou, ended his life, and the sovereignty of his house in the kingdom of Naples. Before the battle Manfred sent ambassadors to treat with Charles, who dismissed them with this message: "Tell the Sultan of Nocera that I will send him to hell, or he must place me in paradise." There were traitors among the nobles surrounding Manfred; and when he saw that he

was losing the battle, he resolved to die in the midst of his friends rather than survive the overthrow of his kingdom, which, in the short period of sixteen years, he had defended against four Popes.

As he put on his helmet, the silver eagle which surmounted it fell on his saddle. "This," he exclaimed, "is a sign from God. I fastened it there myself, and its fall is no accident." He spurred his horse into the thick of the fight, and, having no distinguishing badge, was slain as a common soldier, and his body was not found for several days. At length some attendants recognized it, and placed it on an ass which they led before the victorious Charles, who assembled his noble prisoners in order to make its identity certain. The aged count, Giordano Lancia, threw himself on the corpse and covered it with kisses, crying, "Alas, alas, my lord, my lord good and wise! Who has thus cruelly taken thy life?" The French soldiers were so moved that they begged Charles to bury Manfred honorably; but he refused their request because the dead king was under the sentence of excommunication, and his body was thrown into a pit at the foot of the bridge of Benevento. Every French soldier placed a stone above it, as a mark of respect to their fallen enemy; and this pile was afterwards called the "Rock of Roses." But the Archbishop of Cosenza, with the authority of Clement IV., disinterred the body and scattered it to the winds of the Abruzzi.

Manfred was a man of great personal courage and magnanimity of character. He was also very attractive. Dante described him as blond and handsome, although one of his eyes had been injured by a wound. His favorite color in dress was green. He was of gentle mien, and in times of peace found his happiness in the society of troubadours and poets; indeed, his fame as a soldier is equalled by that which he gained as the patron of Italian poetry.

His widow Sibylla — the daughter of Michael Comnenus

of Epirus — and his children took refuge in the castle of Lucera, but were imprisoned by Charles at Castel del Monte, the favorite hunting-seat of Frederick, which is still an imposing edifice, and is maintained by the government. These royal prisoners were afterwards removed to the castle of Nocera, where Sibylla and her son Manfredino died. Manfred's daughter Beatrice was one of the first prisoners in the Castello di San Salvatore am Mare, — now Castellammare, — a fortress erected by her grandfather, Frederick II. After a long imprisonment she was released in 1284 by the great Admiral of Aragon, of which kingdom her sister Constance was queen. This release occurred just after the Admiral, Roger de Loria, had fulfilled the requirements of poetic justice by capturing the eldest son of Charles I. of Anjou, who had so cruelly oppressed the family of his fallen foe.

The story of Manfred, which is immortalized by the pen of Dante, has never lost its interest; while the insatiable cruelty of Charles of Anjou has left an indelible stain upon his reign, in some respects brilliant and notable.

After the battle of Benevento, Charles, already crowned as King of the Sicilies, believed himself secure on his throne, when, in 1268, Conradin, the grandson of Frederick II., — who had been reported dead, — appeared as leader of the Ghibellines, supported by Pisa, and joined battle with the troops of Charles at Tagliacozzo. The young Suabian seemed about to defeat the French king, when a fresh legion which Charles had held in reserve was brought to the field, and Conradin's cause was lost. He was taken prisoner, and a year later, this last representative of the Hohenstaufen, not yet seventeen years old, was cruelly beheaded in the Piazza del Mercato at Naples, together with his cousin, Frederick of Baden. Thus, through the dastardly murder of a boy, was Charles I. of Anjou firmly established as King of Naples.

In the ancient church of S. Maria del Carmine, just off the Piazza del Mercato, is the tomb of Conradin. He was originally buried behind the high altar, but now rests beneath the impressive monument erected to his memory in 1847, almost four centuries after his death. It bears this inscription: "Maximilian, Crown Prince of Bavaria, erected this monument to a scion of his house, King Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen."

When on the scaffold, Conradin threw his glove into the crowd below, thus challenging his enemies. Mrs. Hemans, at the end of her poem "Conradin," thus commemorates his bravery: —

"The youth hath given
One glance of parting love to earth and heaven.
The sun rejoices in the unclouded sky,
Life all around him glows, — and he must die?
Yet midst his people, undismayed, he throws
The gage of vengeance for a thousand woes, —
Vengeance that, like their own volcano's fire,
May sleep suppressed awhile, but not expire.

. . . . . .

The lifted axe is glittering in the sun, —
It falls, — the race of Conradin is run!
Yet from the blood which flows that shore to stain,
A voice shall cry to Heaven, — and not in vain.
Gaze thou, triumphant from thy gorgeous throne,
In proud supremacy of guilt alone,
Charles of Anjou, — but that dread voice shall be
A fearful summoner e'en yet to thee!"

Charles I. of Anjou — brother of Louis IX. of France, called Saint Louis — had married Beatrice of Provence, who had brought him vast riches, and made him ruler of her native country. She was ambitious; three of her sisters were reigning queens, and she desired to equal them in rank, and exerted her influence to incite Charles to the conquests he had made.

The first object to which he now devoted himself was the extinction of the Saracens and all others who had been faithful to Manfred and Conradin, an end which he achieved by means of great cruelties. He aimed to be the absolute master of his territory, and fondly hoped to wear the Imperial Crown. But Pope Gregory X. had other views; and by favoring the return of the Ghibelline exiles and making Rudolph of Hapsburg Emperor of Germany, he effectually lessened the power and ambition of Charles. His successor, Pope Nicholas III., still further humiliated the King of Naples by depriving him of his senatorship in Rome and his power in Tuscany.

Another obstacle to the attainment of his wishes was his absence during two years in a crusade against the Infidels; but on the death of Nicholas III. and the election of a French pope, Martin IV., Charles counted on regaining all that he had lost. This hope was soon crushed by a conspiracy led by Peter of Aragon, the husband of Manfred's daughter Constance, — the sole heir of the Hohenstaufen, — who claimed the kingdom of Sicily in her right, and was supported by the Emperor Michael Paleologus.

Charles was aware of their plans, and was preparing to defend himself, when, in 1282, the sleeping hatred of the Sicilians for the French was roused to vengeance by an insult offered a Sicilian bride by a French soldier. The massacre known as the "Sicilian Vespers" followed, and eight thousand Frenchmen were slain, and the reign of Charles essentially ended. He besieged Messina, but was repulsed by Peter of Aragon, who was proclaimed king. The Pope thundered his anathemas in vain; Peter and his ally gave them no heed. The capture of the son of Charles in 1284, by the Admiral, Roger of Loria, completed the mortification and sorrow of the Angevine king, and he lived but two years longer.

Charles II. of Anjou ransomed himself from prison in

1286, and a desultory war was carried on in Sicily and Apulia for twenty years, until finally the Sicilians chose Frederick II., son of Peter of Aragon, for their king, and Naples was left under the rule of the House of Anjou.

Naples still possesses some splendid monuments to the reigns of the first two rulers of this dynasty. Charles I. devoted himself to making this city a place of importance, with more energy than his predecessors had shown. He removed the seat of government from Palermo thither, thus making Naples the centre of the kingdom, and extended the city on the east as far as the Piazza del Mercato. He filled in the marshes between the ancient walls and the sea, and in 1283 founded the Castel Nuovo; this became a royal residence, and was adorned and strengthened from time to time during five centuries. In 1862 a portion of its fortifications were condemned to demolition because of the possibility of their being used for the destruction of the city, and the outer walls and bastions have been removed.

Charles I. repaired the old walls of Naples, and paved its streets; he destroyed the ancient Palace of the Republic; to commemorate his victory at Benevento, he built the church of S. Lorenzo; he founded the church of S. Agostino della Zecca and several monasteries; and also began to build the cathedral or church of S. Gennaro — Januarius — in which his tomb is placed above the great door. It is a majestic monument, and was restored by the Count of Olivares, more than three centuries after the death of the first Angevine King of Naples. His queen, Beatrice, and his son Robert were buried in the monastery of Mater Domini at Nocera, in the midst of the former city of the Saracens, so cruelly exterminated by Charles.

Charles I. enlarged and beautified the Castel dell' Ovo, and frequently resided there. This castle dates from 1154, and takes its name from its oval form; it was remodelled

in the middle of the sixteenth century. It is on the island called Megaris by Pliny, which is connected with the Pizzofalcone — a spur of the hill of S. Elmo — by an embankment and bridge; the castle is now a prison.

The fortified palace of Foggia, in which Charles died, was erected by him; and at Gallipoli, beautifully situated on a rocky island in the Gulf of Taranto, he built a castle which was later restored by Ferdinand I. He also surrounded the castle which gave its name to Castellammare with walls and fortifications, and during the nineteen years of his reign conferred many benefits upon the Neapolitan capital.

Charles II. of Anjou was a worthy successor of his father in the conception and execution of public works. He constructed the original Molo Grande and the Porto Mercantile, or Porto Grande, in 1302; he continued the building of the cathedral, and erected S. Domenico Maggiore, still one of the finest churches in Naples, and founded the less important S. Pietro Martire. At Castellammare, about 1300, he built the residence which he called the Casa Sana; later it was known as the Royal Villa Quisisana, which means "Here is health;" it is now the property of the city, and has been recently fitted up as the Grand Hotel Margherita; the view from its terrace and the walks in its park make it a charming resort. At times Charles II. resided in the Rufolo Palace at Ravello, — recently the home of an English gentleman; but the favorite residence of this king and of many of his successors was at Vico Equense, on the road between Castellammare and Sorrento, so famous for its beautiful views. Vico was founded by Charles on the ruins of a city which had been destroyed by the Goths; it has always been celebrated for the excellence of its olive oil, as well as for its charming site on the Bay of Vico, near the rocks known as I Tre Fratelli, — The Three Brothers.

It was during the residence of Charles II. at Vico that Philip the Hardy sent his ambassadors to demand the hand of the Princess Clementia for his third son, Charles of Valois. The Queen of France, who knew that Charles II. had been lame from his birth, desired that the ambassadors should be accompanied by their wives, and that these ladies should take means to assure themselves that the Princess had no personal defects. The Queen of Naples was full of resentment at this suspicious inquiry, and attempted to evade the question, but at length stipulated that her daughter should wear a delicate robe of silk when she permitted the French ladies to examine her person. This not seeming to be entirely satisfactory to her judges, Clementia, with much spirit, threw off her robe, exclaiming, "Non amittam regnum Galliæ pro ista interula" —"I will not lose the kingdom of France for the sake of this chemise." She was found worthy to become the queen of France, and was the mother of Philip VI., who opposed the Black Prince at Crecy.

In 1294 Charles II. and his son, Charles Martel, held the bridle of the mule on which Pietro da Morone rode into Aquila for his coronation as Pope Celestine V. In startling contrast to the sometime pious humility of this monarch, was his brutal destruction of Ischia, with fire and sword, in revenge for the part taken by the Ischians in the revolt of John of Procida, the leader of the Sicilian Vespers. But it was characteristic of the kings of the House of Anjou to build and endow churches, and show great veneration for the pontiffs who pleased them, while they perpetrated revolting crimes within their palaces, and revenged themselves upon their enemies with the utmost cruelty. Few human hearts have been torn by more antagonistic forces than was that of Charles II. of Anjou, now resting in its silver casket in the grand old church of S. Domenico Maggiore.

In 1309 Robert, Duke of Calabria, the third son of Charles II., known as Robert the Wise, became King of Naples. He was ambitious of wearing the imperial crown of Italy; but in 1327 King Louis of Bavaria succeeded in obtaining this honor, and vowed vengeance upon Robert. The Romans at first received Louis gladly, but when, in 1329, they saw the fleet of Naples at the mouth of the Tiber, another sentiment prevailed among them, and the Emperor was forced to retreat to the North of Italy. Long years of serious disturbances succeeded these events. Robert the Wise was now too old to lead the Guelfs to victory, as he had formerly done, and the Ghibelline power was vastly increased. When John of Bohemia became their leader, Florence appealed to Robert for aid; but he merely sent them Walter of Brienne, Duke of Athens, who did them harm rather than good; and in 1343 King Robert ended his reign in the midst of bitter contentions between Guelf and Ghibelline, and the spirit of freedom and that of tyranny which these terms represented.

While still Duke of Calabria, in 1308, Robert had founded the town of Città Ducale, then on the frontier of the Neapolitan territory. After he came to the throne he enlarged and completed the port of Salerno, which had been commenced by Manfred, and proved his wisdom by founding the Castel Sant' Elmo, which was later so improved and strengthened as to be considered impregnable. It is now a military prison; from its ramparts one sees a splendid panorama of the Bay of Naples, the city itself, and the district on the west of the bay.

A delightful association with the memory of Robert the Wise is his appreciation of Giotto, whom he summoned from Florence on the advice of Boccaccio. Giotto decorated the chapel in the Castel dell' Ovo and the church of S. Chiara, which was founded by King Robert. No traces of these frescos remain in the castle, and those in

the church were whitewashed (!) when it was vulgarly decorated in 1752. A picture called the Madonna della Grazie is attributed to Giotto, but it is difficult to believe it to have been his work. Vasari tells us how happy Robert found himself in the society of this painter, the friend of Dante and the witty comrade of the brilliant Florentines of his day. King Robert was also the friend of Petrarch, in whose company he took great pleasure. Together they visited the tomb of Virgil. Before Petrarch was crowned with laurels at Rome, he was examined by King Robert, who not only gave the poet a satisfactory diploma, but also conferred on him his own royal mantle to wear at the ceremony, as he was too aged to assist at it in person. King Robert was called a second Solomon, and was wise and experienced in affairs of peace and of war. His love of books was a passion, and in all circumstances and places he had them at his side and in his hand. He generously welcomed to his court scholars and artists, who helped to revive the intellectual traditions of an earlier century, when the poetry of Southern Italy had even influenced that of Tuscany. The Greeks, too, were encouraged to visit the court of Robert the Wise; and their language and the ancient literature, after half a century of neglect, were again studied by the Neapolitans. In short, he seems to have merited his sobriquet, and to have been a far more attractive man than were his predecessors in the dynasty of Anjou.

Robert displayed an admirable modesty in refusing to have the monument which is said to have been designed by Masuccio II. executed during his lifetime. It was erected by his granddaughter, Joanna I., and is behind the high-altar in S. Chiara. In the upper part of this monument Robert appears as a monarch on his throne, beneath which is the inscription, said to have been written by Petrarch, "Cernite Robertum regem virtute refertum," which may

be rendered, "King Robert [here] ye gaze upon, Valor's perfect paragon." Below this royal statue, on a splendid sarcophagus, supported by saints, the king is again seen in the dress of a Franciscan monk; while above all is the Madonna between SS. Francis and Clara.

The erection of this monument is almost the only reputable act recorded of Queen Joanna I. She is believed to have instigated the murder of her first husband, Andrew of Hungary, which occurred in 1345 in the garden of the Celestine Convent at Aversa. This murder was made the pretext for arousing the Neapolitans against the queen by her cousins, Robert of Taranto and Charles Durazzo; and she fled with her lover, Louis of Taranto, to Pope Clement VI., at Avignon, where the guilty pair were married. It was under the rule of Queen Joanna, and during the life of King Andrew, that Petrarch witnessed those gladiatorial combats at Naples, in the arena near the church of S. Giovanni a Carbonara, which filled him with disgust and horror. The tomb of the second spouse of Queen Joanna is in the famous church of Monte Vergine, beside that of his mother, Catherine of Valois, who gave to this monastery the miraculous image of the Virgin, so celebrated in Southern Italy, which she obtained from Constantinople.

In 1347 Naples was desolated by a terrible war waged by Louis the Great of Hungary, a brother of the murdered Andrew. The leader of the invading army was that infamous German mercenary, Werner, who boasted that he was "the enemy of God, of pity, and of mercy;" and not until 1351 was peace made between Louis and Joanna, and these mercenary troops withdrawn from her territory.

Meantime, in 1345, Italy had suffered from a famine, and thousands had perished by starvation. Three years later the plague raged with frightful violence; sixty thousand died in Naples alone; and these successive scourges

of a cruel and licentious soldiery, famine, and plague, left behind them a lawless and demoralized condition of things from which the Neapolitans emerged in a state of semi-barbarism.

Long before and after this terrible period (1305–1377), the Popes had dwelt mostly at Avignon, which Joanna I. is said to have given Pope Clement VI., together with eighty thousand florins, she having inherited it through Beatrice of Provence, wife of Charles I. of Anjou. At length, in 1377, Gregory XI. left Avignon and returned to Rome; and the papal residence in France, having endured seventy years, was called the "Babylonish Captivity." But on the death of Gregory a great schism again sprung up in the Church, and two popes were elected. Urban VI., who remained at Rome, was a violent man, and so offended Queen Joanna that she upheld Clement VII., who dwelt at Avignon; while Charles of Durazzo, her cousin and heir, was devoted to Pope Urban VI.

Joanna, who was now married to her fourth husband, Otto of Brunswick, — the third having been James of Aragon, — was still childless, and in order to thwart the hopes of Charles she adopted, as her heir, the son of King John of France, Louis of Anjou. But Urban crowned Charles King of Naples; and Louis of Hungary, who had not forgotten the murder of his brother Andrew, sent an army to Charles Durazzo to enable him to seize the throne. Therefore, in 1381, Charles III. entered Naples; and Joanna, being speedily abandoned by the troops of her husband, was made prisoner. Her crimes had been so many and great — her support of Clement VII., which was viewed as a crime by his opponents, being recently added to the number — that Charles, although bound to her by ties of blood, showed himself a pitiless captor. He sent her, a close prisoner, to the castle of Muro, where, on May 12, 1382, she was suffocated beneath a feather-bed by

two Hungarian soldiers, who acted, it is said, on the advice of the aged king of Hungary.

The tomb of Joanna I. is next that of her father in Santa Chiara; and it is generally believed that Raimondo Cabano, whom she raised from the degraded condition of a Saracen slave to be the High Seneschal of her kingdom, as a reward for his aid in her crimes, especially in the murder of her first husband, is also buried in this church.

The name of Joanna I. is associated with the splendid old Certosa of S. Martino, which she completed, it having been begun by her father, Charles, Duke of Calabria, who died before his father, King Robert. This convent, near the castle of S. Elmo, is celebrated for its magnificent views, and, since its suppression as a monastery, is used as an annex to the Museo Nazionale, being filled with most interesting objects. It is scarcely possible that anything remains from the time of Joanna; but the cloisters, the audience chamber, chapter house, and church, although rebuilt in later days, still must, in a way, be associated with this queen; and, remembering her character, one involuntarily wonders whether she built King Robert's tomb and completed her father's work from filial affection and respect, or because she liked to plan and execute magnificent works for which she should be famous long centuries after her fitful life was ended. She also built the church of the Incoronata as a memorial of her coronation and her marriage with Louis of Taranto.

Charles of Durazzo encountered great difficulties in making himself supreme master of his kingdom. The adopted son of Joanna I., Louis of Anjou, besieged Charles III. in that Castel dell' Ovo where Giotto had painted his frescos, and which Froissart represents as being at this time one of the strongest castles in existence, "situated as it were by enchantment in the sea, so that it is impossible to take it but by necromancy, or by the help of the devil." Then,

too, the arrogant Urban VI., having for some reason deserted the cause of Charles and espoused that of Louis, established himself with his court and cardinals in the famous castle of Nocera, and claimed to be the superior of the monarch on whom he had himself bestowed a crown.

Charles besieged the pontiff with a large army; but the Pope, trusting to the strength of his fortress, simply pronounced his curse upon the besiegers several times a day, with bell and candle. He was at length released by Raimondello Orsini and the Genoese, who compelled Charles to raise the siege. While in the castle Urban suspected the fidelity of his cardinals, and after witnessing the most cruel tortures of six of their number, he confined them in a cistern so long as he remained there. One of these cardinals was a legate from Richard II. of England, whom Urban pardoned at the intercession of that monarch; but the other five were tied in sacks and thrown into the sea.

Louis of Anjou survived Queen Joanna but a year; and after his death Charles of Durazzo held the throne in security during the short remnant of his life. After the death of his uncle, Louis of Hungary, Charles went to that country to claim the throne in the right of his wife, was declared a conspirator against the widow and daughter of the late king, and in 1386 was murdered, in the midst of their loyal subjects.

Ladislaus, the young son and heir of Charles III., was destined to the same stormy life that his predecessors had led. The adherents to the Angevine dynasty regarded him, young as he was, as their sovereign, and faithfully supported his claims; but the French party endeavored to establish Louis II. on the throne of Naples.

The long and bloody struggle which followed resulted in the victory of Ladislaus. As the war proceeded, the young

king proved himself a valiant soldier; and in 1389 his army defeated Louis in a battle fought in Ischia, which island the French had occupied.

Later, the great schism in the Church, and the violent contentions in the election of a Pope, which engrossed all parties, gave Ladislaus an opportunity to increase his power in various directions; and he used all the means at his command to prolong the struggle, as a French Pope, if elected, would have overthrown his government. At length it was thought that the growing strength of the King of Naples threatened the Florentines and other powers in Italy; and Braccio, a famous mercenary soldier — who had previously fought for Ladislaus — was now lured, by larger pay, to oppose him. In this emergency the young king employed Attendolo Sforza, another celebrated free lance, who from a peasant had risen to be a general of armies and a worthy rival of Braccio.

Genoa had been hitherto the ally of the French, but by some potent influence was now induced to forsake them and join the Neapolitans; and Louis, fearing lest he should be hemmed in between two hostile armies, retreated while he could. In 1410 the Florentines, with Braccio's aid, entered Rome, and compelled the Romans to consent to the election of Alexander V., believing that a universally accepted pope would be the most efficient check upon the power of Naples. But Alexander died before accomplishing the desired end, and the French and Florentines united to establish John XXIII. on the papal throne; and in 1411 these allies invaded the territory of Naples with twelve thousand soldiers, among whom were the bravest *condottieri* and other warriors in all Italy.

Ladislaus was defeated on his own ground. His army, nearly as large as that of the allies, was drawn up at Rocca Secca, awaiting the attack, which Louis led in person with great impetuosity. Nearly all the nobles who served

under Ladislaus were captured, but he escaped to San Germano. Had Louis restrained his own desire and that of his men for plunder, and pursued his rival, he would have gained a complete victory; but so eager were his troops for money that they thought of nothing else, and even sold their arms.

While his enemies were thus engaged in pillage, Ladislaus occupied, with his troops, all possible avenues to Naples; and Louis of Anjou, although the victor in the famous battle of Rocca Secca, was in reality defeated as to the main object of the war, and, being forced to withdraw his army, left Ladislaus to make the real conquest and become the master of the Papal States. When Ladislaus learned that his enemies were actually in retreat, he said: "The day after my defeat, my kingdom and my person were equally in the power of my enemies; the next day my person was safe, but they were still, if they chose, masters of my kingdom; the third day all the fruits of their victory were lost."

Ladislaus now employed Sforza to compel Pope John, who had made himself hated by his cruelty, to fly from the sacred city. The Pope appealed to the Empire north of the Alps for aid; and shortly after, Sigismund, the brother of Wenceslaus, who had been deposed, was made King of the Romans. The enemies of Ladislaus looked to this new monarch for revenge on Naples, because Charles of Durazzo had attempted to seize the crown of Hungary, which Sigismund inherited by the right of his wife, Mary, the daughter of Louis the Great, of Hungary.

But Sigismund was more occupied with his desire and determination to end the scandals in the Church than with his private schemes; and as Ladislaus died in 1414, — it is said by poison, — he escaped the punishment which Pope John had hoped to see inflicted on him. In the following year, at the Great Council at Constance, Martin V. was

elected Pope, and acknowledged by all Christendom; thus ended the great schism.

The stormy reign of Ladislaus afforded but small opportunity for the works of peace. However, he erected a large part of the modern walls around the ancient town of Cora, mentioned by Virgil, Pliny, and Plautus, where the most important and interesting ruins repay the study of the antiquarian.

At Naples he restored and enlarged the church of S. Giovanni a Carbonara, where his tomb was erected by his sister, Joanna II., and is called the masterpiece of Andrea Ciccione. It is placed behind the high altar, and, its height being nearly equal to that of the church, it is most imposing in effect. An equestrian statue of Ladislaus, with crown on head and sword in hand, spirited in pose, occupies the summit. Below this is a sarcophagus on which is a recumbent figure of the king; a bishop is pronouncing a benediction over it, thus indicating that the ban of the Church, under which he died, had been removed. Still below this is a niche in which statues of Ladislaus and Joanna are seated on thrones, while four Virtues are sitting near them. Besides these principal figures there are many statues, columns, and other ornaments, all carefully executed, which serve to make this monument notable even in a church which is celebrated for its tombs and sculptures.

The reign of Joanna II. (1414–1435) is memorable for the wars that divided all Italy in the interests of the houses of Anjou and Aragon, and for the unusual character of the Free Captains, or Mercenaries, and many of the nobles who were engaged in these struggles.

The private life of Joanna was far from reputable; she was guilty of infidelity in all her relations, as a woman and as a queen. But her second husband, Jacques de Bourbon, treated her so cruelly as to arouse great sympathy in her

behalf, and her subjects drove him out of the kingdom. She had no children, and the question as to whom she would adopt as her heir interested her friends and foes alike.

The great Attendolo Sforza, the general on whom she relied, used his influence in favor of Louis III. of Anjou, the grandson of that Louis who had been adopted by her cousin, Joanna I. But the counsel of her favorite, Ser Giovanni Caraccioli, prevailed; and Joanna II. adopted Alfonso, King of Aragon and Sicily, as heir to her throne and possessions.

As years passed, the number of those who favored the succession of the Angevines was largely increased, and Louis III. determined to seat himself upon the throne of Naples. In 1420, with the approbation of Pope Martin V. and the aid of the Genoese, Louis appeared before Naples with his army. He was repulsed by Alfonso, and in spite of his determination to succeed had apparently little ground for hope; but Joanna II. quarrelled with Alfonso, revoked her adoption of him, — by reason of his ingratitude and opposition to her will, — and substituted Louis III. of Anjou in his stead. This occurred in June, 1423; and in September of the same year Louis was formally adopted at Aversa, the Norman town in which Andrew of Hungary was murdered.

Louis entered Naples in triumph, Calabria submitted to his authority, and in spite of the variable disposition of the queen, all went well until he was recalled to France in 1426, by Charles VII., who required his aid against the English. Louis distinguished himself in the French campaigns, and in 1431, having married Margaret of Savoy, daughter of Amadeus VIII., returned to Italy, and died at Cosenza, the capital of Calabria, in 1434, and was buried in the cathedral of that city. Queen Joanna survived him but a few months, and by her last will and testament left

her kingdom to the brother of Louis III., René of Anjou, who thus became the sovereign of all the vast domains of the House of Anjou, over which no other ruler of that dynasty had held full power.

The principal public works of Queen Joanna II. were the tomb of her brother Ladislaus, — into which her vanity led her to introduce her own statue, — and the restoration of the church of S. Maria dell' Annunziata, in which is her own sepulchre, — far too simple and unpretending a monument to represent the character of this proud and voluptuous queen. A fire in the Nunziata, in 1757, destroyed the fine paintings with which it had been enriched by successive popes and sovereigns, and little now remains that is older than its rebuilding by Luigi Vanvitelli in 1782.

A favorite residence with Joanna was a villa on the island of Nisida, — the Nesis of the ancients, — which island was the residence of Brutus after the murder of Cæsar, B. C. 44, where Cicero came to confer with him on affairs of state, and where Brutus took leave of Portia before sailing for Greece. Nisida was also the place to which Augustulus was exiled by Odoacer after the fall of the Roman Empire, and in the Augustan Age the Roman epicures prized the asparagus of Nesis as superior to that of any other spot; their good judgment is still endorsed by those who eat the Nisidian grapes, olives, figs, and asparagus of the present day.

Joanna's villa was converted into a fort, in order to repulse the fleet of Louis III. while the queen still favored Alfonso of Aragon, and now serves as a prison. In 1624 the Duke of Alva erected the Lazaretto here, which recently has been used as a quarantine station; and in our own century a port was constructed between Nisida and the mainland, which is a fine example of the civil engineering of modern days.

Two interesting portraits of Joanna II. were painted by

Antonio Solario, called Lo Zingaro from his early trade of a tinker. One of these pictures belongs to a private collection, not easily seen by a traveller; but in the Museum of Naples, the Madonna surrounded by eight saints — in the room of the Neapolitan school, painted by Solario — is said to be a portrait of Queen Joanna; while the figure behind Saint Peter is a portrait of the daughter of Colantonio del Fiore, for love of whom this artist renounced his early calling, and, like Quintin Massys, took to the brush. The figure at the extreme left, behind Saint Aspremus, is also called a portrait of the Zingaro himself. There are those who doubt the genuineness of these likenesses; but who can tell whether it be so or not?

Joanna's death was the signal for wars and contentions for the throne of Naples between the French and Aragonese claimants, — in which a large part of Europe was involved, — which continued seventy years and ended in its becoming a Spanish possession.

Alfonso of Aragon claimed the Neapolitan throne; but the Republic of Genoa, under the direction of the Duke of Milan, declared itself in favor of René of Anjou, who was at this time the prisoner of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in the Tower of Bar at Dijon. When his inheritance of a kingdom under the will of Queen Joanna was made known to him, the joy it might have brought him under other circumstances was turned to bitterness by the fact of his imprisonment, which his added importance would tend to make more rigorous.

As René feared, so it proved. The Duke at once transferred his prisoner to Bracon, and determined, now that he had a king in his power, to push to the last possible sou the price of his ransom, and to profit as much as he might by this change of circumstances. It may easily be understood that René was excited almost to madness by his desire for freedom, that he might possess and enjoy his

brilliant heritage on the Bay of Naples, as well as add to the glory and riches of the House of Anjou. The representations of the Neapolitan ambassadors convinced him that no time could be lost if he wished to prevent the King of Aragon from seizing Naples, and he determined immediately to send his wife, Isabella of Lorraine, as his regent, with full powers for peace or war. The letters which named her the Lieutenant-General of her husband were signed at Dijon in 1435, four months after the death of Joanna.

The tedious and complicated course of events which led to the liberation of René is not to be recited here, neither will we recount the mingled success and failure which attended the rule of Queen Isabella during the weary months of her husband's confinement. Not until May, 1438, did King René first feast his eyes on the marvellous panorama of the Bay of Naples and the Mediterranean Sea, which formed the southern boundary of his new inheritance. While the unequalled natural beauties satisfied his artistic nature, and the souvenirs of classic ages appealed to his scholarly instincts, the sight of the Spanish flag floating from the Castel dell' Ovo and the Castel Nuovo reminded him that this heaven-endowed heritage could not be peacefully enjoyed until conquered through fierce and bloody battles.

On landing, Isabella met him with their youngest son; while the eldest, John, with his wife, disembarked at the same moment. This family reunion excited the quick sympathy of the Neapolitans, who rent the air with sincere shouts of welcome. A better acquaintance with the person of their new sovereign served but to increase their enthusiasm. René, not yet thirty years old, and already so experienced in the chances and changes of human life, was affable in bearing, and possessed of such personal charms as could not fail to recommend him to his impressionable

subjects. They attended him to Castel Capuano, where Queen Isabella was residing; and three days later he made his triumphal entry into Naples on horseback, and assumed his seat upon the throne of the kingdom. The enthusiasm of his reception knew no bounds. De la Marche tells us that the people embraced each other and cried out, "The war is ended!" when, alas! the war was about to begin.

The renowned general, Jacopo Caldora, soon presented himself to King René, who reviewed the troops he had brought with him. He offered his soldiers to his sovereign, but pleaded his own age as a reason why he should retire from active service. But René so well knew the worth of his counsel that, far from consenting to his retirement, the king conferred on Caldora the full command of the military affairs of his kingdom, thus gaining an opportunity to examine and reorganize the civil administration of the government.

René instituted important reforms in the conduct of the University of Naples, of the Certosa of S. Martino, and the Congregation of S. Martha. He made new and just laws relative to commerce, duties, and taxes, and, so far as he was able, rewarded those who had assisted Queen Isabella in her struggle to maintain his authority until he could gain his freedom and take the reins of government in his own hands. King René was not long permitted to occupy himself with civil affairs; in August, but three months after his arrival in Naples, he found it necessary to go, with all the troops that he could muster, to the assistance of Caldora in the Abruzzi, where he was opposed to Alfonso with an army much larger than that of the Neapolitans. Hostilities, which endured for some months, first in the mountains, and finally at Naples itself, resulted in the defeat of the Aragonese, who were driven into Calabria, leaving Naples and the surrounding country in the control of King René.

At this point the friends and allies of the two claimants to the Neapolitan kingdom endeavored to negotiate a peaceful solution of the quarrel which should put an end to their wars, and bring good government and prosperity to both Sicily and Naples; but each one of the powers claiming to be interested in these objects had its own ends to gain, and, in fact, pursued them in preference to the measures which might have resulted in the good of all.

After long and futile arguments on one side and the other, in November, 1441, Alfonso regularly besieged the city of Naples, having previously, while René awaited the conclusion of the negotiations for peace, skilfully worked his way here and there in the disputed territory, and by one means and another prevailed on many towns to favor his cause. Francesco Sforza and Antonio Caldora, son of the famous Jacopo, had both proved traitors, of the blackest dye, to the cause of René.

In spite of all his discouragements, the French prince displayed undaunted courage and a character of the noblest type. Could he have relied on any outside aid, his personal valor and daring deeds, if imitated by but a handful of his followers, might have turned the tide of events in his favor. But the Duke of Milan feared lest the power of France should be too largely increased; Charles VII. was engrossed with the English and his own affairs to the exclusion of the cause of his brother-in-law, and, indeed, he had never ceased to hold amicable relations with Alfonso of Aragon; Pope Eugenius IV. was rendered almost powerless by the divisions in the Church; the mercenary captains were unfaithful to their engagements; the Venetians were no reliance for René; the aid which the Genoese could give him was insufficient; and of equal importance with any one, or perhaps more than one, of these unfortunate conditions, was his want of money.

Finally, seven months after the beginning of the siege,

after heroic efforts to repulse the enemy almost single-handed, he embarked, with the few followers who wished to share his fortunes, on some Genoese galleys, and, landing at Pisa, made his way to Florence. Here an element of comedy was mingled with the tragedy of his experiences, when the Pope solemnly conferred on him the crown of the kingdom which he had already lost.

Thus, after nearly four years of almost incessant warfare, was the reign of the House of Anjou ended in Naples. René persisted in styling himself the King of Naples, and so long as he lived indulged the dream of reclaiming the throne he had lost. To this end he used all the diplomacy at his command, as well as his own troops and those of his son. If he failed to recover his throne, his race had conferred a vast benefit on France; for the reign of the House of Anjou in Naples during one hundred and seventy-five years had secured to the French that power in Italy which endured, in greater or less degree, for centuries after the failure of the Angevine princes.

De la Marche is right in affirming that the Aragonese monarch had neither the bravery, the uprightness, the chivalric gallantry, nor the popularity of King René. Even Alfonso recognized the *furia francese* of his rival, — which always amazed the Italians and filled them with admiration, — when he exclaimed, "Take care, the lion is unchained!" But the Aragonese was a master in strategy; his patience was untiring, and he hesitated at nothing that could further his cause; and since address often surpasses courage, and cunning overmasters integrity, the reasons for the failure of René and the success of Alfonso are not far to seek. The latter was undoubtedly the most able sovereign who had ruled at Naples since the days of the Hohenstaufen Frederick.

The entrance to the Castel Nuovo, opposite the Strada del Castello, leads to a Triumphal Arch which commemo-

rates the entrance of Alfonso into Naples after the defeat of King René, in 1442. This arch was erected in 1470, twelve years after the death of Alfonso. Vasari calls it the work of the architects, Pietro di Martino of Milan and Giuliano da Maiano of Florence. Strictly speaking, this arch formed the entrance to the fortifications, and is sometimes called the finest monument at Naples. On each side are Corinthian columns which support a frieze and cornice; above is an attic with bas-reliefs representing the entrance of Alfonso, by the sculptors Isaia da Pisa and Silvestro dell' Aquila. There are statues of the four Cardinal Virtues in niches; and above are SS. Michael, Anthony Abbot, and Sebastian, by Giovanni da Nola, which were added by Don Pedro de Toledo. The celebrated bronze gates are by the monk Guglielmo of Naples, and represent the victories of Ferdinand I. over Duke John of Anjou and his own rebellious barons. A cannon-ball embedded in the left wing is a souvenir of the time of Gonsalvo da Cordova, early in the sixteenth century.

When Alfonso died, in 1458, he left the kingdoms of Aragon and Sicily to his legitimate heir, John, and Naples to his illegitimate son, Ferdinand, who was known to be an extremely cruel man. The Neapolitans begged of John, Duke of Calabria and son of King René, to come to their aid. Duke John, who was the French Governor of Genoa and already had a footing in Italy, was quite ready to attempt the recovery of the throne which his father had lost, and King René encouraged his son to assume his rights and act in his stead.

The Duke of Calabria repeated the experience of his father in failing to obtain helpful allies. However, he landed at Castellammare, and many Neapolitan nobles hastened to range themselves under his banner. In July, 1460, near Sarno, he gained a brilliant victory over the army of Ferdinand, which, had it been followed up with

energy, should have taken him triumphantly to Naples. But neither the Duke of Milan, the Medici of Florence, nor the King of France, was in favor of his cause; the Genoese, too, united with the Duke of Milan in opposing John, and the Pope, Pius II., was avowedly the friend of Ferdinand. In the face of such opposition the Duke of Calabria must have known that the hopes of his house regarding the throne of Naples rested on but slight foundations.

Nevertheless, he bravely continued his struggles until, at Troja, in 1462, he was defeated in a decisive battle, which endured six hours, and is celebrated as one of the fiercest struggles of the fifteenth century. John retreated to Castellammare, leaving three hundred prisoners and five hundred horses in the hands of his foes. Here many nobles surrounded the Duke; and the great *condottiere*, Piccinino, privately said to him, —

"To-day, if you wish, you may be master of this kingdom."

"And how?" demanded the Duke.

"Arrest all these men and send them to Provence. It is they who continue the war, and without them you will have the advantage."

"No member of my family has been a traitor," answered the Duke, "and I will not be the first. If it pleases God that I shall be a king, I shall be; if not, let His will be done."

In 1463 the Duke of Calabria intrenched himself in the island of Ischia, hoping always that France would come to his assistance; but in this very year Louis XI. made an alliance with the Duke of Milan, and ceded to that noble his claims on Genoa, thus indicating that France might even become the friend of Ferdinand himself.

John returned to Provence in 1464, and two years later, the vacant throne of Aragon being offered to King René, the Duke was sent as lieutenant-general and commandant

of the forces, to Barcelona, where he spent years in contention and warfare with John of Aragon. However, René, by one means and another, had made alliances and brought his plans to such a point, that, by increasing his army, in 1469 there seemed to be a prospect of success for the much tried Duke of Calabria, when suddenly, in December, 1470, he died at Barcelona. Poison was suspected, and the examination of his body justified this theory of the cause of his death; but the author of the crime was never discovered.

After this terrible affliction, the ever persistent René, still claiming the titles of King of Aragon and Sicily, retired to Provence, where he lived nine years more, among those who loved him and called him the "good King René," until, in July, 1480, "the illustrious King René, this Prince of Peace and Mercy, rendered his soul to God amid the tears and sobs of all his people, and above all of those of his capital." Fortunately, the passion of René for music, painting, and poetry served to make him forgetful of his defeats and misfortunes, which would have driven another sort of man to madness.

The church of S. Lorenzo at Naples, built in 1266 by the first prince of the House of Anjou who reigned there, is rich in a variety of historical associations. The nave was almost entirely rebuilt three centuries after its foundation, but the portal and choir still preserve the Gothic architecture of the Angevine dynasty. Behind the high altar are the funeral monuments of the House of Durazzo, the second branch of the House of Anjou. They are elaborate in design and execution, and are attributed to Masuccio II.; but no reliable proof that they were his work now exists.

In the pavement, near the entrance, may be read the name of Giambattista della Porta, 1550–1616, famed as the discoverer of the camera obscura, and the originator of

the plan of the enclyclopædia. In this church Boccaccio first saw the "Fiammetta," whose beauty he celebrated, — supposed to have been Mary, the natural daughter of King Robert; and in the monastery attached to this church the monks were happy in entertaining Petrarch as their guest.

It was in the chapter-house of S. Lorenzo that Alfonso I. — after the Pope had legitimized Ferdinand — held a great parliament of priests and barons, and, under the title of Duke of Calabria, proclaimed this son his heir to the Neapolitan kingdom. Ferdinand's coronation occurred later at the Cathedral of Barletta. We have seen that his rights were disputed by John, the Angevine Duke of Calabria, who was invited to the contest by the Neapolitan barons who hated Ferdinand on account of his cruelties. Not until 1462 was he freed from the Angevine claims to his throne; and during the succeeding twelve years he was engaged in plots and plans which allied him with the Milanese Sforza and the Florentine Medici, and enabled him to maintain his authority in spite of the disaffection of his subjects. Everything was accomplished by dishonesty and treachery; neither in Ferdinand, nor in his allies, nor in Pope Innocent VIII., did a spark of honesty exist.

After 1480, all Italy enjoyed a period of repose and prosperity. Great tracts of wild land were brought under cultivation, and the growth in population and wealth was large and rapid. In some portions of Italy manufacturing was greatly increased, and financial transactions yielded enormous gains. From the more cultivated centres, notably from Florence, where idleness and sensuality reigned supreme, the most demoralizing influences were disseminated; the sickly philosophies proclaimed in metaphorical and stilted periods were but poor guides in thought and action, when compared with the devout and soul-stirring religious teaching which they so largely displaced; and in the small feudal sovereignties — especially in the South

of Italy — tyranny was so sure of itself that such vices and crimes as are utterly unspeakable were constantly increasing.

In 1492 new disturbances arose. Pietro di Medici and King Ferdinand made an alliance against the Pope and the Duke of Milan, and the latter revenged himself by inviting Charles VIII. of France to prosecute his claim to the throne of Naples as the representative of the House of Anjou. Ludovico Sforza succeeded in dazzling the eyes and blinding the judgment of the son of the cautious Louis XI., and in spite of the disapproval of his wisest counsellors he enlisted in a campaign that he was persuaded would make him the equal of the great Charlemagne in glory.

His first conquest should be Naples; the second, Greece; and continuing his triumphant course to the East, driving all enemies before him, the Holy Sepulchre and the city of Jerusalem should be rescued from the power of the Turks, and brought safely into the bosom of the Christian Church. Such was the sum of his anticipated triumphs.

Before entering upon so important an undertaking, Charles VIII. made many preparations which he believed would assure him success, the most momentous of which were treaties of peace with the sovereigns of England and Spain, the King of the Romans, and the Archduke Philip.

Ferdinand I. was greatly alarmed by the prospect of this invasion. He knew how heartily his subjects hated him, and how gladly they would welcome any change, since they could not be more oppressed than they already were. He hastened to make an alliance with Pope Alexander VI., promising to aid him in his chief ambition, — the advancement of his children, — but had secured no other allies, when, in the midst of these anxious preparations, — early in 1494, — "the old Fox of Aragon" died, leaving his kingdom to his son Alfonso II.

During the thirty-four years of his reign, cordially hated as he was, Ferdinand I. conferred on Naples some benefits for which he should be gratefully remembered. He introduced the art of printing by inviting a German, Sixtus Reissinger, to set up his press in his capital; and other Germans following Reissinger, printing was firmly established there during Ferdinand's life. The first book which Reissinger printed at Naples may be seen in the Museo Nazionale; it is Bartolo's "Lectura super Codicem," and is dated 1471. The enormous benefits which the kingdom of Naples has enjoyed from the cultivation and manufacture of silk, also established by Ferdinand, are too well known to require more than a passing mention, while some of his public works still cause his reign to be honorably remembered.

Ferdinand built the massive Castel del Carmine, and from it extended the city walls to S. Giovanni a Carbonara. He fortified these walls with towers, curtains, fosses, and counterscarps, under the direction of Giuliano da Maiano, and opened several new gates, placing his own statue above each one of them. Some of these gates and portions of the old walls still remain. The Porta Capuana dates from 1484; it is of white marble, flanked by two handsome round towers, and is not only a noble monument to the art of Maiano, but is one of the finest Renaissance gateways still in existence. The towers are inscribed with the words "L'Onore" and "La Virtu," and were called by those names; the statue of Ferdinand was removed from this gateway in 1535, when Charles V. passed beneath it to make his triumphal entrance into Naples.

As the name of this gate indicates, the road to Capua passed through it at the time of its building. Now the Corso Garibaldi runs outside it, leading from the sea to the Strada Foria, not far from the Botanical Garden. Here, too, near the gate are railway-stations, while far

away stretch the Paduli, or marshes, which are the kitchen garden of Naples, where one crop succeeds another throughout the year. No other example of the Neapolitan architecture of the fifteenth century surpasses this gate in artistic interest; while the historical associations which connect it with the marching of armies, with triumphal processions, with coronations and jubilant festivals, as well as with scenes of sadness and sorrow, are too many to be even catalogued here.

Ferdinand also strengthened the Castel Sant' Elmo, known in his time as the Castello di San Martino, and erected a lighthouse at the extremity of the Molo. With the aid of some of his barons, he continued the rebuilding of the cathedral, begun by his father; and in commemoration of this good work of the nobles, their arms are sculptured on the pillars of the church.

In 1480 the Turks gained possession of Otranto, and Ferdinand assembled a great parliament of priests and barons at Foggia, to concert measures against the invaders. The Turks were repelled by the son of Ferdinand, afterwards Alphonso II.; and Ferdinand, fearing lest Taranto should also fall into the hands of the Mohammedans, cut through the rocky isthmus on which the city is situated, and thus converted its site into an island.

Ferdinand I. was buried in the sacristy of S. Domenico Maggiore, where, of the forty-five crimson sarcophagi ranged around the walls, ten contain all that remains of that number of his royal house. They are surrounded by the tombs of many famous men and women, among them being that of the Marquis of Pescara, the husband of the gifted and beloved Vittoria Colonna.

In the Museum at Naples there is a picture of the Beato Nicolas Martyr, which has been called by some writers a portrait of Ferdinand I. of Aragon; but I find no warrant for such a claim, which is certainly incapable of

proof, especially as Tesauro, the artist to whom it is attributed, is said to have died in 1380.

Had Ferdinand lived, he would have avoided war with France, if possible; but Alfonso, who was as much hated as his father had been, was of a proud and determined character, and prepared to defend himself against his enemy. He made an alliance with Pope Alexander, and together they proposed friendship to the Sultan Bajazet, and advised him to attack the French, warning him of the plan that Charles VIII. had made against Constantinople. The Sultan considered the threatened danger as too distant to demand immediate attention, and declined the alliance with the Holy Father and the King of Naples.

Meantime Charles built a fleet at Genoa, and equipped an army in Dauphiny, hiring many Swiss and German mercenaries. His preparations were made so leisurely that the Italians under the command of Don Frederick, son of King Alfonso, began hostilities by an attack on Genoa, but were easily repulsed by French soldiers led by the Duke of Orleans.

At length, in August, 1494, Charles VIII. crossed the Alps, and made what might almost be termed a triumphal march to Naples, where he was welcomed as a deliverer, Alphonso II. having fled to Sicily, and his son, Ferdinand II., — called Fernandino, — to whom he had resigned the Neapolitan throne, to Ischia. It was not long, however, before the Neapolitans, who had confidently looked for good government under the French monarch, found that they were little better off than they had been under the Aragonese. While Charles was not the oppressive tyrant that Ferdinand I. and Alphonso II. had each been, in turn, he placed little value upon the kingdom he had so easily acquired. The French officers were insolent to the Neapolitans, and, from Charles down to his hired soldiers, the army was devoted to riotous living and all kinds of

dissipation. The principal Neapolitans were disgusted and angry at the high-handed manner in which Charles made large grants of land to his followers, and conferred on them the desirable offices in the kingdom.

In his passage through Italy, Charles had, in one way and another, incurred the enmity of all the rulers with whom he had come in contact. The Pope, the Florentines, and even the Duke of Milan, who had invited him hither, were now equally anxious to be rid of his presence in the peninsula. Ferdinand of Spain, and Maximilian, King of the Romans, each had their reasons for wishing Charles on the other side of the Alps, and a league between all these powers was speedily formed against the French monarch.

The knowledge of this league determined Charles to return to France; this he did with but few and slight hindrances, reaching his own country fourteen months after he first entered Italy, having left the Count of Montpensier with several captains and a small army to rule the Neapolitans, and complete the conquest of their country. As neither reinforcements nor money were sent to the French troops left in Naples, they soon considered themselves deserted and forgotten, and became utterly demoralized.

Ferdinand II. returned to Naples, and with the aid of the great Spanish captain, Gonsalvo da Cordova, had regained nearly all that his father had lost, when, in October, 1496, he was borne from Somma to Castel Capuano, sick unto death. In the "Cronaca di Notar Giacomo," this account is given: —

"On the following Thursday, the Most Reverend Lord Archbishop, Alexander Carafa, led two solemn processions, one of which went towards the Nunziata, bearing the head and blood of the glorious martyr St. Januarius, followed by a numberless troop of women with burning wax torches. As the procession reached the castle, the queen mother appeared under the portal and threw herself on the ground, upon which the

Archbishop uttered three prayers: the first to the Madonna, the second for the sick King, and the third to St. Januarius. Then they all exclaimed 'Misericordia' so loudly and tumultuously that the Archbishop could hardly finish the prayer amid the lamentations of the people. On the following Friday, at the seventh hour, another procession was about to march to Santa Maria la Nuova: then came the intelligence that God had taken the Lord King to himself. *Cujus anima requiescat in pace.*"

Ferdinand II. was succeeded by his uncle Frederick, Prince of Altamura. Thus there were four sovereigns of Naples — aside from Charles VIII. — in the three years which succeeded the death of Ferdinand I. of Aragon.

The burial-case of Ferdinand II. is one of those faded crimson sarcophagi of which we have spoken in the sacristy of S. Domenico Maggiore. They are a melancholy spectacle, with their gilt emblems affixed to decaying wooden coffins, — fit symbols of the race they hold; a race wanting in solidity and earnestness. The remains of the first Alfonso — called the Just and the Magnanimous, in his time second only to Frederick of Hohenstaufen among the rulers of Naples — were transported to Catalonia in the seventeenth century, and buried near the tombs of his ancestors.

Two interesting episodes in the life of Ferdinand II. illustrate his cruelty and his bravery. When he fled to Ischia, on the very day that his father's abdication made him king, he took with him his bride — his aunt Joanna — not yet fourteen years old. When he presented himself before the castle of Ischia, having arrived with a fleet of fourteen galleys, the castellan refused him admission. After much discussion, the king and queen were permitted to land; and the moment that Ferdinand had entered the castle, he drew his sword and killed the castellan. The garrison, their commander being murdered before their

eyes, made no resistance, and the guards and troops of the king were soon within the castle.

At the battle of Seminara, when the French troops completely routed the Neapolitans under Gonsalvo da Cordova, Ferdinand, while bravely endeavoring to rally his forces, was in great personal danger. His horse fell under him and he could not extricate himself, when the noble Giovanni d' Altamura went to his aid, gave him his own horse, and wishing his sovereign God speed to a place of safety, fell dead, riddled by a hundred wounds.

Ferdinand II. added nothing to the strength or beauty of Naples. On the contrary, when he besieged the Castel dell' Ovo, while Charles VIII. was master of the city, he entirely dismantled that fortress, already more than three centuries old, having been founded by the Norman, William I. The present castle dates from the middle of the sixteenth century.

As Alfonso II. had been king less than a year when he fled to Sicily, he erected no monuments to his reign, and escaped at the menace of danger as if chased by the ghosts of those he had put to death. His stepmother urged him to remain but three days, that he might complete a whole year as sovereign. But so cruel a man could not be courageous, and he went, taking with him much wine of many sorts, which he dearly loved, and seeds to plant a garden which he intended to make. At Messina he lived with the monks of Mount Oliveto, his favorite order; and until his death, in 1495, he fasted, prayed, and gave abundant alms, as if to atone for the frightful sins he had committed, — if we may believe Commines when he says: "He considered himself no longer worthy to be king, he had been guilty of such crimes and cruelties. There never was a man more savage or worse than he, or more abandoned to debauchery." On the morning of his birth a fiery meteor appeared in the heavens, and his grandfather predicted that he

would bring ruin to his house and kindle a frightful war in Italy.

While still Duke of Calabria, Alfonso II. had fully indulged his love of building fine villas, surrounded by gardens and parks in which were fountains, and hedges of myrtle and citron, and roads for pleasure-riding. Doubtless the example of this prince excited that love of architectural enterprises which characterized the nobility, statesmen, and all Neapolitans of wealth at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

This sovereign was a great benefactor to the church and monastery of Monte Oliveto, also called S. Anna dei Lombardi. He adorned this church with numerous works of art; and as some most noble families vied with him in his pious work, Monte Oliveto became a treasury of the art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. As Alfonso affected the Olivetan or White Benedictines more than any other order, it was not unusual for him to sit at their table in the refectory, where he was always welcome. He lavished revenues and lands on this monastery, and his monument in their church is the work of the celebrated Giovanni da Nola. In the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre there is a singular group in terra cotta, rather coarsely conceived and executed, by Guido Manzoni, called Modanino. It represents Jesus Christ in the sepulchre, surrounded by six life-size figures, all kneeling. They are portraits of contemporaries of the sculptor; Alfonso is represented as S. John, and the figure next him is his son Ferdinand.

Frederick of Aragon was the last and the best of his house to be King of Naples. Hitherto devoted to the arts of peace, the people hailed him with joy, believing that in him they should have a just and benevolent ruler; indeed, all parties, however hostile before, were now ready to make him the centre of their hopes and interests. The principal fortresses of the kingdom were in his power; he had sons

whom he hoped would inherit his throne, and when he was crowned by the Cardinal Cæsar Borgia, the sovereign, the nobles and the people anticipated a prosperous future. In four short years their hopes were cruelly blighted, and in eight years the painful life of this last Aragonese-Neapolitan king was ended in a hated foreign land.

Ferdinand, the Catholic of Spain, had already determined to dispossess his cousins of the kingdom of Naples. He had proposed its division between France and Spain to Charles VIII., and after that monarch's death he found a ready listener to his schemes in Louis XII. who desired to rule at Naples and to gain possession of Lombardy, which he claimed in the right of his grandmother, Valentina Visconti.

In November, 1500, at Granada, a treaty of partition was signed with the greatest secrecy. Louis XII. was to be King of Naples with the Abruzzi and Terra di Lavoro; Ferdinand was to add to his greater honors the title of Duke of Apulia and Calabria.

Frederick was first made aware of his betrayal by the approach from Rome of the French army under D'Aubigné; and so blind was he to the character of his Spanish cousin that he confided his cause to Gonsalvo da Cordova, then stationed in the Terra di Lavoro, who marched with Spanish troops to Capua, and joined D'Aubigné in the storming and pillage of that city. De Reumont says: —

"When this unnatural alliance became known in Naples, the barons, the gentry, and the people assembled themselves in the cathedral; they heard mass devoutly, and at the elevation of the host they swore aloud to be united and one body, and faithful to their lawful ruler; but when the enemy stood at the gates, union and fidelity were at an end. Then was Naples lost. Frederick, to save his capital from the fate of Capua, concluded, in Aversa, a capitulation with the leader of the victorious army, and promised to give up the castles. The duplicity of Ferdinand had crushed his hopes."

In 1501 Frederick went, with his queen, Isabella del Balzo, and their children, to Ischia. There, in that castle, high on the rocky promontory which afforded him so extensive a view of the beautiful inheritance which he had lost, he was compelled to choose his future dwelling-place. A month later he sailed for France. Louis XII. assigned to Frederick a large domain in the garden of Anjou, with a generous income; but his hopes were wrecked, and he could but fade away, with his heart-breaking sorrows weighing him down. Not the least of these was the thought that his eldest son was in the power of the perfidious Gonsalvo da Cordova, who had carried him to Spain.

Ill and suffering, Frederick went from Amboise to Blois, whence he was driven by a fire in the palace; and seeking a new refuge in Tours, he rapidly grew more feeble until his end came, in thirteen months from the time when he bade farewell to his beloved Bay of Naples. He was buried with royal obsequies, and a holy brother depicted his lovely character in a sermon, and proclaimed that his soul was already in paradise, to which his patient endurance of many cruel sufferings had earned for him a ready welcome.

His queen Isabella refused to give her children up to Ferdinand, as that king and Louis XII. had agreed that she should do, and her jointure was taken from her. She and her children died, one after another, until, in 1550, the Duke of Calabria, the last of this ill-starred family, died also, and was buried in Spain.

Such an alliance as that of Ferdinand and Louis XII. — of Spain and France — could scarcely endure for long, or be advantageous to either country during its existence. After a series of misunderstandings and quarrels, actual hostilities began in 1502; and, the French army being defeated in four battles in eighteen months, the kingdom of Naples became an absolute possession of Spain.

This result may be said to have been brought about by Gonsalvo da Cordova, one of the most brilliant and interesting men of his time, whose character and achievements have made him the hero of romance as well as of history. The "Great Captain" — *il gran capitano* or *el gran capitan* — he is called; and he was also great in other important positions. He proved himself a most skilful organizer, and entirely changed the service of his army, the more successfully to oppose the tactics of the French. His control of his soldiers was almost miraculous; he demanded patience and subordination when they were without food or clothing and he had no money to pay them, and he so inspired them with his own courage and with reliance on his genius that they gave him what he required of them; they were what they felt that their Great Captain expected them to be.

Again, their very position compelled them to conquer or die; the sea on one hand, and impassable mountains on the other, cut them off from Spain. Being thus continually under one great leader from whom they could not escape, the Spanish infantry was gradually moulded, by Gonsalvo, into what he desired; and though small in numbers, it annihilated the famous French armies and generals who opposed it, and afterwards carried the victories of Spain to the countries of Europe most remote from that in which the Great Captain had made it irresistible.

Severe when necessity demanded severity, and always courteous to his inferiors, Gonsalvo was generous to a vanquished foe, and promptly punished his own soldiers who offered violence to his opponents when their battles were over. Prescott says: —

"From the moment hostilities were brought to a close, Gonsalvo displayed such generous sympathy for his late enemies, and such humanity in relieving them, as to reflect more honor on his character than all his victories. . . . His benign and courteous demeanor towards the vanquished, so remote from

the images of terror with which he had been hitherto associated in their minds, excited unqualified admiration; and they testified their sense of his amiable qualities, by speaking of him as the *gentil capitaine et gentil cavalier*."

The treaty of Lyons, which put an end to the French and Spanish war, was signed in the spring of 1504; and Gonsalvo remained in Naples, conducting the affairs of the kingdom as Viceroy, until the autumn of 1506, when Ferdinand visited that city. Meantime there had been occurrences of vast interest and importance in Spain, with which we may not here especially concern ourselves. Queen Isabella had died; Philip had reigned, and passed off the earthly stage; Joanna was hopelessly mad; Ferdinand had married the young niece of Louis XII., and now came to Naples, not so much to visit his new kingdom as to satisfy himself of the loyalty of the Great Captain, which he had been led to suspect.

At Genoa, Gonsalvo met his sovereign; and at Portofino, while on their journey to Naples, they received the news that Philip had died a few days after Ferdinand had sailed from Barcelona. The Castilians sent messages imploring the king to return to them at once; but he continued his course towards Naples, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. When he reached the capital, he was welcomed with every possible honor and shouts of joy. An old chronicler, Los Palacios, described the entry into Naples, and Prescott thus relates his story: —

"The monarch was arrayed in a long, flowing mantle of crimson velvet, lined with satin of the same color. On his head was a black velvet bonnet, garnished with a resplendent ruby, and a pearl of inestimable price. He rode a noble white charger, whose burnished caparisons dazzled the eye with their splendor. By his side was his young queen, mounted on a milk-white palfrey, and wearing a skirt or undergarment of

rich brocade, and a French robe simply fastened with clasps, or loops of fine wrought gold.

"On the mole they were received by the Great Captain, who, surrounded by his guard of halberdiers, and his silken array of pages wearing his device, displayed all the pomp and magnificence of his household. After passing under a triumphal arch, where Ferdinand swore to respect the liberties and privileges of Naples, the royal pair moved forward under a gorgeous canopy, borne by the members of the municipality, while the reins of their steeds were held by some of the principal nobles. After them followed the other lords and cavaliers of the kingdom, with the clergy and ambassadors assembled from every part of Italy and Europe, bearing congratulations and presents from their respective courts. As the procession halted in various quarters of the city, it was greeted with joyous bursts of music from a brilliant assemblage of knights and ladies, who did homage by kneeling down and saluting the hands of their new sovereigns. At length, after defiling through the principal streets and squares, it reached the great cathedral, where the day was devoutly closed with solemn prayer and thanksgiving."

Gratified as Ferdinand was by all these demonstrations, he turned, as soon as possible, to the serious affairs of the kingdom. He instituted various reforms; called a parliament in which important questions were settled; oaths of allegiance to his daughter Joanna and her posterity were made; the Angevine proprietors were re-established in their old estates by a decree, which was, however, almost ineffectual; and, in a word, the Neapolitans were disappointed and dissatisfied with this king, from whom they had hoped so much, and who had, in fact, burdened them with new imposts. But finally, just before leaving the city, he granted the request of the people for the re-establishment of the University, which somewhat soothed their outraged feelings.

Ferdinand was ably seconded by Gonsalvo da Cordova in all that he undertook, and he could not fail to see how

much the people loved the great soldier. But in spite of this knowledge; in spite of the fact that the conquest of Naples and the defeat of the French were due to this general; in spite of the good service he had rendered his country and the masterly qualities he had displayed, both as soldier and ruler,— Ferdinand appointed a new viceroy, and took the Great Captain with him on his return to Castile. Each year, for three years, he made a similar change; and when he died, in 1516, Naples had little reason to mourn his death. Prescott says: —

"Gonsalvo remained a day or two behind his royal master in Naples, to settle his private affairs. In addition to the heavy debts incurred by his own generous style of living, he had assumed those of many of his old companions in arms, with whom the world had gone less prosperously than with himself. The claims of his creditors, therefore, had swollen to such an amount, that, in order to satisfy them fully, he was driven to sacrifice part of the domains lately granted him. Having discharged all the obligations of a man of honor, he prepared to quit the land, over which he had ruled with so much splendor and renown for nearly four years. The Neapolitans in a body followed him to the vessel; and nobles, cavaliers, and even ladies of the highest rank lingered on the shore to bid him a last adieu. Not a dry eye, says the historian, was to be seen. So completely had he dazzled their imaginations and captivated their hearts by his brilliant and popular manners, his munificent spirit, and the equity of his administration, — qualities more useful, and probably more rare in those turbulent times, than military talent."

After the death of Ferdinand, Naples passed nominally into the hands of the mad Joanna of Castile, to be transferred, a year later, to the great Charles V., to remain for many years under his memorable government.

CHAPTER III.

CHARLES V. AND PHILIP II.

1516–1598.

FROM 1127, when Roger II. established a monarchy in Naples, to the partition of the kingdom in 1500, the actual sovereigns had oftentimes resided in their capital, and viceroys had been appointed only when the heirs to the throne were too young to rule, or in the absence of the monarchs themselves; but after the treaty of Granada, during two hundred and thirty-four years, no sovereign of Naples resided there, and a long series of viceroys represented the Spanish, the Austrian-Spanish, and the German-Austrian rulers, who were sometimes kings of Naples only, and again of both Sicily and Naples.

The story of Naples from 1516 to 1527 is a confused account of a certain part in the events which principally concerned a trinity of Popes, Julius II., Leo X., and Clement VII. During these years the French and Spaniards were striving for power in Italy; but no French troops invaded the Neapolitan territory until 1527, when the last important effort was made to establish the claims of the House of Anjou, then vested in the descendants of Violante, daughter of the *bon roi René*, and represented by the Count of Vaudemont.

When, in 1528, the great Marshal Lautrec entered the peninsula with his army, his success in overthrowing the existing government seemed almost a foregone conclusion. The people, worn out in body and spirit by Spanish oppression, were glad of any new master. In the Abruzzi they

even went out to meet the French, and welcomed them as friends; while the Spanish viceroy, Don Ugo de Monçada, imputed no treachery to the barons who raised the French standard in Naples itself. Capua and other cities yielded to Lautrec, and he proceeded to blockade Naples on the east. Thus far all was well with the army of Francis I.

But now the Prince of Orange, Captain-General of the Imperial Roman Army, appeared on the scene. He fortified the heights of S. Martino, which, with the monastery and the castle of S. Elmo, commanded the city and shut off all enemies from the west. Monçada and Orange disagreed in a way that might have resulted in the advantage of the French, had not the former fallen in a battle at Capo d' Orso.

The siege was prolonged; the heat of midsummer engendered fevers; the soldiers died by thousands, and Lautrec himself fell a victim to disease in the middle of August. All thought of the conquest of Naples was abandoned, and under the command of the Marquis of Saluzzo, the miserable remnant of the French troops reached Aversa, where they encountered the Prince of Orange. Most of the French officers, as well as the Italians who had joined them, were made prisoners of war. Many soldiers were slain, others fled to the Abruzzi and escaped; but after a few days no Frenchman could be found in the Neapolitan peninsula.

Philibert of Orange was viceroy for a single year; but in that time he so divided the properties of the Angevines between the Aragonese whom he favored, that it required the extinction of but one more family, the Sanseverini of Salerno, to complete the final destruction of the Angevine element, and make Naples the absolute possession of Spain. Thus it resulted that when Don Pedro de Toledo — the greatest viceroy of them all — assumed his place, in 1532, no such questions as had troubled his predecessors, con-

cerning the rival claimants to the throne, remained to embarrass him, and during two centuries Spain ruled supreme in this enchanting land. Of this issue De Reumont says: —

"It was not accident or the mere force of arms that led to this result: the causes of it lay deeper; the volatile and susceptible Frenchman was not the ruler to preserve the dominion over the innovation-loving, excitable, loquacious, and unsteady Neapolitan. Their national characters resembled each other too much in many points, and their difference in others was so much the more offensive. Received with open arms, the Frenchman soon made himself irreconcilable enemies by his severity, scorn, and supercilious arrogance. The Italians shuddered at the desolating massacres of the French wars; they writhed under the iron grasp of people that came to them with chivalrous demeanor, then trampled them under foot, and contaminated everything still remaining as precious and venerable in their possession.

"Such were not the Spaniards, not those at least which Gonsalvo da Cordova led from the Moorish wars to the conquest of Naples. Their ascendancy was owing as well to an iron discipline as to that inveterate character of their race, the firmness of purpose which had gradually developed itself in the long struggle for the country which they wrenched inch by inch from their tenacious enemies. The Neapolitans found that they had in the Spaniards different rulers from the French."

Few men have been confronted with a more serious problem than that which awaited Don Pedro de Toledo when he reached Naples. In the light of our knowledge of what he did and of his methods of action, we cannot doubt that from the beginning he set himself the task of creating a prosperous and well-ordered Spanish province out of the wreck of a kingdom long harassed by the wars and claims of the royal houses which had contended for its possession. The whole country had been laid waste, and the people — greatly reduced in numbers by plagues of war and pesti-

lence — were in a semi-barbarous state. Many towns had been entirely destroyed, and others so desolated that utter extinction might have proved a blessing in comparison with their misery and the impossibility of restoring them to their former estate. The great families who belonged to Naples by right of birth and inheritance had been exiled, impoverished, and humiliated beyond endurance; while those who had no claim on the respect or affection of the Neapolitans had achieved riches and usurped dignities. No human ties seemed to bind one to another; oaths were no longer respected; misery, discord, violence, and hatred reigned supreme; no laws were enforced, and no standard of conduct, public or private, existed in all the kingdom.

Toledo, Marquis of Villafranca, had been trained to deeds of courage as a soldier, and to an understanding of statesmanship from his boyhood, by constant association with King Ferdinand and Charles V. He was forty-eight years old when he assumed his office at Naples, and at once turned his attention to the reformation of the laws and the establishment of competent tribunals of justice. He very soon transformed the old Castel Capuano into a grand court-house, where the different tribunals could be held, as they are to this day, while the prisons, located below the courts, have been abandoned.

Toledo's legal reforms were far too numerous to be mentioned; in two cases he was severe even to cruelty, without attaining his ends. The Neapolitans had never estimated perjury as the deadly sin it is considered by other nations, and no severity of punishment nor any other consideration could absolutely insure the truth from any man among them. Toledo decreed the death penalty for the second offence, and false accusers were subject to the same law.

The second great evil was the insecurity to life and property in Naples. The vilest outrages were of constant occurrence, and were largely the work of the banditti in

the employ of the nobility. Toledo punished with death those who broke into houses in the daytime by means of ladders, and those found with arms upon their persons from late evening until morning. In these matters he was no respecter of persons; and one of the first to be executed for entering by ladder was a young nobleman, Col' Antonio Brancaccio, who was simply bent on a love adventure.

The anger and disgust of the nobles, who found that the viceroy showed them no favors, were equalled only by the satisfaction of the people, when, for the first time, the crime of a nobleman was estimated as equally reprehensible with that of a peasant. In eighteen years 18,000 persons were hanged in Naples alone; and yet, when the establishment of the Inquisition was attempted, Toledo gave it as his opinion that even against that institution itself false witnesses would be numerous. Alicarnasseo, in his Life of Don Pedro de Toledo, says: "On one occasion, when the viceroy was in Siena, the Academy of the Intronati made a feast for him, and he hesitated not to say publicly, 'I had rather be a member of your academy and be guided by such worthy women, than go to Naples to annihilate a pack of robbers in order to keep the favor of my sovereign.'"

The lawlessness of the time exposed the towns on the Neapolitan coasts to great suffering. Turks, and other barbarian pirates, roamed the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas at will, while earthquakes and volcanic eruptions added their horrors to the devastations of man. These convulsions of nature destroyed Pozzuoli in 1538, after the whole coast had been desolated by pirates. The towns on the Bay of Gaeta were demolished. Ischia and Procida were destroyed by fire; while on the coasts of Calabria and Apulia, not only had the cities been plundered and desolated, but great numbers of the people had been carried into slavery.

Toledo did much for the rebuilding of Pozzuoli, and made great exertions to induce the inhabitants to return to their deserted city. He built castles and fortresses along the entire coasts from Terracina round to the upper part of Apulia. These towers are still seen, some in ruins, others in a state of greater or less preservation, a few still serving as watch-towers. He built the castle of Baiæ — now used as a garrison — to protect the shores of the lovely bay below, and, in short, executed many remarkable works for strengthening the defences of the kingdom, outside of all that he did for the capital itself.

When fortifications were built, they must also be maintained and garrisoned, and this demanded a vast amount of money; when the sums sent to the Emperor Charles V. to aid in carrying on his constant wars were added to what was needed at home, the total amount of taxes paid by the Neapolitans is simply amazing. It is not surprising that the first outbreak of the people under Toledo's rule was occasioned by increased taxation. It was promptly quelled. The plebeian leader was imprisoned; and when his release was demanded, he was hanged at evening, from a window of the Palace of Justice, and torches placed on each side the corpse, that all might see which way rebellion led. The next day the principal revolutionists were executed, the taxes were not lessened, and the people submitted; but Don Pedro de Toledo was no longer popular.

An attempt to establish the Inquisition aroused the hatred and indignation of the Neapolitans of all classes. They had submitted to a censorship of the press, to the extinction of the Academy of the nobles, to an edict against theological discussions and the reprinting of theological books such as had issued from their presses for twenty years; but when spies were to be authorized and the Spanish Inquisition introduced, — the very name of which inspired absolute terror, — the entire populace flew

to arms as with a common impulse. Don Pedro rode through the city threatening punishment to the disturbers, who had heretofore been of the common people, but were now joined by the nobles; Toledo summoned the Spanish infantry from Pozzuoli to Naples, and a bloody fray succeeded between the soldiers and the people. When Don Pedro appeared, not a hand was raised to salute him, and he was driven to a fury which was not lessened when the populace assembled at the summons of the bells of S. Lorenzo, and resolved to obey Don Pedro de Toledo no longer, and to send ambassadors to the Emperor. A deputy was in great danger of being hurled from the top of the spire when he endeavored to dissuade the people from sounding the bells, which might be construed as treason; they also planted the imperial banners on the belfry, and formed a procession which passed through the principal streets, crying, "Union, union, in the service of God and the Emperor, and of the town!" The Marquis of Pescara, still a child, bore a crucifix at the head of this procession, in which all conditions of men were mingled; and any one who would not join it was henceforth suspected as a traitor.

Don Pedro treated the whole matter lightly, and assured the ambassadors that if they went on account of the Inquisition only, he could promise them that it would not be established; he then added, "But if you go as my accusers, depart at once, with the blessing of God." When he learned that they were about to obey him, he said jocosely to those about him, "We will henceforth let time run merrily, my lords, for I have no longer any care, since I am no more the Viceroy of Naples."

In reality he was most uneasy, and especially so because the barriers between the nobles and the people, always a great reliance for autocrats, were being broken down. The people, too, had shown that they did not mean rebellion

against Charles V.; their demonstration was against Toledo, and in opposition to the institution of the dreaded tribunal; their war-cries were: "Spain and the kingdom; life to the Emperor, death to the Inquisition!"

There were now almost daily quarrels between the Spanish troops and the citizens, and the condition of Naples was most alarming. Shops were closed, and all business suspended; courts were no longer held; many of the principal inhabitants fled; adventurers delivered exciting orations in the streets; and only by the most heroic exertions of the deputies were the people restrained from pointing the heavy cannon kept at S. Lorenzo on the Castel Nuovo, from which the artillery had opened on the town.

At length one of the ambassadors to the Emperor returned, bringing messages of comfort to the Neapolitans. The Emperor would pardon their offences if they at once laid down their arms, and assured them that he had never intended to establish the Inquisition in their midst.

It was humiliating to the people to submit anew to Don Pedro de Toledo, but it was done. The viceroy was not too exacting, and appeared not to know that far fewer arms were surrendered at Castel Nuovo than the insurgents must have had. He informed the courts that, save thirty-six men, who were excluded from the amnesty, none would be tried for past offences. In the end but one man was executed; the others were warned and escaped. But the result of this insurrection was most disastrous to Naples; it had endured but a month, and in that time two thousand men had fallen and one hundred and fifty edifices had been destroyed. In the midst of these losses the Emperor confirmed the title of "most faithful" to the city of Naples, and at the same time fined it one hundred thousand ducats.

The visit of Charles V. to Naples — in 1535, three years after Toledo had assumed his place there — apparently

satisfied the Emperor as to the conduct of the kingdom under his viceroy. Charles complimented Toledo, and told him that he did not find him as bad as he had been painted; and from this time no complaints against Toledo had weight with the Emperor.

In honor of this visit the Porta Capuana was made the most ornamental gate of Naples. The statue of its builder, Ferdinand I. of Aragon, was removed, and sculptures in marble, by Giovanni da Nola, were added; its handsome round towers, of which we have spoken, were found to be a worthy support for its new ornamentation. It was on the occasion of this visit that Charles admired the half-finished Orsini or Gravina Palace, now the General Post and Telegraph Office. To the Emperor's compliments Orsini replied, "It is your Majesty's when finished;" and on account of this answer neither that duke nor his descendants attempted its completion. This edifice is of interest because it shows the condition of Neapolitan architecture at the close of the fifteenth century, when it was begun as a rival to the celebrated Palazzo Sanseverino.

At that period architecture was a passion with the wealthy at Naples, and it is much to be regretted that so few works of that era still exist, and these are by no means in their first estate. Gabriele d' Agnolo, one of the first to introduce the classical revival into Naples, built the Orsini Palace. On the frieze the Duke had an inscription, announcing that he built the palace for himself, his family, and all his friends. These hospitable words have disappeared, and the whole structure is much disfigured by the most objectionable "modern improvements."

Interesting as the life of Don Pedro de Toledo is, it cannot here be given in detail. Charles V. knew that he owed the security of the crown of Naples to his viceroy, as well as the large revenues which enabled him to prosecute his designs in other countries; and yet it was through

The Porta Capuana.

the bidding of the Emperor that Toledo lost his life. When the Republic of Siena revolted, Charles chose Don Pedro to command the army sent for its subjection. At Leghorn the viceroy was seized with what is now called pneumonia; the physicians, unable to cope with the disease, explained that Leghorn, being under the influence of Neptune, had too severe a climate for an inhabitant of Pozzuoli, which was within the province of Vulcan. Toledo was removed to Pisa, and then to Florence, where he died, in February, 1553. His tomb is at the back of the high altar in the church of S. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli, erected by Toledo in 1540. This tomb is called the masterpiece of Giovanni Merliano da Nola, who evidently intended to make this monument to his patron as sumptuous as possible. A sarcophagus rests on a richly decorated pedestal, at the corners of which are four graceful female figures, representing Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance. Three sides of the sarcophagus are filled with bas-reliefs, representing the achievements of the viceroy in the wars with the Turks; the fourth side bears the inscription. Statues of Don Pedro de Toledo and his wife, in the attitude of prayer, surmount the sarcophagus. The whole work is carefully and elaborately executed, although the bas-reliefs are confused and overcrowded; and the Neapolitans may congratulate themselves that it was not removed to Spain, as was at one time intended.

While the love of art had largely increased among the Neapolitans, the frequent changes and disturbances which occurred in their government previous to the reign of Charles V., had rendered any essential enlargement or improvement of the capital quite impossible. After 1530 it grew rapidly larger, gaining, as was estimated, a third in thirty years. A large part of its improvement was accomplished and much more inaugurated during the twenty-one years when Toledo was viceroy; two miles were

added to the circumference of Naples, and the population was much increased, while the bustle and crowds in the streets indicated industry and prosperity.

It is interesting to picture to ourselves the Naples of the middle of the sixteenth century, and trace the changes which three hundred years have made in it. The Riviera di Chiaja did not exist until a century later, and in the time of Toledo it was the site of the villas of noble and wealthy families. Embowered in vines and trees, surrounded by lovely gardens, sometimes near the shore, again farther back on the points of the hills, were these picturesque and beautiful homes. From them the expanse of the blue Mediterranean could be seen, dotted here and there with the craft peculiar to Southern seas, varying from the finest galleys to the tiniest boat of the fisherman; and Capri looming boldly in the dim distance, while Nisida nestled cosily near at hand. A peaceful, entrancing scene, in strange contrast to the noisy tumult of the city streets, and to the ever rumbling, smoking, threatening volcano, the oracular thunder of whose voice thrills the very soul and almost suspends the breath.

Motionless Victor! Lord of fiery doom!
On thy dark helmet waves thy smoky plume;
Wrapt in thy purple like a Syrian king,
While crouches at thy feet the shrinking Spring,
Thy fallen archangel's throne befits thee, — thou
Who canst not bless, but curse. Thy blasted brow
Scowls with dull eye of hate that nightly broods
On dire events in thy drear solitudes.
Tireless thou burnest on from age to age.
No winter's rains, though yearly they assuage
Thy hot cheeks, where the lava tear-drops run
Down the black furrows, — no joy-giving sun
Of balmy spring clothing thy ruggedness
With colors of all depth and tenderness, —
No clouds of summer smiling on thy sleep, —
No autumn vintage round thy fire-cloven steep, —

Have charmed away the awful mystery
That burns within a heart no eye can see.
In the bright day thou mak'st the blue heavens dun,
Blotting with blasphemous smoke the blessed sun.
No calmest starlit night can still thy curse
Breathed upward through the silent universe.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

On the Mergellina, at the western end of the present Chiaja, the fishermen then drew their boats on shore and plied their trade, while the nobles rode past in richly decorated, clumsy coaches, or were more advantageously seen curvetting their gayly caparisoned horses.

In the sixteenth century the wave-washed strand extended from the present Piazza Umberto to the Largo della Vittoria, where solid breastworks and rock-built ramparts now repel the sea, and the Via Carracciolo borders the gardens of the Villa Nazionale. This strand was not even levelled, nor a tree planted there for a century and a half after the great viceroy succumbed to the malign influence of Neptune. Comparing the then and now, and writing in the middle of our century, De Reumont says: —

"Who thinks now, when he sees the procession of elegant equipages rolling along upon the smooth lava pavement of the Chiaja, — when he sees hundreds of horsemen hastening on to the iron trellis of the villa, groups of pedestrians of high station, mixed with people of lower rank, filling the alleys, whilst the fisher-boys, not even half clad, go out upon the rocks by the foundations of the ramparts, in quest of their small earnings, — who now thinks of the times when, exposed to the attacks of the barbarians, and for a protection against the pirates of Algiers and Tunis, the forts already referred to were built, and when — in the seventeenth century — the Carraccioli of Torella sought to add to the strength of their dwelling by the tower which since formed the angle of the palace of the Count of Syracuse?"

This last palace was the first one erected on the present Chiaja, and was built by a distinguished general of Charles V., in 1535; so distant was it from the defences of the city that a fortress of its own was necessary to protect it from pirates, — a condition of things difficult to realize when in the midst of the seething mass of humanity one sees there to-day. East of the Vittoria to the Strada Santa Lucia, all was a dreary waste; masses of tufa covered the Pizzofalcone, and remained undisturbed until, early in the sixteenth century, Andrea Carafa there built a palace on one of the finest and most commanding sites in all Italy, which was later converted into barracks and public offices. The Ponte di Chiaja was not constructed until 1634; and until then Pizzofalcone and the hill of S. Elmo were separated by a great gulf.

Santa Lucia was a narrow, dirty street; and the space now filled by the broad quay, — constructed since 1846, — the terrace below and the steps leading to it, was covered with wretched huts which were taken away by Cardinal Borgia. On this terrace is the fountain decorated with sea-gods and nymphs, after the design of Giovanni da Nola, which the fish-dealers erected at their own expense. Here on summer evenings, above all on Sundays, a dense crowd gathers, and affords an interesting study of Neapolitan life, — all along the seaside of Santa Lucia are the dealers in *frutti di mare*, as the Neapolitans picturesquely term the crabs, oysters, sea-urchins, and other small objects taken from the sea, which they eat with avidity.

North from Santa Lucia is the Strada del Gigante, a work of Olivarez at the very end of the sixteenth century. On the eastern side of the city from the Castel dell' Ovo to the Castel del Carmine, the changes have been too many to be traced except in an exhaustive topographical sketch. Again we quote De Reumont: —

"The arsenal, and the sea front of the palace, harbor, and mole, custom-house, and reservoir, have all been so incessantly metamorphosed, even so late as in our time, that a contemporary of Masaniello and Salvator Rosa could here scarcely find his way aright, did not the gray towers of the Castel Nuovo, which give the lie to the name of the Angevin fortress, serve him as a landmark. Even the Castel Nuovo, however, has been abundantly changed in form during the past century by the continuation of the bastions, by which Charles III. fortified it towards the arsenal, after he had effected a breach at the siege of the year 1734, and had taken the fortress. Wars and conflagrations had made much alteration in the course of time upon this fortress; and any one will discover at a glance that the outer line of wall in the Largo di Castello — a square equally hard to recognize — is of modern origin. The Marinella, the southern quay along the old town wall from the harbor up to the Carmine, has possibly preserved its former appearance more than any other part of the sea front, although here also Charles III., of whose name one is reminded almost at each step, executed various great works for the regulation of the shore, and the widening of the street, which, ever crowded with people, has become, since the introduction of railroads, one of the most busy of the town."

One who tries to trace old landmarks in the interior of the city soon finds himself in need of some thread like that of Ariadne to guide him in the perplexing labyrinth. The last remnants of the castle which Toledo built to the west of the Castel Nuovo, in which Charles V. resided, disappeared a half-century ago; but the Strada Toledo — now Via Roma già Toledo — remains a notable monument to this viceroy, although it has undergone such changes from time to time as would render it a *terra incognita* to Don Pedro himself could he now walk there.

Emerging from the Piazza del Plebiscito, and extended by the Strada S. Teresa degli Scalzi and the Strada Nuova di Capodimonte, about two miles in length, it almost bisects

the city from north to south. The streets leading from it on the east extend to the railway stations, the harbor, the botanical gardens, the great Reclusorio, or Poorhouse, the cemeteries, and many other important points. On the west there is a network of streets and *gradoni*, — as the lanes with steps are called, — numbers of which ascend to the Corso Emmanuele and the Castel S. Elmo. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Toledo was affected as a place of residence by noble and wealthy families, and many fine edifices were erected here; but in the present day this street, sometimes called the noisiest in Europe, is the main business artery of Naples, and a stirring place at all hours of day and night, — a "paradise of pickpockets."

When first I saw it, thirty years ago, the description of Forsyth was accurate: —

"Naples, in its interior, has no parallel on earth. The crowd of London is uniform and intelligible; it is a double line in quick motion; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, and in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current; there you are wheeled round by the vortex. A diversity of trades disputes the street with you. You are stopped by a carpenter's bench, you are lost among shoemakers' stools, — you dash behind the pots of a macaroni stall, and you escape behind a lazzarone's night-basket. In this region of caricature every bargain sounds like a battle. The popular exhibitions are full of the grotesque, and some of their church processions would frighten a war-horse."

On each of the six successive visits that I have made to Naples I have thought that the confusion and hurly-burly of the whole city were modified at times, and within the last decade one moves about with much less inconvenience than formerly; but the Toledo could not be the Toledo, did it not resound with the unearthly cries of every sort of

street-vendor, while the *lustrini* — shoe-blacks — keep up their knocking to attract attention. The whole population seems to live out of doors; letters are written by scribes in the street; iced water and cool lemonade are offered at every turn, while the fumes of charcoal constantly arise, mingled with the odor of roasting chestnuts and the smell of frying sausages. When the lamps are lighted and the shouts of the news-boys are added to the other cries, it is Pandemonium itself. Later, the *Trovatori* appear with their lanterns, hunting for lost articles, large or small, not even disdaining cigar-ends; and one and all of these Neapolitans consider the strangers in their midst as providentially provided for them to importune and cheat to the extent of their ability. Alexandre Dumas said that, "for the noble, the Toledo was a promenade; for the merchant, a bazaar; for the lazzaroni, a dwelling-place."

Many of the lesser improvements — so-called — of Don Pedro de Toledo were most important. He paved the streets for the first time, and cleared away corners and angles which interfered with cleanliness and ventilation. He drained swamps near Naples, and converted them into profitable fields; and not the least of his labors, from which great benefits resulted, was the wholesale destruction of ancient covered passages and porticos, which were not only filthy, disease-producing labyrinths, but also afforded concealment to thieves and cut-throats, who made them places of terror by day, and emerged by night to commit all sorts of grievous crimes.

Toledo also built separate edifices here and there; restored the subterranean aqueduct, and erected a fountain with a statue of Atlas by Giovanni da Nola, in the heart of the old town, where it is still difficult to thread one's way, especially on market days. While this viceroy conferred all these benefits on Naples, he was not unmindful of the surrounding districts. He widened and paved the

Grotto of Posilipo, and provided it with air-shafts, so that, for the first time, it was possible to pass through it without a light in the daytime.

At Pozzuoli, after the terror had subsided which was excited by the upheaval of Monte Nuovo in 1538, he endeavored to induce the inhabitants to return. He erected a palatial fortress, and employed the pupils of Raphael in its decoration, the frescos imitating those which had recently been discovered in some ancient tombs.

Unfortunately, there are associations of another sort connected with the memory of Don Pedro de Toledo. That he completed the ruin of Baiæ by levelling all that remained of the Roman temples and villas, as well as the churches and dwellings of more modern days, in order to get material for the grand, massive castle which he there erected, is unpardonable from the standpoint of the antiquarian and barbarous to every artistic sense. But his cruelties — especially in the persecution of the Protestants in Calabria — were so horrible as to make him hateful, even now, when more than three centuries have rolled out a perspective in which many noble deeds of the same period are quite imperceptible.

> "The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interrèd with their bones."

At the desire of the Pope, Toledo marched in person with a special commission from the Inquisition, and at S. Sisto, La Guardia, and Cosenza perpetrated such atrocities as can scarcely be named. Neither women nor children were spared the most shocking tortures; and one man, who was covered with pitch and burned in the square of Cosenza, may even be said to have been more mercifully murdered than many others who suffered such cunning tortures as fiends only could devise.

But Toledo accomplished the work that his sovereign expected of him, and that he had set himself to do; he

left Naples a Spanish province, completely under the iron rule of Spanish policy. The important posts in fortresses and castles were held by Spaniards; the reforms of the government projected by Ferdinand were carried to completion by Toledo; in fact, at the death of the great viceroy, Charles V. could congratulate himself that his rule over the Neapolitans was firmly established, and in good faith he was bound to admit that this result had been brought about by the wise and faithful service of Don Pedro de Toledo.

Fine examples of mediæval, castellated, domestic architecture exist here and there in Neapolitan territory, as in the castles of Melfi, Catanzaro, Lucera, and many other places; and much of intense interest to the antiquarian may be learned of Neapolitan architecture from the tenth to the fifteenth century. But in the city of Naples little remains of purely mediæval construction; here and there fragments of it are seen, but so changed and modified that the merest traces of its aspect survive, and we can no better imagine how the entire edifices appeared, than we can say what was the bearing of the living woman who was the model for the Venus whose torso alone remains in the Museo Borbonico.

The public edifices of modern times have been more essentially and frequently changed in Naples than in any other Italian city. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Earthquakes have made it necessary to level and rebuild, and the succession of opposing dynasties has left the churches and edifices of a previous monarch to the courtesy of the succeeding one. The Norman, Hohenstauffen, Angevine, Aragonese, and Spaniard has, each in turn, desired to leave his characteristic impress on the architecture of the city and territory of Naples. Thus, for example, has the magnificent Gothic of the Angevine been debased by the tasteless ornamentation of a later period, and radical changes

made in the earlier edifices which nature and man have permitted to survive the ages.

It is also true that the architects of the finest early edifices were not Neapolitans. From the building of the Castel dell' Ovo, designed by the Venetian Buono for William I. in 1154, to the beginning of the seventeenth century, the facts we have — with few exceptions — are connected with architects who were often Italians, but not Neapolitans. Masuccio I. is far too mythical to be treated seriously, and Masuccio II. cannot be proved to be the author of much that is attributed to him, while some of the works called his are known to have been executed by other artists. In fact, the Masuccii are not mentioned in reliable documents of their time; and their fame rests on the vaguest traditions and the boldest assertions, alike lacking in proof. Andrea Ciccione is frequently named as a Neapolitan architect and sculptor in the annals of the fifteenth century. His remaining work stamps him as of mediocre talent, and a poor imitator of the defects, rather than the virtues of his predecessors. In fact, should one pass all Neapolitan architects in review, it must finally be said that the good work done in the Neapolitan peninsula was by artists not native to its soil.

In sculpture the finest very early works are seen in cathedrals outside of Naples — as in that of Ravello, for example, where the magnificent Ambo, presented in 1272, was made by Nicolo of Foggia. The fine bronze gates here and elsewhere are of Byzantine origin; and, in fact, it is so difficult to distinguish between the Italian and Byzantine artists of the Middle Ages that we have no space to do it here. Coming down to a time of which we have better knowledge, we have a list of names of sculptors, such as Antonio di Domenico, Bamboccio, Agnolo Aniello Fiore, and some others whose names we will omit since they are almost as unreal as the Masuccii. They preceded Giovanni

The Castel dell' Ovo.

Merliano da Nola, whose works are still seen in the churches and palaces of the first half of the sixteenth century, and in the streets of Naples, in such profusion that each visitor to that city may make his own estimate of this fruitful artist. He holds the leading place among Neapolitan sculptors of his own century and those immediately following. Many critics agree with De Reumont when he says: —

"Uniting the Tuscan and domestic elements of the Quattrocento with the yet more awakening study of the antique, Giovanni Merliano created for himself a style which assigns to him . . . an independent, separate position in the history of art, whilst a whole active and fruitful school has found in him its origin and starting-point. Of a religious mind, in the midst of the sympathies of the antique; full of freedom in touch, but repudiating caprice; with peculiar characteristics, although, in conformity with the manners of the times, devoted to the use of allegory; at once powerful and tender; true in the expressions of the affections; and equally removed from flatness and coldness as from affectation and extravagance; with a refined perception of the beautiful, which also, with the approach to elegance, does not forget simplicity; a correct draughtsman; retreating before no difficulty, but not seeking out difficulties from caprice or vainglory; indefatigably active and enterprising, as his numberless achievements in Naples testify: such is Giovanni da Nola. By foreigners he is not known as he deserves to be, because the Neapolitan school, especially in foreign lands, is not sufficiently esteemed."

It is not possible here even to name all his works; but aside from those that are most in evidence, and among the most interesting, are the small monument in S. Chiara to Antonia Gaudino, who died on the day appointed for her wedding; the tomb of the child, Andrea Bonifacio, in S. Severino; and, better than these, the Tomb of the Three Brothers in the last-named church. In his "Italian Sculptors," Perkins says: —

"The monuments of three brothers . . . may be taken as perhaps the best examples of Merliano's style. Few stories are more tragical than that of Iacopo, Ascanio, and Sigismund, the 'virtuous, valorous, and handsome' sons of Ugo San Severino, Conte della Saponara, and his 'prudent and pious' wife, Ippolita de' Monti. Scandalized by the shameless intrigues of Donna Lincia, the wife of her husband's brother Geronimo, Donna Ippolita endeavored, but without success, to open his eyes. The evil feeling thus engendered between them was fanned into a flame by Donna Lincia, who, furious at the death of one of her lovers, a servant of the three brothers, persuaded Don Geronimo to compass the death of his nephews by means of two Sicilian servants. The fatal deed was accomplished after a hunting-party, when the unsuspicious victims, having stopped to refresh themselves, drank poison in their wine, and, unable to obtain relief, died soon after reaching home. Their unhappy parents sought to allay their grief by the celebration of sumptuous funeral rites, in which all the nobles of the city took part. Count Ugo, it is said, soon after died mad, but Donna Ippolita survived him for many years."

Geronimo and his wife were imprisoned at Castel Nuovo and condemned to death, but were eventually liberated, through the entreaties of their daughter Maria, who interceded for them with Isabella of Anjou. Perkins further says: —

"The one striking feature of the monument is in the life-size statues seated upon the sarcophagus. In each the head is thrown back, and the limbs contracted as if by pain, not violently, but enough to hint at the cause of their approaching death. The architecture is late Renaissance, and the bas-reliefs represent the Madonna adored by angels; God the Father in a glory of cherubim, worshipped by Enoch and Elias; Christ with seraphs and angels; and several saints. Though very mediocre, they are among the best of Merliano's bas-reliefs, which are generally in an ultra-picturesque style."

Girolamo Santa Croce surpassed Merliano in technical qualities. His best work is the tomb of the poet Sannazzaro, in S. Maria del Parto. It is, however, uncertain as to what part of it was finished when he died, and Montorsoli completed it. A few later sculptors weakly followed in the footsteps of Merliano, and at the end of their century Neapolitan sculpture had almost expired.

So much uncertainty and tradition are mingled with the stories of the earliest Neapolitan painters that one scarcely dares to assert anything as positively true concerning them. The origin and history of Antonio Solario, known as Lo Zingaro, are enveloped in mystery. That his art was a result of the deeply religious feeling of the Trecento, modified by the more realistic elements of the Flemish school, cannot be doubted; but little can be confidently asserted of his pictures, since the principal works attributed to him are either so badly restored that they afford no satisfaction, or — as in the case of the Madonna in the Museum, already described — are attributed to other masters.

In short, except one writes at length, stating the arguments for and against the artists to whom pictures are attributed, it is impossible to speak of Neapolitan painting properly. Andrea di Salerno, or Sabbatini, who died in 1545, was the founder of the modern Neapolitan school, and after being one of the favorite pupils of Raphael at Rome, he executed numerous works, both in fresco and in oils, at Naples. Few of these remain, but they are sufficient to show that he was far superior to his pupils and followers who degenerated into an insipidity of manner which entitles them to no consideration, and not until the seventeenth century was new life infused into Neapolitan painting.

Soon after the death of Toledo, Charles V. retired to the monastery of Yuste, and his son, Philip II., reigned in his stead. During forty-four years this king had eight

viceroys and two lieutenants in Naples, no one of whom remained five entire years. We shall not rehearse the reasons for these changes, nor the special acts of these officials in detail. So much had been accomplished under Toledo, that in a certain sense the responsibilities of the viceroys were much lessened, — especially as the Consejo de Italia, at Madrid, for the oversight of Spanish interests in Italy, actually governed the Italian provinces. The viceroy and the Consiglio Colaterale at Naples simply executed the orders received from the Spanish capital. When the viceroy was a man of great ability, he sometimes changed this condition of things; but, as a rule, he and his council of five — the majority being Spaniards — were guided by the higher authority of the council at Madrid.

Even so, the viceroy at Naples had immense power, since the ministers of the principal departments were Spaniards, and at the palace of the viceroy the offices for the administration of justice, finance, and war were centred. Thus, so far as the Neapolitans were concerned, the whole government was concentrated in the viceroy, no matter who directed his policy.

The reign of Philip II. was a dark epoch in the history of Naples. All sorts of abuses were practised. The offices conferred by the king were dependent upon the recommendation of the viceroy, and were sold by him. This led to the most cruel oppression. The taxes were enormous, as the men who bought offices wrung the price of them from their vassals; houses were frequently unroofed, and the beams sold to pay the taxes. The people, driven to despair, became robbers and murderers; and although the number of executions and severe punishments was greater than in Spain and the rest of Italy combined, yet the crimes were not lessened.

The cruelties practised by the nobles on their own estates made them seem to be all powerful, but the severity

shown them in matters that came within the control of the viceroy gave them the aspect of slaves. Lippomano, sent from Venice on a mission to Naples in 1575, says: —

"In more important concerns, especially when the matter comes before the viceroy, justice is well administered, particularly when there is question of the nobles seeking to oppress their inferiors. Then their privileges do not help marquises, dukes, and princes: they are imprisoned for debt; and in criminal cases the torture is applied to them with more severity than it would be to their inferiors. The reason of it is this: that the endeavor is to degrade the nobility, and set an example to others; and also that, in the case of law proceedings against the nobles, a rich harvest is brought into the treasury of the king, the viceroy, and the officers; but the world believes that justice is the same at Naples for great and small. A still greater evil is the many imprisonments that take place, from worldly favor and worldly motives, which could not happen if only authentic information was attended to. For the smallest debts tardy payers are imprisoned, by which the tribunal always gains ten per cent. No asylum is of any use, as little so as in criminal cases."

In military affairs Naples was singularly oppressed. The wars to which she was forced to contribute money and soldiers had, with very rare exceptions, no bearing on her interests. The Neapolitans, commanded by their own leaders, were sent to fight in all parts of the great territory of Spain, while Naples was occupied by foreign troops. The soldiers when sent out of the kingdom were often in a frightful condition, as may be seen from this report by a Tuscan agent in Naples: —

"Six companies of soldiers embarked in so pitiful a condition that, before they get to Genoa or Gaeta, they will most of them be thrown into the sea, corpses. . . . One was, if I may be allowed to say it, without a shirt, another without shoes; for they had sold everything to appease their hunger. Many

had fallen away to such a degree that, instead of wearing their rifles and swords at their side, they were obliged to use them as supports."

The quarrels between Philip and Paul IV., a Neapolitan, who hated the Spaniards and desired to see the French again in Naples, encouraged the Duke of Guise to attempt its re-conquest in 1557; but the Duke of Alva made his success impossible, and the story of the whole affair resembles that of another famous Frenchman who, with forty thousand men, "marched up a hill, and then marched down again." The results at S. Quentin and Gravelines compelled the French to make a treaty with Philip II., and to disturb Naples no more.

The religious questions and differences which distracted Naples during the reign of Philip, constantly agitated the people; and although cardinal legates were sent from Rome to Naples, and a resident nuncio was appointed for the latter city, and Neapolitan ambassadors were again and again in conclave with the Pope, no agreement resulted. But the religious houses at Naples were constantly increasing and becoming more firmly established. The Dominicans, Camaldolesi, Capuchins, and Servites, all of the older orders, attained a firmer footing; while the Theatines, founded by Gian Pietro Carafa before he became Paul IV., the Jesuits, the bare-footed Carmelites, the Theresenians, the Fratelli della Carità, the Sommayli, and the Oratorians, all had their churches, monasteries, and other institutions in Naples.

Naturally the personal character of the viceroy had its influence. We have seen that under Toledo no attention was given to science and letters, and this is also true under the viceroys of Philip II. Their chief aim was the increase of their revenues, which during the second half of the sixteenth century amounted to 30,000 ducats a year. In addition to their legitimate dues they averaged as much

more from the sale of offices and presents; and it may well be surmised that a portion of their enormous charges for the so-called "secret expenses" found its way into the pocket of the viceroy. We can see the force of the words of the elder Olivarez: "One ought not to wish to be Viceroy of Naples, to avoid the pain that one should feel at leaving it."

Under Philip II., the Mole at Naples was improved; the new arsenal erected and the barrack built which now, after several transformations, is the National Museum, or Museo Borbonico; the Strada di Chiaja was begun, and a new road constructed from Fuorigrotta to Pozzuoli. Slight changes and small improvement when compared with those of the preceding reign!

Philip was devoted to the idea of founding a universal Christian monarchy. He was ambitious of controlling England and ruling France; he alleged his claims as heir to Burgundy and Provence; he coveted the North of Europe, and constantly endeavored to repulse the Turk from its eastern and southern coasts; the acknowledged Spanish monarchy which he desired to rule absolutely, was composed of such conflicting elements as could never be peacefully united; Naples, Palermo, Cagliari, Mexico, Lima, Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia were under his viceroys; Lombardy, the Netherlands, and Franche-Comté were ruled by his governors. Under such conditions it is not strange that he did nothing well; that no portion of his domain prospered under his care, and that the provinces were reduced to beggary. In some of them, whole villages were actually deserted; the fields were uncultivated, and the population largely decreased. In the midst of such conditions it is not difficult to comprehend the violent hatred of the Neapolitans for their Spanish masters.

Philip II. did not visit Naples, and the most important memento of him existing there is his portrait by Titian

in the National Museum. It is a replica of that by the same artist which was sent to England in 1553 to forward the suit of Philip for the hand of Mary Tudor. The original is now in Madrid; but this in Naples, and others, are not inferior, since they were made by the same great master.

CHAPTER IV.

PHILIP III. AND PHILIP IV.

1598–1647.

IN the seventeenth century Naples was governed by Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. of Spain. Neither of these sovereigns merit our attention, and in the long procession of their viceroys and lieutenants, there is rarely one of whom we have occasion to speak at length. During this epoch Naples suffered the results of the policy which had been pursued by its preceding rulers. Industries, commerce, and everything that makes the financial prosperity of a nation were at the lowest ebb. Villages deserted and rich fields lying fallow spoke but too plainly of the decrease in population, and the weak sovereigns at Madrid were powerless to confer prosperity on their provinces; taken for all in all, the story of Naples in this era is sad and depressing.

It is, however, an interesting period in which to study the character, manners, and customs of the Neapolitans. At one time the artists acted a part curiously out of tune with their art; the story of Masaniello is of absorbing interest, and occasionally a viceroy appeared who makes a picturesque feature in the general monotony of the time.

Don Pedro Giron, Duke of Ossuna, was one of these. He was the second viceroy of his name, and came of an important family, in whose chapel at Ossuna this elevated sentiment holds a place of honor: "If life is beautiful, death is gain." However much this duke endeavored to

make his earthly life beautiful from his point of view, he sought a gain in no wise dependent on death. No viceroy at Naples had assumed such state and magnificence as did he from his first appearance at her gates. He frequently drove through the city in a carriage drawn by six horses; it was covered with black velvet ornamented in silver without and gold within; two hundred pounds of silver in addition to the gold and jewels on the sideposts increased the price of this chariot to three or four thousand scudi. Besides being showered with petitions which were thrown into his carriage, he actually gave audiences in the street, while crowds collected to admire and criticise his assumption of super-regal splendor.

He professed himself greatly interested in the cause of justice, and had a habit of going about the city late at night, when he carefully noted everything irregular and severely punished the offenders. In public he was all generosity, and scattered coins among the people who flattered him. With the unthinking rabble he gained a certain popularity, so that when he made a feint of resigning his office they petitioned him to remain their viceroy.

The more intelligent of his subjects were not surprised by his gradual assumption of illegal power, as they had doubted him from the beginning. He soon showed himself a cruel tyrant, and did not hesitate to condemn men to the galleys for life, or even to death itself, without a trial; and this for trifling offences which were oftentimes personal to himself, as when a dentist, who had broken a tooth of Ossuna's some years previously, was sent to the galleys. He paid small deference to official position, and even had a member of the finance department flogged through the town for an idle word. Some of his so-called acts of justice were such that one wonders that he was not murdered once a day, at least, if that were possible.

On one occasion the presidents of the exchequer failed

to present their accounts on the appointed day. Ossuna imprisoned them in their houses with threats of greater severity. A few days later he summoned them before him, and announced that they were to be carried to distant castles. Carriages were waiting, and with no preparation, and no leave-taking of family or friends, each one was put in a separate coach and driven away, regardless of the intercession of the few who knew what was being done. When Ossuna was reminded that such journeys were often fatal in the heat which prevailed, he replied that such a thought did not disturb him. His daring and unexampled brutality was doubtless the effect of his suspicion that these men had reported his conduct to the court at Madrid. Ossuna's fiendish cruelty was combined with superstitious fear. He was constantly in horror of being spellbound, and frequently had women whom he suspected as witches flogged through the streets; it was a mark of favor when they were permitted to veil their faces; a monk bore a crucifix before them, and after the scourging they were expelled from Naples.

Ossuna's private life was too low and indecent for description; and yet, in spite of his abominable character in both his public and private relations, he held some potent charm by which he could attract a following among the very people whom he outraged. At length, apparently weary of so narrow a field as Naples afforded him, together with the Spanish governor at Milan, Don Pedro de Toledo, and the Spanish ambassador to Venice, the Marquis of Bedmar, he entered into a conspiracy against the Venetian republic, which presented the only bar to the Spanish dominion over all Italy.

In the spring of 1617, Ossuna made vast preparations for his attack on Venice. He appealed to the piratical Usochi, who had long been the enemies of the Republic, and opened to them the Neapolitan ports on the Adriatic;

he enlisted men, prepared vessels, and even took away the artillery of San Lorenzo. All prisoners and banditti were offered pardon if they would enlist in the service of the Duke, and 14,000 soldiers and sailors were ready for his work when he commenced negotiations with the Pope relative to marching his army across Lombardy. Meantime he had stationed twenty galleons and other vessels in the Neapolitan harbors, and yet he continued his friendly relations with the representative of Venice, who did not leave the court of Naples.

A naval conflict soon raged between Naples and Venice, and Ossuna's anxiety can scarcely be exaggerated when he perceived that he had overstepped the bounds of his authority. He was not an autocrat at Madrid as at Naples, and Spain did not desire a war with Italy. De Reumont says: —

"It was a critical moment for Ossuna. He saw his daring plans thwarted; he felt how tottering was his position at Naples; his preparations had swallowed up vast sums of money; the land groaned under the burden of quartered soldiers; the foreign troops, especially the Walloons, occasioned daily bloody quarrels by their want of discipline. All the public works were at a standstill, the treasury empty, even the artillery concealed in the Sicilian fortresses was sold. Envoys from the nobility and from the town were gone to Madrid to allege their complaints against the viceroy. He had tried first to prevent and then to weaken their complaints, but failed in both cases; then the idea seemed to occur to him of making himself an independent ruler of Naples. He tried to make himself a party among the common people of Naples, and he succeeded. . . .

"The noblemen who had any influence with the better part of the people did their possible to keep the peace and preserve the allegiance due to their monarch; but the state of things was extremely critical, and a general terror prevailed that the city would be pillaged."

Just at this time news came that the Cardinal Gaspar Borgia had received orders to leave Rome at once and precede Ossuna at Naples. The Duke offered all possible resistance to the entrance of the Cardinal into the city. But Borgia was clever enough to gain the custodian of Castel Nuovo to his side; he landed from a fisherman's boat, disguised as a soldier, and entered Naples at night, in the company of a few friends. In the morning the thunder of the forts proclaimed the new ruler. Ossuna still tried in vain to defend himself; during the ten days that he remained in Naples, he witnessed the rejoicings of the people at his overthrow; he beheld illuminations three successive nights; he saw his friends disgraced, imprisoned, exiled, and even executed, and he departed in June, 1620, vowing vengeance on his enemies, and declaring that he would vindicate himself at Madrid.

After some delay he reached Madrid, and for a time it seemed that he would succeed in re-instating himself in the esteem of Philip III.; but that monarch's death sounded the knell of Ossuna. He was imprisoned, and died a raving maniac in 1624.

If Naples was in a pitiably wretched state when Philip III. came to the throne, it could not have improved during his reign. In fact, Philip IV., had he thought of it at all, might well have questioned if it were worth while to retain a possession so distant and so wretched. But we may doubt if the boy, a king at sixteen, knew anything of such matters. He left the government of his monarchy to Count Olivarez, who was too much occupied with the questions that Cardinal Richelieu gave him to solve, and with the more important countries under Spanish rule, to devote much care or thought to the peninsula of Naples, except to estimate the amount that could be wrung from it in taxes. Industry and commerce were words with no vital meaning to the Neapolitans; science, literature, and art

could but feebly gasp at long intervals, weighed down as they were by miseries of every sort.

In fact, no manner of suffering was spared Naples at this period. Famine stalked the peninsula; men were sent to the north to fight for their tyrant at Madrid, while their own coasts were left to the depredations of pirates; earthquakes added their horrors to those of famine; in Calabria whole cities were destroyed, and human beings perished by tens of thousands. Never had the oppression of Spain been greater, and the terrible system of taxation was most severely felt by the poorest classes. Even these distresses might have been less fatal had there been an equable administration of justice; but it can scarcely be said that justice for Neapolitans existed at this time.

From a very early date the banditti had been a source of danger and trouble in the whole territory of Naples. They had never been controlled, and about 1560 had elected a king who had his officials, granted privileges, made out patents, and paid each bandit nine scudi a month. At times a reformation of the system or the extinction of the robbers was attempted, without success, and the seventeenth century suffered the worst results of this evil. Some of the bandit chiefs were noblemen of high degree; gangs of robbers came even to the gates of Naples, and the efforts of the soldiers to contend with them in the mountains were useless. Now and then an efficient viceroy lessened their power; but what could be done effectually so long as whole bands of these robbers were taken into military service, and those condemned to death were pardoned to become soldiers? By this means the army of the sovereign was as much to be dreaded as that of the bandit king; for not being regularly paid, the Spanish soldiers thought it right to steal or take by force any food that they could find, sometimes snatching it from the mouths of those as famished as themselves. Terrible pun-

ishments were administered; ears and hands were lopped off; the galleys were constantly filled by men sent there without a trial of any sort, while for money or the head of a bandit, even murder was overlooked.

Added to this utter absence of law or order was the right of asylum in churches and monasteries, which permitted the refuge of criminals in these sacred places in order to avoid arrest. This privilege was so often violated by the officers of the law that constant quarrels occurred between them and the authorities of the Church, from which numberless mandates and excommunications resulted. In 1600 the Pope's nuncio, Giacomo Aldobrandini, represented this evil to the court at Rome in the strongest terms of condemnation. He reported that this intercourse between these criminals and the clergy and monks was bringing incredible harm to the Church; that in some places outside of Naples, the monks shared the spoils of the robbers, and served them as a means of communication with their friends. He saw no possible remedy unless the magistrates should use such violent measures as would greatly lessen the dignity of the Church.

The nuncio also reported the degradation of the priesthood. He explained that many assumed to be clergymen who were not really so, and sometimes they did not even wear the garb of a priest; these were called "wild," *Salvatichi*, — a term they well merited. He declared that the monks hesitated at no evil; and when the viceroy deplored that the clergy were sent to the gallows, the nuncio replied that no other punishment would serve the purpose, and added the curious comment that the galleys often saved them from the gallows. The Popes, one after another, labored to suppress these outrages with small effect; and the story of the excesses, profanation, and crimes perpetrated near and even in the churches would fill volumes. The jealousy between the civil and clerical powers was an

insurmountable hindrance to a reform of these matters; these authorities regarded each other as rivals, which made a better administration of affairs in which both were concerned almost hopeless.

In the midst of such a condition one would scarcely look for a luxurious and splendid court, and a merry life for those who lived above the abject wretchedness of the people, but could not have been ignorant of it. However, since the days of Don Pedro de Toledo, the viceroys had maintained a regal state, and in the beginning of the seventeenth century the officers of the palace, the guard of nobles, the various dignitaries in attendance, and the immense corps of servants transformed the residence of a subject into a royal dwelling in outward appearance. In fact, the viceroys conducted themselves like absolute rulers. The ceremonial observed when they assumed their office is thus described: —

"On their arrival they usually remained at one of the villas belonging to the nobility at Posilipo or Chiara, till their predecessor had evacuated the palace. Then they were conducted in a richly decorated felucca to the harbor, where a wooden pier, covered with red damask, and a canopy of various colors stretched over it, was erected for them. The viceroy landed amidst music and volleys of artillery; here the deputies of the town received him, whilst the soldiers of the body-guard and the sailors of the royal galleys, according to an old privilege, plundered the pier and canopy, and fought skirmishes. His Excellency and his suite were conveyed to the palace in magnificent carriages. On the following day a great cavalcade, joined sometimes by two hundred nobles of the highest rank, went first to the cathedral, at the gates of which the archbishop and clergy received the representative of the monarch, the Te Deum was chanted, and they proceeded through the town. This was taking possession. It was performed with more or less pomp, according to the character and taste of the individual."

No autocrat could be more regardless of the rank of his subjects, nor more insulting in his treatment of those who offended him than were these Spanish viceroys in Naples. De Reumont gives some examples of this : —

"In the year 1614 the Count of Lemos imprisoned the Prince of Conca and the Duke of Bovino, the first Lord High Admiral, and the other High Seneschal of the kingdom, and sent one to Castel Nuovo and the other to S. Elmo, because, as supporters of the dignity of the crown, they had refused to appear at a review amongst the crowd of nobles, but claimed reserved places. A year afterwards the same Count of Lemos caused the Duke of Nocera, one of the most distinguished feudatories of the house of Carafa, to be seized in his palace by a number of Sbirri, because he had disobeyed the injunction of the king and married without his consent. Arrests for debt, even for very small sums, were not unusual; and the vanity as well as the pretensions to rank of the Neapolitans was hurt by the Spaniards in this and in all ways. . . .

"When the Duke of Alva, in August, 1629, made his first visit to his successor, the Duke of Alcalà, who had landed at the Palazzo di Trajetto at Posilipo, he summoned almost the whole body of the great nobility, that he might be attended by a brilliant escort: after these nobles had waited for a long hour in the hall, they were informed that his Excellency did not require their services to-day, as he had changed his mind. The princes and dukes left the house in disgust; but the next day Alva summoned them again, and they all hastened back to the palace, —proof enough, says a contemporary chronicler, that the worse they are treated, the more submissive they become. Such things must the men submit to, whose origin may be traced to the time of the Lombards, to the ancient Grecian-Italian races who inhabited the shores of Amalfi, who were descendants of the valiant followers of a Bras de Fer, of a Guiscard, and of a Roger."

There were slight differences in the degree of personal magnificence assumed by the viceroys, but the result was

the same. If they travelled, they made royal progresses, were splendidly entertained by the nobles, and made regal presents to their subjects. Occasionally a viceroy was very rich; but whether he were so or no, his wants could be supplied by donatives, and they received enormous sums in this way. Gifts varying from twenty to seventy-five thousand ducats were frequently made to them, and it is said that in six years the Count of Monterey received 43,000,000 ducats, of which but 17,000,000 reached the royal treasury. Capecelatro says that this viceroy required forty ships in which to transport his possessions, — 4,500 packages of furniture, gold and silver plate, works of art, and other valuables, — although much had already been sent away.

It was estimated that the Duke of Medina in six years took, in one form and another, 30,000,000 ducats, and left Naples in such poverty that scarcely a house existed in which a good meal could be served. As we walk to-day in the Strada Medina, or see the fountain bearing this name, we wonder that the starving Neapolitans permitted him to be thus honored, and are not surprised that when, three years later, a defender of their cause presented himself, they were ready for insurrection.

The court of a viceroy is apt to be a travesty on the court of a sovereign, even when the sovereign and his deputy are able men; how much more so, when, as in the case of Naples at this period, the sovereign was weak, and the viceroy mercenary! The pivot on which the affairs of Naples turned was at Madrid; there was no central point at home; no dignified relations abroad which opened a field to diplomatic talent, and the Neapolitan nobles must be either courtiers or soldiers. Many chose the military profession, raised troops at their own cost, conducted them to other countries, and won admiration and respect from brave enemies in various portions of the vast Spanish territory.

Those who remained at court were vain and quarrelsome. They held themselves above all useful pursuits, not even managing their own estates. They cherished numberless jealousies, and were so punctilious as to rank and precedence that even religious functions were interrupted by quarrels; processions were stopped, torches extinguished, and tumults excited, in the midst of which the priests helplessly bore the Sacred Host, unable to proceed until order could be restored. If an Eccellentissimo did not receive his proper title, his sword was quickly in air, even among his fellows, and the treatment of inferiors by these grandees was too cruel and tyrannical for belief. At times the viceroys permitted the nobles to indulge their pride to the full, and again treated them like upper servants, in order to humiliate the masters in the eyes of their vassals, in revenge of the fact that the people respected Neapolitan nobles as they could not be induced to respect the Spaniards.

This was everywhere a period of lethargy and inaction in art and literature; imagination was stifled, and the commonplace of luxury, expenditure, and ostentation filled all great centres of life and power. The higher and finer attainments of the human mind were conspicuous by their infrequency, while pomps, pretensions, and the pursuit of pleasure apparently satisfied the great and powerful. This was eminently true of Naples, where the most sordid, depressing, and even revolting spectacle was afforded by the luxurious life of the rich and titled families in hideous contrast with the misery and degradation of the masses of the people.

The royal palace, designed by Fontana and begun in 1600, has been so changed by fire and rebuilding, as well as by the needs and fancies of later rulers and architects, that it has little present interest. But it was a fitting place for the festivities which constantly occurred there while it was still new. It is estimated that 50,000 ducats

were annually spent on them by some viceroys. Tournaments, balls, suppers, and all the pleasures that could be devised followed closely, one upon another. On one occasion Ossuna invited more than a hundred ladies to a supper, and appointed their lordly relatives to serve them at table. He watched the affair through a distant window, and appeared at the end of the meal in a magnificent costume; he ordered the windows to be opened and the remnants of the feast thrown into the court of the Arsenal; meantime the ball-room was lighted, and the dancing lasted until long after sunrising.

In the year 1618, during the carnival, a great masquerade was held in the palace. A Turkish vessel passed through the hall, from which knights jumped out and tilted with each other; a supper and ball followed. But the climax of display and constant festivity was reached under Ossuna, whose wife was devoted to gayety. On one occasion she arranged a ball at which twelve maidens of high rank formed a quadrille. The viceroy paid for their costumes 600 ducats for each lady; they consisted of white satin undergarments trimmed with gold lace, and petticoats, reaching to the middle of the legs, of the same materials; their trains were of silver brocade, and were carried over the arm in dancing; they had dainty shoes, and beautiful heron's plumes ornamented the white crowns on their heads. When the time came for their dance, they advanced in pairs, bearing torches in the right hand, and as they danced they made courtesies to the viceroy. A torch dance followed, in which the viceroy joined; and the refreshments were then served, which, curiously enough, were always the same with high and low, and consisted of grapes and melons. Sometimes the Greek gods and goddesses appeared at the festivals, and angels sang madrigals in honor of the giver of the feast.

Successive viceroys vied with each other in inventing

new and splendid entertainments. Dramatic representations were very popular, not only at the Palazzo Reale, but in private palaces as well, and even in churches and convents; these last were by no means confined to mysteries and moralities, but consisted of such dramas and comedies as could be seen elsewhere. Ecclesiastics wrote plays, and "L'Inconstante" by a Camaldolese Father was extremely successful. The monasteries and nunneries were much occupied in these representations, and the Jesuits spent 7,000 ducats on a play in honor of the Queen of Hungary, — the Infanta, — in which dancing boys and other secular features were presented to an audience in which the clergy were numerous, even cardinal archbishops being present. In the Benedictine nunnery a play was acted to which noble ladies were admitted by the Pope's permission; others looked on from the outside, and even cavaliers were spectators from the church; all of which occasioned a great scandal.

The Count of Monterey had such a passion for the drama that he heeded neither times nor seasons, but had a play daily in some private or public theatre. He went from the theatre to Mass, and from Mass to the theatre. He constantly associated with actors; and when he brought a Spanish company to Naples at great expense and the theatres were not well filled, he commanded the attendance of the Spanish officers and of the questionable women of the city, and fined these last for each absence.

Horsemanship had been much in vogue with the nobles, and we have seen that royal stables and a riding-school were established in 1586. But in the seventeenth century even this custom declined. Horses deteriorated, and so many mules were used that an edict was issued against them on account of the injury which resulted to the breeding of horses. Gaming of all sorts was carried to the greatest excess; and finally, in the revolt of 1647, the

people visited the gaming-houses, made a heap of all the furniture, dice, cards, and other implements that they could seize, and set fire to them, as well as to one hundred gambling-houses.

Disreputable women were forbidden to be seen on the fashionable promenades by the Chiaja and Mergellina, to go out in a carriage or sedan-chair, or sail in a felucca to Posilipo, as was greatly the mode. They were not allowed to pass the night in an inn, and were scourged for breaking these laws; and yet their numbers constantly increased, and abominable scandals were frequent, in which cavaliers of high position were invariably involved. Scarcely a night passed without quarrels over games and women, in which wounds were received, often so severe as to maim for life and even to cause death.

Duelling, against which edicts had been constantly issued for a century, had reached such a height, in 1638, that in a single week five duels were fought by young noblemen in Naples. Sometimes bands of men fought with each other; and in these contests it was not uncommon for deaths to occur and a dozen men to be wounded. All sorts of causes led to duels. Rivalry in love, gaming, indifference in manner of greeting, or even the treatment of one's lap-dog was a quite sufficient reason for a challenge. It sometimes seemed that the love of duelling was the sole reason for its existence. But there were cases of a more serious nature, as in the feud between the Carafas and Acquavivas of Noja. The Duke of Noja cut off the nose and ears of a vassal who had offended him, and sent him back to his master, an Acquaviva. After many attempts at revenge, the quarrel resulted in the determination of Francesco Carafa and Giulio Acquaviva to fight until one should be killed. In all Italy no spot could be found where this sort of duel would be permitted, and a license was obtained from the magistrates of Nuremberg. A great number of

men, and even of women, assembled to witness this unusual combat, which proved to be a ridiculous affair. After so much thirst for pure revenge, as soon as Carafa was wounded the antagonists were reconciled. The journey to Nuremberg was long enough to cool even the blood of a Neapolitan.

This fashion of duelling among the nobles affected the lower classes. Soldiers fought each other in great numbers and for slight causes, and the knives of the people seemed to be always in the air. Under such conditions, the greatest insecurity to life and property existed, and this evil was further aggravated by the shameless employment of bravoes in deeds of violence. A noble having a spite against a man of a lesser rank, or being actuated by a cowardly desire for revenge, or having any other reason for not wishing to appear personally in the conduct of his schemes, did not hesitate to hire assassins to work his will; and it is a forcible comment on the spirit of the times that this custom was accepted as permissible by all classes. When the violence of the nobles reached the point of murder and all sorts of cruelties to their own class, what could be expected of them when their inferiors only were involved?

The diaries and chronicles of this century speak but sparingly of the domestic life of the time, which fact shows that it was considered as unimportant. Young girls of fortune were placed in convents to be educated and protected from the many dangers which threatened them outside these asylums. When they reached the customary age, a marriage was arranged, and they were led from the convent to the altar.

At the balls and fêtes where ladies appeared, fierce quarrels often arose concerning matters of etiquette and precedence; and they were not above boxing ears and scratching faces. The Countess of Monterey publicly carried a slipper

about, and did not hesitate to beat such ladies as offended her. The morals of women of position were conspicuous by their absence, and it was thought no shame to be the mistress of a viceroy. The ladies of the court exceeded all bounds of decency in dress; at a masquerade in 1639, the Duchess of Medina and twenty-three other beautiful women appeared in such a lack of costume as excited a scandal, even at the court of Naples. But in spite of all these faults, when the hour of danger came, these women were not wanting in courage and devotion to their cause and to their friends.

Visiting convents was a favorite pastime with noble ladies; and on one occasion when the Pope permitted them to go to the house of the Donna Regina, they sent, in advance, three wild boars, fifteen kids, twelve turkey cocks, twelve capons, a variety of cheeses, a quantity of macaroni, and many sweets. All these were served up in the refectory; and the ladies were not so much impressed by the sanctity of the place, nor had the nuns sufficient dignity to command their respect in such wise, as to make their conduct refined or elegant; on the contrary, their conversation was seasoned with such expressions as will not bear repetition.

In spite of the depressing facts we have given, Capaccio, who wrote an exact account of Naples in 1634, says that within sixty years the population and the number of houses had largely increased; the form and extent of the city had varied but little in a century, but many quarters were more thickly populated, and the inhabitants numbered 300,000. The imports of luxuries, such as sugar, wax, almonds, spices, fine cloths, gold and silk stuffs and embroideries, amounted to many thousand ducats. Of the activity and populousness, Capaccio says: —

"Besides the handicraftsmen who carry on their trade in the open streets, besides those who have their workshops in

Neapolitan Costumes.

their houses, in every street, in every alley, in every corner is to be seen a crowd of people, pressing, pushing, and pursuing their callings, so that a man has often a hard matter to pass through them. If you go into the churches where there is preaching, as surely do you find them filled with human beings. Should you betake yourself to the courts of judicature, you are astonished at the concourse. And the streets themselves, not one, not ten, but all, are full of people, on foot, on horseback, and in vehicles; so that there is a turmoil and a hum as though it were a swarm of bees. Everywhere, and at all times, and to anybody, nothing is more laborious than to wander about Naples."

The situation of Naples was so advantageous for commerce that each year brought foreign merchants to dwell here, and its business increased. This kind of growth did not please the viceroys: it caused the taxes in Naples to press less heavily on the poor than in the country, and the villages were almost depopulated; this massing of an excitable people increased the danger of insurrections and the difficulty of checking them. For these reasons the castle of S. Elmo — which commanded the whole city — was enlarged and strengthened in 1641. It is a curious fact that, in the midst of this increasing commerce and wealth, the short-sighted policy of the Spaniards crippled the industries of Naples by foolish restrictions. The Duke of Arcos subjected the silk-workers' guild to the oversight of the police, and favored the monopoly of the industry by the city itself; while the Marquis of Carpio prohibited the use of new inventions, and only such silk stuffs as were made by the ancient Spanish rescripts and at a fixed price were allowed to be sold. And yet — so great was the industry of the people, and so pressing their needs — even under such disadvantages the silk manufacture flourished, and possibly was slightly increased in the first half of the seventeenth century.

The palaces of the period displayed a vast array of splendid carpets and hangings of all kinds, called *Arazzi;* lofty mirrors, pictures, sculptures in marble and bronze, splendid vessels of gold, silver, crystal, glass, and Oriental porcelains were much in use; great care was taken that all materials should be costly; tableware was of the richest silver and silver gilt, and furniture was heavily gilded. Gilders were so greatly in demand that Ossuna, in 1618, forbade their employment by private individuals, under pain of the galleys, until a certain galleon was completed. Churches and monasteries were generously endowed and ornamented with the same care as to the intrinsic value of their decorations that was bestowed on the palaces. In 1642, 200,000 ducats were spent on the altar of the Annunziata. The treasury of S. Januarius was endowed with its rarest treasures at this time, and 1,000,000 ducats spent on its chapel. The generosity of this epoch was only exceeded in times of unusual danger, such as that of the great plague, when the imminence of death made all objects seem valueless, and yet men hoped that God might be placated by such gifts.

The art of the seventeenth century in Naples is well displayed in the church of S. Martino and in the chapel of S. Januarius, also called the Cappella del Tesoro, in the cathedral. S. Martino is rich in the most exquisite marbles and beautiful porphyry. The walls are covered with mosaic, and the altars finished with lapis-lazuli, agate, jasper, and amethysts; leaves, rosettes, and other designs are executed in *mezzo relievo* from the richest materials, and the extravagances of the architect, Fansaga of Bergamo, are seen on every side, giving an effect of astonishing splendor. The mark of Fansaga is on many edifices in Naples. He designed the façade of the Cappella del Tesoro; while Francesco Grimaldi of Oppido was the architect of the chapel itself, which was built in fulfilment of a

vow made during the plague of 1527, and was completed a century later, at a cost of 1,000,000 ducats, equal to about the same sum in dollars. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and has a large cupola; it has eight altars, and is rich in marbles and gold; the finely wrought lattice-work is magnificent, and the forty-two columns of Spanish Brocatello add great splendor to the effect of the whole; porphyry and lapis-lazuli, statues in bronze and marble, huge silver candlesticks and numerous objects in silver gilt, render this chapel bewildering in riches.

Several pictures by Domenichino still remain, although he could not endure the persecution he suffered and ran away, leaving his work unfinished, as Guido Reni had previously done. The story of the persecution of artists who came from other cities to work in Naples at this time, proves it to have been ruled by anarchy and crime, else how could artists who had made contracts with the proper authorities for the decoration of such an edifice as this chapel be threatened, insulted, and even murdered, as Domenico, the assistant of Guido, is believed to have been?

Belisario Corenzio and the Neapolitan painters of his company carried matters with a high hand. They determined that no outside artist should work there; and following the example constantly set them in other matters, they hesitated at nothing that could further their aims. Thus Belisario hired the assassin who killed Domenico; the assassin was sent to the galleys, and the painter was a long time in prison. We cannot wonder that foreign artists refused commissions in Naples; the committee tried native artists with no satisfactory result; Belisario himself was tested, and failed; and at length, years after it should have been completed, Ribera and Stanzioni finished the altar-pieces, and Lanfranco filled the cupola of the Cappella del Tesoro with figures unworthy of a second thought.

Michael Angelo da Caravaggio was a coarse man and an unrefined artist, but a good colorist and a faithful student of Nature. He may be said to have resurrected the Neapolitan school of art, which, if not dead, was certainly sleeping profoundly. The school of Caravaggio was gloomy to horror; it dealt with tragic, bloody motives, and its depressing and repulsive character is felt to-day in the churches and galleries of Naples. Ribera and Caraccioli, with Belisario Corenzio, were the comrades and aids of Caravaggio; and Ribera, who was made court painter by Ossuna, had every possible opportunity to impress himself upon the city of his adoption.

He lived in splendor, having carriages, servants in livery, and other appointments such as few painters of his day could afford. His wife, Leonora Cortes, held a conspicuous position by reason of her wit and beauty, and received much attention from the Neapolitan cavaliers. Ribera was not of commanding stature, but his dignity of bearing secured him respect. While at work, his servant held his brushes, and reminded him that he should seek the fresh air, after a certain number of hours. At evening a delightful society gathered at his house; his cheerfulness making him an agreeable companion, in spite of the fact that his jests were sarcastic, and his passionate temper easily aroused. While one is disgusted and repulsed by many of Ribera's works, he demands our sympathy when we remember his suffering, and the cause which drove him in shame from the city where he had lived in his pride, and led him to so hide himself that neither the time, place, nor manner of his death is known.

His eldest daughter, the lovely Maria Rosa, was a victim to the seductions of Don John, son of Philip III. She followed him first to the palace and then to Palermo. Ribera cursed the pride which had led him into an acquaintance with men so far above his rank, and retired to

Posilipo, refusing to go out or see guests at home. His wife could not endure this life placidly, and her regrets and upbraidings drove him to hide himself from all who had ever known him. Maria Rosa soon died of a broken heart. The striking feature of this story is that Ribera, an humble painter, who from many of his works would seem to be a coarse and even brutal man, — living, too, in the midst of a society in which all possible crimes and revolting relations were accepted as a matter of course, — should have felt himself so utterly disgraced when his child attracted the notice and became the toy of the son of his sovereign.

With few exceptions, among which Ribera and Salvator Rosa are important, the artists of Naples painted much in fresco; in amount of space covered and a certain magnificence of effect, they were notable, and Luca Giordano — the latest Neapolitan of importance — showed, in an astonishing manner, to what an extent decorative painting may be carried.

Neapolitan artists were frequently cavaliers, and as skilful with weapons as with brushes. Here, as in other parts of Italy, painters were often knighted, and led, as a rule, wild and adventurous lives. Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, in spite of his well-known dissolute life, was decorated with the Maltese cross on account of his picture of the Beheading of John the Baptist.

Mattia Preti, a Calabrian, belonged to the Order of Hospitallers. His manner of painting differed from time to time, and was influenced by what he saw in his travels. He was constantly involved in disreputable quarrels; escaping from one in Rome, he went to Malta, where he again avoided arrest by sailing for Leghorn. He then went to Spain, and after a time reached Northern Italy, and painted pictures in several different cities; coming again to Rome, he had another affair which made escape his only hope.

He now turned towards his native land, and reaching Naples, with no passport, at a time when there was a strict quarantine, he was arrested and imprisoned. The sanitary committee desired his death; but the viceroy investigated his case, and by chance a man who had known Fra Mattia at Rome defended him, and his offer to paint a votive picture for the city gate in exchange for his liberty was accepted. This work has disappeared; but if we can trust existing accounts of it, he portrayed the dragging off of the victims of the plague with great truthfulness. After many quarrels, and much trouble over his work in some of the churches of Naples, Fra Mattia was summoned to Malta. He lived there forty years, and died at the age of eighty-six, having painted many pictures in the church of S. John and in that of Città Vecchia. He lived an industrious, exemplary life, gave his earnings in charity, was made the Commander of the Order of Syracuse, and was a most popular knight. He was buried before the entrance of the vestry in the church of S. John.

At the very beginning of the century, by the command of Philip III., and under the viceroy, the Count of Lemos, the Royal Palace was begun. Domenico Fontana was the architect. He had already executed many fine works in Rome, and filled that city with his fame, thereby exciting the enmity of other artists to such a degree that on the death of his patron, Pope Sixtus, he was glad to go to Naples at the request of the Count of Miranda. He had designed and built many other edifices before beginning the Palazzo Reale, which has been called his masterpiece. No proper judgment of what it was originally can now be made; the façade alone can claim to be in any just sense the work of Fontana, and even that has been much changed.

In 1607, under the viceroy Count de Benevente, a street was built to the Poggio Reale. It was a long, straight

road beyond the Porta Capuana, leading to the palace built by Alfonso II. at the close of the fifteenth century. Here were gardens extending to the sea; and the Duc de Guise in the middle of the seventeenth century thought it one of the most lovely spots in the world. This street was bordered by trees and ornamented by fountains, and became a favorite promenade with the Neapolitans.

In 1615 a second Count of Lemos changed the viceregal stables of Ossuna into a university. In 1624 the Duke of Alva erected a Lazaretto at Nisida, and in 1634 the Count of Monterey built the bridge of Chiaja, by means of which the quarter of Pizzofalcone was connected with the hill on which stands the castle of S. Elmo, by way of the Strada Monte di Dio and the Strada Ponte di Chiaja. Such were the important public works in Naples during the first half of this century; few and unimportant as they seem when compared with other periods in its history, they are almost momentous when we remember the desperate condition of the government and the people during this epoch. Well did Guidiccioni portray the low estate to which Naples had fallen under the Spanish yoke, when, late in the sixteenth century, he wrote: —

"From ignominious sleep, where age on age
Thy torpid faculties have slumbering lain,
Mine Italy, enslaved, ay, more, insane, —
Wake, and behold thy wounds with noble rage!
Rouse, and with generous energy engage
Once more thy long-lost freedom to obtain;
The path of honor yet once more regain,
And leave no blot upon my country's page!
Thy haughty lords, who trample o'er thee now,
Have worn the yoke which bows to earth thy neck,
And graced thy triumphs in thy days of fame.
Alas! thine own most deadly foe art thou,
Unhappy land! thy spoils the invader deck,
While self-wrought chains thine infamy proclaim!"

CHAPTER V.

MASANIELLO'S REBELLION.

1647–1700.

IT is a curious coincidence that exactly one hundred years elapsed after the Neapolitans rebelled against the attempt to establish the Inquisition among them — under the government of Don Pedro di Toledo — when their patience under oppression and suffering again gave way, and they sought relief in insurrection. This occurred when, under the Duke of Arcos, all kinds of food were subject to heavy taxes; and that on fruit was especially cruel to a people accustomed to a cooling diet, requiring no cooking, which had been abundant and almost without price. It is also singular that Tommaso Aniello of Sorrento should have been a leader in 1547, and a second of the same name, from Amalfi, not known to be a relative of the first, should have been so prominent in 1647 that the rebellion is known as that of Masaniello.

The diary of Francesco Capecelatro affords the fullest and most generally accepted account of this rebellion. According to his story there had been an unusual spirit of unrest in Naples, when the news of an insurrection in Palermo greatly excited the Neapolitans. Placards were posted all over the city threatening revolution if the gabelles were not taken off. The viceroy was stopped on his way to church, and surrounded by a crowd from which he was extricated with difficulty. He made specious promises, threw the blame on the nobles who ordered the taxes, and could not have apprehended the seriousness of

the situation, since he sent the greater part of the foreign troops into Lombardy; his thoughts being so occupied with the danger from the French in Northern Italy that the peril which threatened the Spanish rule in Naples escaped his notice.

Tommaso Aniello, or Masaniello, the able opponent of this Spanish Duke, was twenty-seven years old. He was of medium height, well-made, vigorous, and alert; his fair hair hung in curls about his head and neck; his face was grave, but his manner was cheerful and his brilliant black eyes were fearless in expression; his fisherman's dress, although of a well-chosen color, lent no advantage to his appearance, and the impression of unusual character which he made on others must have resulted from his genuine claim to consideration. Masaniello had married Berardina Pisa in 1641; and so greatly had the pair suffered from poverty that he could not go out to fish, but was forced to pick up a few coins here and there by services far beneath even his humble occupation.

In the midst of their distress Berardina had attempted to bring into the city a bundle of flour, wrapped up and carried like a baby; she was detected and imprisoned for eight days, while the flour paid the fine by which she was liberated. Masaniello deeply loved his wife; and this experience, added to insults which he frequently received, so wrought upon his mind and imagination that he determined to attempt the liberation of his people, preferring death while fighting in a just cause to starvation for his wife, his friends, and himself.

At times the desperate acts of the people increased the cruelty of the tax-gatherers and other officials; the blowing up of the custom-house in the market-place had this effect, while it but too clearly showed the dangerous condition of the public pulse. In July, on the fête of the Madonna of Carmel, it was the custom for a band of

about four hundred lads, of the poorest classes, to make an assault on a castle of wood and canvas erected in the market-place. The boys were drilled for their part in this sham warfare, and in 1647 Masaniello was their chief and trainer. He was doubtless looking forward to this fête as a favorable time to incite the people to a demonstration, using his band of boys as a nucleus for a larger and more effective force.

But he was not destined to await his opportunity so long. On Sunday, July 7, a serious quarrel arose between the fruit-sellers from Pozzuoli and the buyers at Naples, concerning the division of the taxes between them. The viceroy, hearing of the disturbance, sent the deputy of the people to quell the excitement; and this officer found himself in the midst of a great tumult. Masaniello had brought his troop to the market-place for a grand review; a crowd had gathered to see it, and the quarrels of the fruit-sellers had attracted still greater numbers. The deputy could make no impression; the tax-gatherers insisted on their dues, and when they undertook to weigh the fruit, a general *mêlée* ensued. The rabble first threw the fruit, and then hurled stones at the officers, set fire to such ruins of the custom-house as the explosion had left, burned the accounts, and, in short, inaugurated the insurrection. The deputy escaped to bear the news to the viceroy, who resolved to try leniency, and despatched two nobles to the market-place, who exceeded his commands, and assured the people that the gabelles would be abolished, and that they might rejoice and be content.

The people listened attentively, and when the message was ended, Masaniello, who had mounted a horse, exclaimed, "Now let us go to the Palace." The crowd had provided themselves with such weapons as they could lay hands on, and made a strange procession of old and young,

ragged and bare-footed, who whistled and sung and began to be excited by the mere realization of their brute force. Arrived at the palace, this passionate multitude thronged its court, shouting again and again, "Long life to the King of Spain! down with the gabelles!" Addresses were made by some of the nobles, promising the people many benefits, but not all that were demanded. The viceroy, after showing himself on a balcony, made his retreat, and after many dangers and narrow escapes reached a convent, being indebted to the bravery of a few friends who had protected him, and afterwards saved themselves with difficulty.

The mob furiously strove to batter down the gates of the convent, when, fortunately, the Archbishop of Naples, Ascanio Filomarino, appeared, and having great influence with the people, was able to hold them in check until he could send to the viceroy for a written promise that the taxes on food should be abolished, and the bread be of better quality.

Meantime the viceroy had fled to the castle of S. Elmo, and his wife and children to Castel Nuovo. All the provisions that could be gathered were sent to these two strongholds, and the soldiers within reach were massed in the barracks on Pizzofalcone, a proper number being detailed for guard duty in the park of the Palazzo Reale. These preparations made, the Duke of Arcos awaited further developments with all the equanimity at his command; but it is not difficult to imagine the wrath of a proud Spaniard thus set at defiance by a people whom he despised, and who were essentially as disgusting as he and his class considered them,— as vile, let us say, as he and other Spanish viceroys had made them.

Night brought new horrors; the churches were filled with monks and others who went in processions singing litanies and praying for peace, but were not permitted to

pass into the streets. The mob broke open the prisons, and set the inmates free, while all robbers and murderers who were concealed in the city left their hiding-places. The archives of the prisons were burned, the toll-booths destroyed, and after going from one gate to another the rabble attacked the houses of those who had made money by carrying out oppressive laws. The rebels met no resistance; the owners of these houses thought only of escape, and paid any price to boatmen who rowed them to places of safety along the coast. The fine furnishing, pictures, and plate were thrown in a heap and burned, and a rebel detected in concealing a jewel or any object of value was compelled to throw it into the fire.

The people so urgently needed arms that they even attempted to seize those at S. Lorenzo; but the Spanish garrison fired on the mob, and thus excited it to deeds of greater cruelty. The city presented a frightful spectacle; the confusion became terrific, revealed as it was by conflagrations in various quarters.

As yet there was no leader, and the rebels were like children wearied from unusual play, and in need of an authority to direct their steps. They gathered in the market-place, where, at midnight, four masked men appeared wearing monks' robes, and were soon surrounded by the very dregs of the populace. One of these was Masaniello; a second was Giulio Genuino, who from first to last fanned the flame of passion in the people, and in every way excited their thirst for revenge, while he so skilfully concealed his part that long after this evening the viceroy habitually confided in him and acted on his advice.

Genuino at once addressed the people, encouraging them to persevere in their rebellion until the viceroy should comply with their demands. Dwelling especially upon their need of arms, he so wrought upon their passions that before day came they broke into the shops where

weapons were sold, seized all they could find, and possessed themselves of several pieces of light artillery. During this dreadful night Masaniello was first spoken of as the leader of the insurrection.

The morning of July 8 revealed the vast change which had occurred in the affairs of Naples since the preceding sunrise. Then the people muttered under their breath; now they shouted aloud and stated their ultimatum,—cheap food and good food, or anarchy and the horrors that follow in its train. But a day has passed since the proud viceroy stood with his heel on the neck of the starving, suffering people; now he trembles in terror in his hiding-place, ready to promise anything that is demanded, if so his life can be assured.

As the day passed, the tumultuous crowds throughout the city were greatly increased by the country people. Discontented peasants, vagabonds, and robbers, and a multitude of half-naked women and children suddenly appeared, as if they arose from the very stones of the street, and added their groans, shouts, and hisses to the terrific noises that already existed. Armed with all sorts of implements, these crowds surged hither and thither doing infinite mischief, and occasionally firing a magazine or committing some act fatal to their own numbers, thereby increasing their violence.

Meantime the Duke of Arcos held a council, and determined to send an embassy to treat with the people. Diomed Carafa, Duke of Maddaloni, and several other noblemen rode to the market-place, where the Duke addressed the people with all the persuasiveness at his command, and in the name of the viceroy promised free trade in food and a general pardon to all who laid down their arms and returned to their homes and occupations. The people listened only to reply in loud shouts, "No lying promises! we will have the privileges of Charles V.,"

which meant, "We will have no taxes, and the people shall share equally with the nobles in the government." The Duke of Maddaloni could get no satisfaction beyond this, and rode away, promising to bring them the veritable document of Charles V.

Masaniello did not leave the market-place, and in consultation with his advisers made a list of the palaces and houses to be destroyed. At evening the conflagrations began, to the infinite satisfaction of the mob, who shouted, "We now burn our own blood; so may those who have sucked it from us burn in hell!" Again, as on the previous evening, the processions of monks appeared only to be insulted and driven back, while the churches were filled by suppliants for a divine interposition which should save their city and their lives.

On July 9 the condition was more frightful still, and the destruction of property such as makes one sigh in reading of it even now. Splendid works of art, all kinds of rich furniture, tapestries and stuffs, and even casks of coins, boxes of pearls, and other priceless treasures were cast into the flames, along with lap dogs and other pets, while fine horses were stabbed in their stalls; and this vandalism was raging in all the surrounding regions as well as in Naples. From many castles tongues of forked flames ascended, leaving blackened ruins and smouldering ashes to mark the spots where they had so proudly raised their massive towers, as if defying the world to conquer them.

In spite of all these horrors the viceroy still hoped for a reconciliation with the people, and this hope was the only refuge from despair. Cowardly as it seems in one view, in another it required great courage to send his friends to face the hideous multitude and make promises in his name. Some of his ambassadors were surrounded by the mob, and only escaped by making the most abject

submission to its demands. The second time that the Duke of Maddaloni endeavored to be heard he carried a manifesto declaring that all criminals should be pardoned, and all taxes taken off that had been imposed since the time of Charles V.

Suddenly Masaniello sprung upon the Duke, seized him by his belt and his long hair, and tore him from his horse; others bound his hands tightly with a rope, and gave him to the keeping of two of their leader's most trusted aids. By this act Masaniello annihilated a superstition that had controlled the people for centuries; no longer were the persons of the nobles to be respected, and never again could they be considered sacred as before.

The viceroy's amazement at this deed was inexpressible, and, blaming himself for sending men into such dangers, he hastily despatched a prior to beg for the Duke's release. The people answered him with renewed shouts for the privileges of Charles V. However, the Duke escaped,— by the aid of one of his jailers for whom he had once done a favor,— and after many adventures joined his family in a place of safety to which they had retreated.

The Duke of Arcos now sought the aid of Cardinal Filomarino. He did this unwillingly, as the Spaniards distrusted the Neapolitan pastors, with whom they were constantly at war, and especially this man, who had been the persistent friend of the people. The Cardinal assured the viceroy that his mission to the market-place would be worse than useless if he could not show them the old document of which they had heard, together with a reliable promise that it should be ratified. On no other condition would he go. The parchment was found; and thus armed, the Cardinal proceeded on his mission. He was welcomed heartily, but was soon convinced of the impossibility of peace; he feared the total destruction of the city, and resolved to remain in the midst of the people.

The rebellion had gained strength that day, and another night of horrors was approaching. The mob had possession of S. Lorenzo and the artillery; two divisions of troops had been made prisoners, and a list of thirty-six houses to be burned had been made out; in fact, many were already in flames, as well as vast piles of household goods and decorations. Hundreds of strange, half-savage, half-naked creatures from the lowest parts of the city, and even from caves and grottos, danced about these holocausts, screaming and adding their fiendish cries to the unceasing din of ringing bells. A procession bore an effigy of Philip IV. through the streets crying, "Long life to the King of Spain," while the royal standard, together with that of the people, waved above S. Lorenzo.

Meantime the Cardinal Filomarino met with endless difficulties in his negotiations with the leaders of the rebellion in the Carmelite convent, to which he had retired. Some of the rebels even demanded that the castle of S. Elmo should be surrendered to them, and when the words "pardon" and "rebellion" were read in the message of the viceroy, they were answered by angry declarations that there was no question of pardons, as no rebels existed. The Cardinal exhausted himself to no purpose, and the sun rose on another day of wrath.

The news of the escape of the Duke of Maddaloni maddened still more the already furious mob, and the destruction of the Duke's property was at once decreed; but his palace was found to be filled with bravoes in his employ, who fired on the people, who quietly deferred the vengeance they did not fail to take later.

During these troublous days Masaniello developed rapidly, acquiring such coolness and ability to lead and command others as is rarely found in older men of wide experience; and it began to appear that, wild as were the more apparent deeds of the rebellion, an organization

was forming of which the first positive proof was an edict calling an assemblage in the market-place. Thither the crowds hastened, savage men and repulsive women, all in filth and rags. A procession was led by Masaniello, whose followers, nearly all armed, were estimated at 114,000. Usually in his fisherman's shirt and stockings of white linen, but at times barefooted and bareheaded, Masaniello had an authority such as proud and magnificent rulers often lack. His absolute decrees were executed with promptness and exactitude. Filomarino said of him: —

"He shows discretion, wisdom, and moderation; in short, he has become a king in this town, and the most glorious and triumphant in the world. He who has not seen him cannot imagine him; and he who has cannot describe him exactly to others."

While the meeting in the market-place was in progress, the Cardinal received a message from the viceroy consenting to an agreement which had been proposed; and Masaniello and others proceeded to the Carmelite monastery to complete the conditions of the negotiation. Suddenly a shot was fired; Masaniello hastened to the gate, crying, "Treason!" while ineffectual shots were repeated behind him. The market-place was soon the scene of a fierce struggle between the people and about three hundred banditti, who had suddenly appeared on the scene, having been sent by the Duke of Maddaloni to avenge the insults he had received from Masaniello. A frightful carnage ensued; and even within the convent many were dying, the Cardinal not being able to confess and absolve them as fast as his services were required.

Masaniello had learned from an expiring bandit that Giuseppe Carafa, a brother of the Duke of Maddaloni, and his cousin, the Prior of the Johannites of Rocella, were

in the convent of S. Maria la Nuova. A party of attack was organized, and difficult as was the ascent of the height over the steep, slippery ways that led to the monastery, four hundred armed men soon surrounded it. Finding the gates closed, they set fire to them, thus forcing the monks to throw them open. The mob soon filled the corridors and refectory, crying out for the chief of the bandits.

A well-known servant of Carafa was discovered, which convinced the people that his master was not far away; but during the few moments gained by closing the gates the relatives of the Duke had fled by a back way into a mean street, and the Prior reached a house where he dressed himself in the garb of a woman and so escaped to safety. Giuseppe Carafa was less fortunate. He soon realized that he was pursued, and ran into the cottage of a low woman, who made a feint of concealing him while in the act of betraying him, in spite of his promises of untold treasures if she but saved his life. He was seized and dragged away; and though he offered twenty thousand ducats for his life, no one listened, and he was murdered in the Piazza del Cerriglio,— a place of bad omen, where the crown fell from the head of Louis of Taranto when on his way to the coronation of Joanna I., — and his head severed from his body, while all sorts of horrible indecencies were perpetrated on his corpse. He was the first noble slain in this rebellion, and few were more hated; he was of a rash temper, and had committed many crimes himself, besides employing others to do desperate deeds for him. Masaniello made an address to the pallid head, and had it set up in the centre of the market-place, with seventeen others, above which was a tablet inscribed "This is the penalty for Traitors."

Masaniello gave Michele de Santis, who had cut off the head of Carafa, a thousand ducats, and promised four

times that sum for the head of the Duke of Maddaloni. Many of his most valuable possessions had been left in the convent of S. Maria della Stella for safe keeping; all were now dragged out and gathered in the market-place, where they were exposed to sun and dirt, but were not burned, as so many other treasures had been. De Reumont says: —

"The most beautiful curtains of gold brocade, and wrought with stuffs, Arras carpets with compositions of many figures, rare pictures, vessels of silver and gold adorned with jewels, magnificent carriages and noble horses, and a quantity of gold, — everything was brought out."

The insurrection was at its height. The populace were like very fiends of hell, and the number of murders was enormous. The more the power of Masaniello was strengthened, the more was that of the viceroy weakened. His position was one of rapidly increasing danger, for aside from other perils starvation was looming up before him. He disowned a knowledge of the Carafa plot in writing, and besought the Cardinal to hasten an accommodation. This was easier said than done. The whole city was becoming so dangerous, and pistols and daggers were so readily used in the streets, that the fisherman was forced to take measures to restrain the people. Lamps or torches were ordered to be kept burning before every dwelling; long cloaks and such garments as might conceal weapons were forbidden; women were not permitted to wear the *garde infante*, and even the Cardinals put off their robes. The Spaniards were masters of the castles and of Pizzofalcone, and the people were masters of the town. The people knew that the Spaniards could, by use of the artillery, level the whole city and destroy thousands, but in their desperation even that seemed preferable to a prolongation of such lives as they had lived. On the other

hand, the viceroy wished to save the city if possible, and he realized, better than his enemies, the weakness of his garrisons, and the difficulty he should have in increasing his stock of provisions, already painfully small. His great anxiety was to make some terms with the rebels; almost any terms which would put an end to the present condition, and give him an opportunity to take such steps as would enable him to break what he might well consider an enforced agreement.

But even the wrath of man may be satiated; and after five days of horrible fury and bloodshed it was announced in the Church of the Carmelites that the negotiations had been satisfactorily ended. With great difficulty Masaniello had also been persuaded to have a conference with the viceroy, as it was fitting for the leader of the people to do.

The fisherman was strangely distrustful of his advisers. He said he saw the gallows looming up before him, and insisted on being shrived before the meeting; and even after that the Cardinal had great difficulty in persuading him to go at all. He refused to enter the castle, and would only go to the palace, and before setting out he sent to know how many armed men he could rely on. He was told that he had 140,000, and could double the number if only arms could be had.

One cause for the apparent indecision of the Captain-General was his physical condition. After the assault of the bandits there had been a report that the springs at Poggio Reale were poisoned, and Masaniello had so feared death by that means that he had suffered much from thirst, and was almost starved. On this day he had taken but a bit of bread and wine which the Cardinal's physician had first tasted. At length Masaniello began to prepare for the audience, and late in the day all was in readiness.

The Cardinal entered his carriage with his steward, the traitorous Genuino, and two others of his suite. Masaniello rode on one side, and the deputy of the people on the other. The fisherman was dressed in silver brocade with a jewelled sword by his side, while his head, usually bare, was covered by a white hat with plumes.

Domenico Gargiulo, called Micco Spadone, painted pictures of many scenes in this rebellion. He represented Masaniello in this costume, with a medallion of the Madonna of Carmel on his breast, riding at the head of a concourse of men and boys. His white horse gallops past the market-place, where bloody heads are ranged around a marble pedestal, and the gibbet and wheel await their victims.

As the procession moved towards the palace, many thousands assembled, and the armed bands lowered their colors before the Cardinal and their chief. Over the gate of the palace of the Prince of Cellamare, in the square of the castle, effigies of Charles V. and Philip IV. were placed, beneath a canopy. Here Masaniello stopped, spread out the old and new charters before him, and assured the multitude that everything was properly settled. Shouts of "Long life to the King and his most faithful people of Naples!" rent the air. Masaniello saw that the courtyard was full of Spanish and German soldiers. Spanish infantry was drawn up at the entrance to the square, so that the carriage passed with difficulty, and ramparts of earth had been thrown up in various directions. While he heard words of peace, he saw such signs of war as could not escape the keen sight of the fisherman.

The viceroy received Masaniello in the saloon of Alva; and once in his presence, the fisherman threw himself at the feet of the Duke, who raised him up, embraced him, and with him and the Cardinal retired to another room. The tumult without became so great that the viceroy

begged the chief to show himself on a balcony, which he did, and returning to the room, fell in a swoon, which greatly alarmed the Duke, who feared the consequences should anything befall this man while in his company. But Masaniello soon revived, the articles of the treaty were confirmed, and their publication in two days agreed on. The viceroy then conducted him to the staircase, called him the faithful servant of the King, and the defender of the people, gave him a gold chain, offered him a hand to kiss, and finally dismissed him with a second embrace.

It was said that a peace was concluded; but the streets were in a tumult, watch-fires were kindled, and there was no seeming of order. Masaniello still governed the city; he had a scaffold before his house; his decrees were issued "by the command of the illustrious Lord, Maso Aniello of Amalfi, Captain-General of the most faithful people." During the night a cry of "Treason and Banditti!" was raised; and without a trial or hearing, more than a dozen heads were cut off by his orders. A secretary read to him petitions presented on the point of a halberd, which he answered with the authority of a ruler. Prices of food were fixed, and many decrees issued relative to the smallest matters of conduct and even of costume.

It was soon apparent that order and discipline were undermined in all the relations of life. Employers could not rely on their servants, who were summoned to arms, and even rewarded for betraying their masters, and insubordination was everywhere apparent, when, on July 13, the viceroy and Masaniello met in the cathedral to publish the new treaty with fitting solemnity; and here, where so many scenes important in the history of Naples had been enacted, the Spanish power was strangely humiliated.

The Captain-General permitted no cavalier to accompany the viceroy; he disarmed the nobles, while the streets were lined with the people bearing weapons. The Cardinal was seated under the Baldachin, and the treaty confirming the old privileges was read. It also pardoned all excesses that had been committed, and consented to the bearing of arms by the people until the ratification of the treaty should be received from Madrid, — probably three months.

The viceroy confirmed the treaty by an oath with his hand on the Gospels. The Cardinal sang the *Te Deum*, and the people shouted, "Long life to the King of Spain!" Masaniello, who had been very uneasy, declared that he was now nobody, and attempted to throw off his silver brocade in the middle of the cathedral; and this being prevented, he threw himself at the feet of the Cardinal and kissed them. The ceremony ended, the people fired their rifles, the viceroy proceeded to the castle amid cries of "Long life to the King and the Duke of Arcos!" and Masaniello walked home, the colors being lowered as he passed the soldiers.

Now, alas! when the power of Masaniello was at its height, his conduct was that of a madman. In a sense he commands our respect; for vile as his methods had been, and much as we shudder at his deeds, we yet admire the one man who had been brave enough to lead a revolt against Spanish oppression. But the excitement, the unusual life, fasting, and fear of poison, the heat of summer, and a morbid dread of the Duke of Maddaloni which haunted him incessantly, combined to produce insanity. If a group of people displeased him, he rushed into their midst, attacked and wounded them. He expelled a thousand men, women, and children from their homes near his own, that he might build a palace; he lavished money on most unworthy women, conferred titles, gave splendid

banquets, and by various acts that no sane man would commit, he gave evidence of an unsettled brain; and in the midst of it all he suffered agonies of torment because he could not learn where the Duke of Maddaloni was hiding, the thought of the Duke being the one incessant horror of his distracted mind.

The letters of the Duke were intercepted, but the cipher which he used disclosed nothing. Masaniello cut the heads from portraits of the Duke and his father, put them on pikes, and ordered them placed on the table before him while dining at a convent. He dressed himself in the clothes of Maddaloni, galloped furiously to the sea, went on board the gondola of the viceroy, and there made his toilet and committed numberless acts of folly. At times he invited the viceroy to his banquets, and sent his wife and mother, in very rich costumes, to pay their respects to the Duchess of Arcos; Berardina said to her Highness, "If your Excellency is the Vicequeen of the ladies, I am the Vicequeen of the women of the people."

Masaniello appeared to be possessed by two fiends, — madness and cruelty; he ordered executions by the score, and two hundred heads decomposing under the burning sun made the air of the market-place like a plague. Many nobles had fled from Naples, and his tyrannical rage began to produce its effect on his followers; even those who had been most faithful to him were in fear for their lives. At length the viceroy and some of the people came to an understanding, and an approaching feast day, July 16, was fixed as the time when the power of Masaniello must end.

All preparations were made, and a strange gloom seemed to hang over the city. The Cardinal officiated in the church of the Carmine, and the service was scarcely ended when Masaniello seized a crucifix, and mounted the pulpit. His address was that of a madman; he confessed

his sins, and called on all who heard him to do likewise; he desired to show his emaciation from anxiety and sleeplessness, and began to undress himself, but a monk seized him and conducted him into the convent, where he threw himself on a bed and fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

The bravoes employed by the viceroy to murder Masaniello had been in church, and after the scandalous scene which closed the service they followed him to the convent and asked for the Captain-General. The monks, suspecting their errand, and endeavoring to protect the wretched, insane sleeper, caused a contention which aroused Masaniello, who, believing that his friends were seeking him, went at once to the gates and showed himself to the assassins. Shots were instantly fired; and as he fell, mortally wounded, he cried out, "Oh, ye vagabonds!" His head was cut off at once, and one of the bravoes, seizing it by the hair, rushed out with it, shouting, "Long life to the King of Spain!"

The people in the streets were as if paralyzed, and not a hand was raised against the murderers, who were soon protected by Spanish troops. Capecelatro relates that he was walking in the park with the Duke of Arcos and other gentlemen; the viceroy had said that he would give ten thousand ducats to any one who would bring Masaniello to him, dead or alive; and at that moment the news of what had been done was received. A fierce tumult ensued; the head was carried to the viceroy on a pike, and the body, after being roughly treated, was buried near the gate of the market-place. Many of Masaniello's followers were arrested, his relatives were taken into custody, and so uncertain was the viceroy as to what might happen, that he ordered the fortifications to be repaired at once.

The Cardinal Filomarino hastened to the palace, and with the viceroy and many noblemen rode to the cathe-

dral, and thence to the market. Everywhere was heard the cry, "Long life to the King and to the Duke of Arcos!" The brother and brother-in-law of Masaniello were the only men excluded from the general pardon. The privileges which had been granted to the fisherman were confirmed, and the nobles began to re-enter their homes on that very day. Through the night all was quiet; the people seemed half stupefied; but when, in the morning, the Commissary-General announced that the price of bread would be raised, they awoke, and declared their leader to have been betrayed and assassinated.

They dug up the corpse, and sewed the head in its place; they washed and anointed the body, and dressed it in splendid clothes; they covered a bier with white silk, on which their dead captain was laid, with his sword and staff of command by his side. The officers who had been appointed by Masaniello bore the bier; four thousand priests conducted the procession by the order of the Cardinal; muffled drums were beaten, banners dragged on the ground, and the soldiers lowered their arms as the dead captain was carried past them. Bells tolled from every tower, and windows were illuminated in all the streets; forty thousand men and women followed the bier, singing litanies and telling their rosaries; the cortége left the Carmine at the twenty-second hour of the day, and only returned at the third hour of the night. The interment was made, with all honorable ceremonies, near the door of the church. No viceroy or prince — scarcely a sovereign — could be buried with more imposing rites than was the fisherman of Amalfi, Tommaso Aniello.

Unfortunately for both Neapolitans and Spaniards, the death of Masaniello was but the close of the first act of the rebellion. He had led his followers but nine days; the revolution endured as many months, during which law and order were non-existent. Men were governed by their

worst passions; reason and right were overshadowed by rage and lawlessness, and a reign of perfect anarchy ensued. It soon appeared that the promises of the viceroy were simply illusive; he was obliged to retire to Castel Nuovo a second time, and a worse phase of the rebellion was inaugurated than had yet been experienced.

After all the horrors that attend such periods, after two months of the most frightful confusion and crime, on September 7, 1647, a second treaty was made and confirmed with the same solemn ceremonies as the first. Its terms were absolutely disgraceful to the Spaniards, and cruel to a large number of the nobility, since both of these classes were to leave Naples. The important offices were to be filled by native Neapolitans, and the castle of S. Elmo and all other commanding positions were to be in the hands of the people. It is easily understood that a viceroy could sign such a treaty only under compulsion, in order to gain time, and with no intention of fulfilling its conditions; otherwise he would be a traitor to his sovereign, and in any case he must be forever despised for his inefficiency and lack of moral courage.

Twenty-three days later the Duke of Arcos and all Spaniards at Naples were gladdened by the arrival of forty-eight ships under command of the natural son of Philip IV.; he bore the name of the conqueror of Lepanto, who had been the observed of all observers at Naples more than half a century before, — Don John of Austria. This youth of eighteen had but four thousand men, and with this fleet and force he was expected to drive the French from the coasts of Italy. His charming manners, his brilliancy and courage easily made him a conqueror of hearts; but, alas! that pleasant pastime was not his present errand.

We have not the space even to outline the various phases of revolution and counter-revolution which rapidly

succeeded each other. The Spaniards, the nobility, and the people each strove for authority, and each labored under disadvantages which seemed to be insurmountable; and into the midst of this confusion the Duke of Guise came and added his faction to the others. A lucid account of the seven months which followed the arrival of Don John of Austria demands a patient unravelling of claims and counter-claims, and an account of sieges, battles, victories, reverses, treaties, and various other matters which belong to a different kind of story from this; the details must be omitted here, and the principal results alone be given.

The final action occurred on April 5, 1648, when Don John of Austria, whose forces had been increased, put an end to the rebellion in the same market-place in which it had begun. Don John required his troops to confess and take the sacrament. The plan for the day's work had been so made that the portions of the city held by the rebels were surrounded by their opposers when the new viceroy, the Count of Onate, came on with the cavalry. The people made but slight resistance at the garrisons which they held, and De Reumont tells us that —

"At the ninth hour of the day the Spaniards were masters of the whole city. A *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, the houses were adorned with tapestry, white flags and handkerchiefs waved from the windows. In many places the image of the king was set up and hailed with great rejoicings. Every one appeared to rejoice in the restoration of peace; the citizens embraced each other in the streets. Nine months of mob dominion, the insecurity, the war, the confusion and lawlessness, had made such an impression that the party of 'Peace at any price' carried off the victory without a struggle."

The Count of Onate had a task before him which would have disheartened many brave men, but he was especially fitted to cope with the momentous questions to be solved.

He was the right man to rivet the bonds with which the Spaniards again fettered the Neapolitans. His phenomenal energy found full employment; not Naples alone, but the whole kingdom was completely unsettled; bands of banditti and such vagabonds as always hang about an army were now scattered throughout the country; the entire population was suspicious, and apparently watching for an excuse for another uprising; the need of more Spanish troops was great; the defences required strengthening; the artillery must be placed in Castel Nuovo, and no one of these things could be accomplished without the danger of exciting fresh disturbances.

The viceroy met all these difficulties with firmness, and his wisdom guided him safely through numberless dangers. He made friends of the people, and held such an attitude towards the aristocracy as tended so to raise the estate of the vassals and lessen the arrogance and tyranny of the nobility, as to make them all more orderly and profitable subjects of his Majesty of Spain than they had been for a long time. The nobles were soon afraid to protect banditti, and a better condition existed at the capital and in its neighborhood; but there were enormous difficulties to be overcome in the provinces, and the account of Capecelatro, who was governor of Calabria, shows a state of affairs which could only be met by a despotism which could not be vindicated in our time.

The Count of Onate brought greater tranquillity and prosperity to Naples than had existed there for a long period, which was vastly to his credit, since he assumed its government when it was apparently lost to Spain; but in spite of this he was suddenly deposed in 1653, greatly to his own surprise and to that of those who realized the value of his services. His fall was doubtless due to the influence of the nobles who had not been able to mould him to their will. But their reign was over; they could

not reinstate themselves in their former tyranny, and they profited little by change of viceroys.

When the Count of Onate resigned his place to the Count of Castrillo, he had driven the French from Naples and from their strongholds at Piombino and Elba; the administration of justice was well established; the robbers and banditti were banished, and taxes were less oppressive and more equally distributed than since the days of Don Pedro de Toledo.

The Count of Castrillo was scarcely at home in his new office when the French under the Duke of Guise again appeared on the coasts; but so little success attended their projects that they soon sailed away, not to trouble Naples again for more than a century. Three years later a pestilence ravaged the whole kingdom, and was probably fatal to a greater number than any plague of modern times. Gradually, too, the effects of the rule of Onate were lost; exorbitant rates were decreed, and a tax again put on food; all the old suffering was renewed, and nothing better could be hoped for without a radical change in the government, which was not to come until half a century more of abject misery had ground the Neapolitans into the depths of moral and physical inferiority.

Naturally the manners and customs of those who could be said to possess such qualities had become essentially Spanish; this was largely true all over Italy, but especially so in Naples. The Spanish court dress was adopted by cavaliers; ladies wore stiff stays and absurd frills, and dressed the hair in Spanish fashion; even Spanish words and idioms were used to express the affected courtesies of ceremonious occasions which could not be sincere between a ruling and a dependent people.

If Neapolitan literature could be said to exist in this century, it too was largely moulded in Spanish form, as

was true in France, where Corneille followed Spanish models. In rare instances an author escaped this slavery; Giovan Battista Marini was one of these, and faulty as his style was, it had the merit of not being Spanish. But when Onate built a hall in the royal palace where balls and theatrical entertainments were given, these festivities were essentially like those at Madrid, although it is recorded that on one occasion Onate witnessed an Italian comedy.

Apparently the most distinguished Neapolitans had no hesitation in paying court to the Spaniards in a somewhat servile fashion. The Duke of Maddaloni gave a splendid entertainment to the Duke and Duchess of Castrillo. First a comedy was acted, and then supper followed, at which the viceroy and his family had a separate table, and were served by the Duke and Duchess of Maddaloni themselves. The magnificence of the table appointments was unusual, even for kings, and at the end of the feast each guest received a royal gift.

When we remember the character of the artists of the first half of this century, and their wild and desperate deeds, we are not surprised to find that the rebellion of Masaniello proved so attractive to men of their profession that many were found in the hottest of the fray. The story of the Compagnia della Morte is one of the most interesting of the many exciting tales connected with this rebellion.

Aniello Falcone was the leader of this society; he was a pupil of Ribera, and a painter of battle-scenes, as may be seen in the Museum at Naples. Salvator Rosa was his pupil, and, in fact, he may be called the head of a school of artists who were only too ready to join him in seeking vengeance on the Spaniards. Aniello loved fighting, and had been engaged in many frays. On one occasion when a relative of his was killed in a quarrel with two Spanish

soldiers, he rushed into his atelier and called out his pupils, who with him made an attack on the murderers. Other soldiers hastened to the relief of the first two, and although the painters fought bravely they were finally forced to fly, leaving one of their number dead. This disturbance occurred a few days before the beginning of the rebellion. The Compagnia della Morte had elected Falcone their leader, and sworn to pursue Spaniards to the death. The insurrection afforded them an unhoped for opportunity to fulfil their vow. Forsaking their art, procuring arms, and urging friends to enlist with them, they began their desperate work.

Salvator Rosa was of their number. He had already seen much of the exciting life of the period in Rome and Florence, and was now thirty-two years old. Micco Spadaro, — Domenico Gargiulo, — whose picture of the "Revolt of Masaniello" is in the Museum at Naples, was of this band, as well as Carlo Coppola, known from his pictures of the plague in 1656. Both the Fracanzanos, former pupils of Spagnoletto, joined the society, and Viviano Codagora, whose quiet pictures of city streets with their remarkable perspective are scarcely indicative of his qualities as a bravo. Perhaps the most remarkable case was that of Andrea Vaccaro, who, at the age of fifty, left his wife and took with him his son of fourteen to join this band of the most merciless bravadoes that can be imagined.

These painters roamed the streets armed with swords and daggers, pursuing and killing each Spaniard who was alone, — not a very brave mode of warfare. As they were poor and must earn bread enough to avoid starvation, they painted by night. By this means Coppola became blind. I have always wondered who bought their pictures. Such a condition as prevailed at Naples would not be favorable to the gentler arts. But as this is always set down in the

accounts of this Compagnia, perhaps it is best not to reason too much about it, lest we lose this very picturesque feature of their lives. Men who did not hesitate to murder, but would yet religiously earn their daily bread, offer so curious and interesting a phenomenon of human nature that they should be preserved in the annals of their time. A few wearied of this peculiar life and left the band; but most of them were more and more enamored of their strange profession, especially when they knew Masaniello, and he smiled on them.

Several of these masters made portraits of the Captain-General of the people. Salvator Rosa repeated his portrait many times, and both he and Aniello Falcone escaped to Rome when Masaniello fell. The latter went to France, where his battle-scenes won for him the favor of Louis XIV.; and after Castrillo became viceroy, at the intercession of the powerful Colbert, Falcone was permitted to return to Naples.

During the remainder of the century there was little occupation for artists. Occasionally a chapel was decorated, and the new apartments added to the royal palace afforded an opportunity to a few painters. The Duke of Onate intended to have the portraits of all the viceroys since the time of Ferdinand the Catholic painted in the great saloon by Massimo Stanzioni, an idea which was carried out under his successors. But art, literature, science, and all the gentler pursuits of life had received such blows as could not be healed while every other human interest was prostrated, while the heel of the oppressor was inexorably treading out the very life-blood of the people. Shakspeare makes the Duke say in the forest of Arden: —

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

But here adversity had long since passed the point where any sweetness could result, and the venomous tyrants of Spain displayed no single beneficent characteristic in their government of Naples. A radical change alone could bring relief, and only the hope which would come with a government by their own sovereigns could arouse the Neapolitans to struggle for new attainments of any sort.

The public works in Naples in the last half of this century are almost too few and unimportant to be mentioned. The Count of Onate erected the first theatre in Naples, the Teatro di S. Bartolommeo, which was destroyed when that of S. Carlo was built. This viceroy also erected the Fontana della Selleria, which long since disappeared, and in 1651 the grand staircase of the royal palace was constructed by his command. In 1668 a dock adjoining the arsenal was built under Don Pedro Antonio of Aragon. Perhaps Don Federigo de Toledo, Marquis of Villafranca, did greater injury to Naples than the others had done good, when, in 1671, after being viceroy but two months, he carried to Spain the bones of Alfonso I., which he disinterred in the church of S. Dominico Maggiore, together with the statues of the four rivers which he took from the fountain of the Molo, the statue of Venus from the fountain of Castel Nuovo, and the celebrated statues and steps of the fountain Medina, the work of Giovanni da Nola.

The sun of the seventeenth century set in darkness and gloom in Naples, and the dawn was still more than thirty years distant. Historians who delve more deeply than we propose to do for the causes of effects now in operation, attribute all the evils that have since existed in Naples to the influence of the Spanish dominion, which cultivated no good, and developed all the evil tendencies in the Neapolitan character. Much time is required for

recovery from such conditions as we have pictured; and certainly the people of this kingdom, as we see them to-day, have made immense strides above the depths into which two centuries of perpetual oppression had driven them at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Naples, thou heart of men, which ever pantest
  Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian City, which to calm enchantest
  The mutinous air and sea! they round thee, even
  As sleep round Love, are driven, —
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
  Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
Bright altar of the bloodless sacrifice,
  Which armèd Victory offers up unstained
  To Love, the flower-enchained!
Thou which wert once, then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
  If hope, and truth, and justice can avail.
    Hail, hail, all hail!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

CHAPTER VI.

CARLO BORBONE AND FERDINAND IV.

1700–1806.

AFTER the death of Charles II., in 1700, the war of the Spanish Succession endured thirteen years, during which Naples was still governed by viceroys; and after the crown passed to the Archduke Charles, — afterwards the Emperor Charles VI., — during twenty-one years, eight German viceroys succeeded one another in authority over the Neapolitans. The change in the nationality of its rulers brought no benefits to the kingdom. The one aim of its conquerors seems to have been to discover the largest sum that could possibly be wrung from their subjects, who, on their part, were striving to find what was the smallest amount that they could pay and still retain life and personal liberty.

During two hundred and thirty years under Spanish and German rule, the history of Naples furnishes an example of everything that a country and a government should not be. The aristocracy had no moral character, and no other class had risen to take its place; the great fortunes had disappeared; idleness seemed to be actually considered an occupation; and during all the years that Naples had given men and money to her foreign rulers she had in return been subjected to every possible loss, humiliation, and misery

The departments of justice were in dire confusion. One power after another had made new laws without

repealing the old, or properly instituting the new codes. Different parts of the kingdom were under different laws, and it is said that in 1734 eleven methods of legislation actually existed in this peninsula, while the courts were filled with corrupt officials and lawyers. The army, too, was completely demoralized; indeed, the profession of a soldier, so honorable elsewhere, was regarded with scorn in Naples in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Even the Church, to which an oppressed people ought to be able to look for blessing, had been far from that to Naples, as to all Italy, by reason of its schisms and the intrigues of the Popes with those who had reigned here. The claim of the Apostolic See to supremacy over all other powers was supported by the immense army of ecclesiastics and their enormous wealth. It is estimated that in the Neapolitan kingdom the number of those whose profession was that of religion — from archbishops to monks and nuns — was 112,000, and in Naples alone 16,500. After the royal possessions were deducted from the entire property of the kingdom, more than one half the remainder belonged to the Church. Some writers claim that the Church property was even larger than this; but their estimate may be exaggerated. In any case, little enough was left for the people, and they were at that stage of poverty and misery when any change would be welcomed; and the change was not long deferred.

The first of the Spanish Bourbon kings at Naples, best known as Carlo Borbone, but also called Charles VII. and Charles III., obtained his throne by violence; but he sincerely desired the happiness and prosperity of his people. He was the younger son of Philip V. of Spain by his second wife, Elisabetta Farnese. She was a bold, ambitious woman, whose chief aim was to acquire for her sons such power as should partly atone for the fact that their elder half-brother inherited the throne of Spain.

Charles was but seventeen years old when he left the court of his father, at which time Philip V. and the queen, on their thrones, received him in presence of the court. According to custom, Charles knelt before his father, who made the sign of a large cross over the boy's head, and raising him to his feet, girded on him a rich jewelled sword, saying, "This is the sword which Louis XIV., my grandfather, placed at my side when he sent me to conquer these realms of Spain; may it bring thee entire success without the calamity of a long war." Philip then kissed his son and dismissed him.

Charles next appears in Perugia, where he reviewed 16,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry, preparatory to the conquest of Naples. This force was commanded by Montemar; and among its officers were distinguished French, Spanish, and Neapolitan nobles, and even the English Duke of Berwick. During the review Charles was surrounded by many distinguished men in magnificent costumes, while splendid banners floated above them. Their flatteries of the young prince were quite enough to turn his head, and there must have been a basis of true solidity in his character which enabled him to choose the plainest man among them all as his chief councillor and his auditor of the Spanish army.

Bernardo Tanucci had attracted Charles by his knowledge of law and his ability to plead his cause in court; and the statesmanlike qualities which he later developed justified Charles in his choice of his minister.

We will not recite the incidents of his march to Naples. He entered the city by the Capuan Gate, May 10, 1834. He visited the churches, made a splendid gift to the statue of S. Januarius, and freed the prisoners in S. Giacomo and the Vicaria on his way to the palace. The city was alive with rejoicings, and was brilliantly illuminated that night. While Count Montemar carefully

disposed his army to guard the young king, Charles published a decree favorable to his subjects, and made Tanucci his minister of justice.

Montemar next dispersed the German troops which remained in the kingdom, and at the end of a few weeks the whole peninsula had submitted to Carlo Borbone. A year later Charles triumphantly entered Palermo, and having convened the Parliament and taken the proper oath, he was crowned with unusual magnificence, the crown alone costing 1,440,000 ducats. After many festivities he again reached Naples in June, 1735. His reign and the care of his people may be essentially dated from this time. We shall give its results rather than its details; and, boy as he was, Tanucci for some years ruled him, as well as his kingdom, with an admirable tact that induced Charles to approve of all that was done.

In 1738 Charles married a princess of Poland, Amalia Walburga, not yet fifteen years old. Her reception as she passed through Germany and Italy was suited to the betrothed of a sovereign; and Charles awaited her at Portella, and received her with a splendor which dazzled her childish eyes. The royal pair made their entrance into Naples on July 2; and on that day the king founded the Order of S. Januarius, of which he was the grand-master, the knights numbering but sixty, and all being of noble descent. The insignia of the order is a cross, each point terminating in lilies, with an image of the saint in the centre, and the motto *In sanguine fœdus.* The statutes of the order are strict enough for a body of monks rather than a company of courtly knights; but it was in perfect accord with the religion of this king, who, clothed in sackcloth, washed the feet of the poor, and every year, with his own hands, modelled a representation of the Nativity of Christ.

To a monarch thus devoted in his religious life, we

must accord an unusual sense of justice for the age in which he lived, when we remember that he abolished the tribute paid by Naples to the Pope, limited the number of priests to be ordained, and would not permit a papal bull to be enforced without his signature of approval; and all this while he bound himself to hear Mass every day, to communicate with unusual frequency, and to preserve his faith in the Catholic Christian Church inviolate.

Charles reigned at Naples but twenty-five years, during eight of which he was involved in a war with Germany; yet he found the time and means to accomplish some changes greatly to the good of his subjects. Besides those already mentioned, he placed strict limits on the right of asylum for criminals; he restricted the feudal privileges, and established the right of appeal in the baronial courts; he protected the commons in their claims on certain estates, and enacted many other measures which lessened the power of the nobles, and opened the way to influence and position to educated men of the middle classes. These reforms brought vast energy and intelligence to the service of the king, although the entire result was not so noble as the thought which originated them. Neither were the changes in the administration of justice searching enough to abolish thieves, homicides, banditti, and robbers from the provinces; and so frequent was the crime of poisoning in Naples that a special court, the Junta of Poisons, was established to inquire into these cases alone.

Charles made commercial treaties with various countries, sent consuls to important ports, and instituted a tribunal for the decision of commercial suits and questions from which there was no appeal. Under this policy Neapolitan commerce quickly sprang into importance, and would have brought great prosperity to the kingdom had not exorbitant duties been put on foreign goods, which

drove the merchants to more favorable ports, and proved fatal to the commercial interests of Naples.

The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle apparently secured the throne of Naples to Charles and his heirs; and the anxieties of war being ended, the king began to indulge his natural taste for the improvement of his capital. Among his most important achievements in this wise were the enlargement and completion of the great harbor of the Molo Grande and the bridge of the Immacolata at the Molo Piccolo, the Strada Mergellina and that of the Marinella, with the building called the Immacolatella, now the office of the Board of Health and of the Customs. All the shore along the Marinella and the Mergellina was transformed from a miserable quarter, where the dirtiest population was gathered, into a beautiful road where the people could ride or walk with pleasure.

The king and queen when returning from Castellammare were enchanted by the country about Portici, and decided to build a villa there in spite of the suggestion that it was too near Vesuvius. Charles replied, "God, the Immaculate Virgin, and S. Januarius will protect us." He also began the palace of Capo-di-Monte, which was completed a century later.

The splendid theatre of S. Carlo was a work of this king, and bears his name. It was erected by the architect Angelo Carasale, from the plans of Medrano, who also designed the Capo-di-Monte. Charles commanded that this should be the largest theatre in Europe, and built in the shortest time; it was begun in March, and finished in October, 1737, and in November, eight months from its commencement, a play was given on the name-day of the king. To make room for S. Carlo many houses were taken away, and the ground belonging to it extended at the back, so that when the end of the stage was thrown open, battles and other scenes, with chariots and horses, could

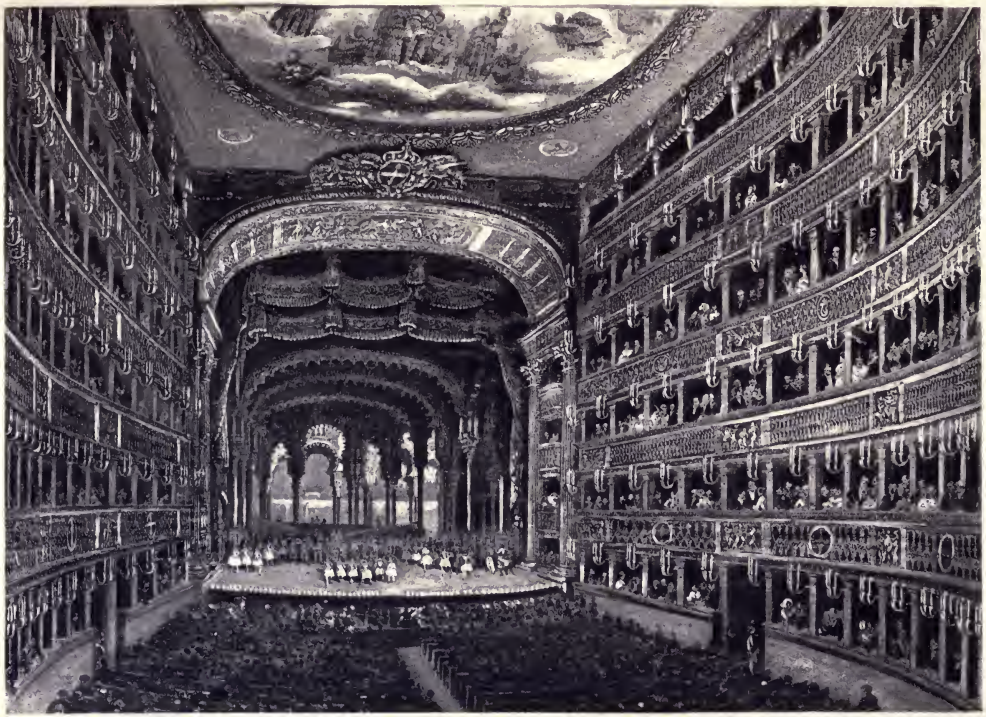
be seen in the distance. The interior of the auditorium was lined with mirrors which reflected the light from the candles, and produced a marvellous effect. The royal box was richly fitted up; and when Charles saw the whole completed and lighted, he sent for Carasale, and publicly commended him, to the delight of the whole city. Carasale thanked the king, who casually remarked that since the theatre was so near the palace, it would have been better for the royal family had there been a connecting passage. Then saying, "But we will think about it," Carasale was dismissed.

When the play was over, Carasale awaited the king, and asked him to enter the palace by the passage he had commanded. In three hours the architect had contrived to have a great wall pulled down, and to construct a rough passage, which by means of carpets, tapestries, and draperies was truly artistic and beautiful in effect, and appeared to the delighted monarch like a work of enchantment.

But alas! when this wonderful Carasale rendered his accounts to the auditors, they were dissatisfied, and although he appealed to the king personally, he was finally imprisoned at S. Elmo, where, after a long captivity, he died. His family disappeared, and except for the wonderful qualities of his work, the very name of Carasale would now be unknown.

Charles improved the Museo Borbonico, and erected the House of Refuge, — Albergo dei Poveri, — which is still but half completed, although in it and its dependencies two thousand people are cared for. He built a bridge over the Sebeto, which makes the eastern boundary of Naples, and another over the Volturno at Venafro. He also constructed roads, called Strade di Caccia, which enabled him to indulge his passion for the chase; while the roads in various parts of the kingdom were dangerous

The Theatre of San Carlo.



even for those on horseback. In truth, his improvements were confined to the environs of Naples, but afforded many benefits to the people and villages near at hand.

The most magnificent work, however, under the reign of this monarch was the palace of Caserta, fourteen miles from Naples, which has been called by Valery and other authorities the noblest conception of a palace in all Europe. Luigi Vanvitelli was its architect, and it was begun in 1752. The whole plan was that of Carlo Borbone, and was carried to completion under his successor. Dignified and splendid as it is, there is an atmosphere of gloom about it; it has never been continuously inhabited for any long period, and is now a mere show place for the curious. There is a singular monotony in its design externally, which indicates that Vanvitelli was an artist of small resources. The façade was adorned with splendid columns, arches, statues, and carvings, above all of which was an equestrian statue in bronze. Its colonnade traversing the courts, the staircase, chapel, and theatre were all lavishly decorated with the most beautiful marbles. It is built of travertine from Capua; the stairs are of single blocks of Sicilian lumachella adorned with well-sculptured lions and statues; the breccias of Dragoni and the marbles of Vitulano are freely used in the wall facings, and there are many pillars of both red and yellow breccia from Apulia. In the theatre are sixteen columns of African marble taken from the Serapeon at Pozzuoli, and the chapel is lavishly decorated in marbles and gilding, and an imitation of lapis-lazuli. There are inlaid woods, crystals, and even jewels in various parts of this bewildering labyrinth, as well as pictures, frescos, and statues. On three sides is a garden decorated with statues, obelisks, and wonderful cascades and fountains, to supply which an aqueduct was constructed twenty-five miles in length, which was a work worthy of the Romans. It

crosses the Tipatine Mountains and three wide valleys; it is carried over lofty, massive bridges, one over the valley of Maddaloni being 1,618 feet long and 178 feet high; it is constructed in three tiers of arches, its supporting piers being thirty-two feet through. The water, after serving its purposes in the gardens at Caserta, flows underground to Naples, and helps to make a sufficient supply for that great city.

Charles renewed the pavement in the Grotta di Posilipo, and built arches of stone to strengthen its roof. At Trani he built fine stone quays around the circular harbor, and executed many lesser but still important works.

In the Piazza del Plebiscito is an equestrian statue of Charles III. by Canova; and when, in 1885–1888, statues were made for the niches in the façade of the royal palace, this sovereign was not forgotten, and his statue is a testimonial to the fact that until a very recent period Naples owed to him all that was fine in the modern city.

But the works of Carlo Borbone in which the whole world is interested, are the excavations at Herculaneum, Pompeii, Pozzuoli, and Cumæ, which will be spoken of later, when a more detailed account is given of these marvellous cities.

At Portici, in his palace, Charles opened a museum for the antiquities of Herculaneum, and an academy was founded for the study of the history of these remarkable objects. New courses of lectures were instituted at the university, and the grade of the colleges was raised; but the minor schools were not equally improved, owing to the opposition of the bishops to all reforms. The result was that while unusual men arose here and there from the ignorance around them, and became eminent, there was nothing which merited the name of general education.

Much as may be said in honor of Carlo Borbone, there is another side to his character which cannot be ignored.

His less praiseworthy acts were the introduction of the lottery and of gambling into his kingdom. He later abolished the latter, or endeavored to do so, although it brought 40,000 ducats a year to his treasury. He proscribed the society of the Freemasons, but did not severely punish its members. His conduct towards the Jews is a dark stain on his memory; for, having invited them to Naples with promises of good treatment, he cruelly banished them seven years later to satisfy the prejudices of the Neapolitans. Although thus controlled by religious superstition, he boldly opposed the establishment of the Inquisition. When Benedict XIV. undertook to plant the Holy Office in Naples, Charles disregarded the initial steps; but when the archbishop, encouraged by the king's apparent indifference, placed the inscription *Santo Uffizio* above his door, Charles issued an edict for its removal, and forbade every form of secret meeting or secret discussion of any subject.

Towards the end of his reign in Naples Charles enjoyed a secure and peaceful life; his people had accepted him, and were engaged in no political rebellions; there was sufficient comfort at court, and a large family was growing up in the palace. The clergy, while somewhat opposed to his policy, thought it best to make no demonstrations against it; and although the privileges of the barons had been lessened, the gayety and fascination of court life, presided over by a happy king and queen, quite contented these nobles, who had no ambitions beyond present enjoyment.

Into the midst of these agreeable surroundings came the news of the death of Ferdinand VI., by which Carlo Borbone inherited the throne of Spain, and had already been proclaimed by the Spanish ministers. The first act of the new monarch was the appointment of his mother as regent until he could himself assume the government.

As Spain and Naples, under existing treaties, could not be ruled jointly, his first care was to provide a sovereign for Naples. His six sons and two daughters were still very young; and the eldest, a boy of twelve, was of weak mind and infirm body.

Charles struggled with contending feelings. He could not pass over his eldest son and give his throne to another without stating his reasons to the world, and in any case there must be a regent. The poor boy might not live long, and if declared king, the next heir might soon come to the throne by natural causes. But the king's regard for his people compelled him to be honest, and a document in which the best medical authorities described the imbecility of the young prince was read before the court and the ambassadors, while Charles was moved to tears. His second son, Charles Antony, was heir to Spain; and the third, Ferdinand, but seven years old, was the king of Naples and Sicily.

A solemn scene followed, in which Charles made the sign of the cross over his son as Philip V. had made it over him, and gave the boy the same sword that he had received, addressing his child as "your Majesty," and saying, "Keep it for the defence of thy religion and thy subjects." He then released Ferdinand from all obligations to himself, and gave him a council of regency until he should reach sixteen years. The foreigners present acknowledged the king, and his subjects took the oath of allegiance. Charles, repeating his prayers for the prosperity of his son and his kingdom, left the assembly amid the praises and blessings of all.

He at once prepared for his voyage, carefully leaving behind every jewel and valuable belonging to the crown of Naples, even to a ring which he had worn ever after it was found at Pompeii; it had no special value except as it proved the conscientious honesty of the king, for which

reason it is still seen in the museum at Naples. After making presents and conferring honors on those who had faithfully served him, confiding the invalid Philip to the care of the preceptor of the young king, he sailed for Spain with his wife and daughters and four sons.

The entire people witnessed his departure, which occurred October 6, 1759. Those who could get no nearer point of vantage crowded the flat roofs of the houses. The remarkable silence of the thousands of spectators, and the sincere grief at his loss, seem like a prophecy of all they were to endure in the century which followed.

The regents appointed by Carlo Borbone to conduct affairs for Ferdinand IV. were old men, with the exception of Tanucci, who now began to show the wrong side of his character. If the young king should prove to be a man of talent, who would not brook control, Tanucci could retain absolute power but eight years. He therefore set himself the task of making Ferdinand of no account. He directed the tutor of the king to teach him as little as possible; and the boy, having robust health and the gay spirits which it brings, was but too glad to spend his days in athletic sports and the pleasures of the chase, as he was encouraged to do; and whenever he exhibited a low or vicious tendency, it was straightway gratified by Tanucci and the tutor.

Thus the king grew up with an aversion to the society of the refined and scholarly, and a preference for those who sought such things as he desired. Tanucci meantime governed with a certain degree of caution and wisdom; and when Ferdinand reached his majority, the only noticeable change was in the title of the regents, who were now called ministers.

The first public act attributed to Ferdinand IV., although in reality that of Tanucci, was no less a thing than the expulsion of the Jesuits from Naples. This was in accord

with the desire of the King of Spain, who had already exiled the Order from his realm, as Joseph I. had done in Portugal and Louis XV. in France. During one November night in 1767 the Jesuits were put on board ships and sent from Naples, their wealth being devoted to the support of public schools, colleges, and asylums.

The next important event in Ferdinand's life was his marriage. He was betrothed to Maria Josephine, daughter of the Emperor of Austria; all preparations were made for the wedding, when the bride fell ill and died. A little later a second sister was chosen to take her place; and after a journey through Italy, where she was received with honors, she was welcomed by Ferdinand at Portella in May, 1768. After a few days at the lovely palace of Caserta, the royal pair made their public entrance into Naples on May 22. The extensive fêtes celebrating this marriage were continued during several months, to the delight of both the sovereigns, who were equally devoted to a life of pleasure.

If the onlookers fancied that such amusements would absorb Queen Caroline, they soon perceived their error. Although but sixteen years old, she was a daughter of Maria Theresa, and proposed to be an important element in the government of her husband's kingdom, — the largest in Italy. Her marriage contract had provided that after the birth of a son she should have a seat in the Council of State, and after one year she was able to claim this privilege. She saw in Tanucci a hateful rival, and by her influence he was dismissed in 1777, never again to emerge from his retirement.

During the forty-three years that he administered the affairs of Naples much good was accomplished, especially after the exclusion of the Jesuits, when he devoted himself to the advancement of education. The universities and academies were improved, and the professors and literary

men of the kingdom were received at court, and treated with the consideration accorded them elsewhere; all the more as the queen aimed to be a patron of science and letters.

After deposing Tanucci, the queen introduced many changes. She succeeded in having an Austrian, the Marquis della Sambuca, made minister in place of Tanucci. The army was her first care; and an Austrian officer was put in authority over it, while an Englishman, Sir Acton Bell, was made Minister of the Marine, then Minister of War, and later Minister of Foreign Affairs. A foreigner, a soldier of fortune, ambitious and covetous, he cared nothing for the fate of Naples; but succeeding in securing the absolute confidence of the king and the extreme favor of the queen, he soon acquired unusual powers.

Queen Caroline, now twenty-five years old, handsome and proud with the dominating pride of her race, found it easy to rule her husband, and ruling him to rule his kingdom. She favored intimate relations with France and England, and ended all connections with Spain; and while entertaining many schemes for the welfare of the Neapolitans, she was unwisely elated from feeling herself to be the centre of the hopes of the people.

A detailed history of this period is most interesting, and with the *dramatis personæ* that I have indicated there was an opportunity for many unusual situations in the court, the political and the social circles of Naples. But our space limits us to the most important features of this reign.

The Emperor Joseph of Austria visited his sister in 1784, and disseminated his views of political reform among the educated Neapolitans. Ferdinand and Caroline then visited Vienna, and returned to carry out a philanthropic scheme by establishing within their territory a

small model of their ideal of what a government should be. It was called San Leucio, and for it they made a code of laws based on the principle that a government should emanate from the people, not from monarchs. All this is very curious when viewed in the light of the subsequent policy which these sovereigns pursued.

The news of the French Revolution and its horrors produced a great effect on Ferdinand and his queen, who was the sister of Marie Antoinette; and the idea of a Republic — which had apparently appealed to Caroline with great force — assumed a new aspect to her just when the Neapolitans, who had imbibed a desire for liberty, were hoping that their dreams were about to be realized.

As soon as the execution of the royal family of France was known at Naples, the court went into mourning, and the celebration of the Carnival was forbidden. When the French Republic sent its ambassador to Naples, he was not acknowledged; and Ferdinand IV. endeavored to prevent the other Italian powers and the Ottoman court from recognizing the new government.

But suddenly a fleet of fourteen French men-of-war sailed into the Bay of Naples in command of Admiral La Touche, and in reply to Ferdinand's demand for the reason of their coming, he was asked why he had refused to receive the French ambassador, and why he was acting as the enemy of France. For these offences La Touche demanded reparation or war. The queen was so alarmed that she begged for peace; she was supported by many advisers of the king, and he soon satisfied La Touche by a promise of neutrality in the wars of Europe and of friendship for France. The fleet then departed; but meeting a severe storm, it put back and remained for repairs, — a privilege that could not be refused to an ally.

During this time the Neapolitans, especially the young men, were much in the company of La Touche and

Makau, the ambassador. They were incited to hold secret meetings, and to strive for Liberty and Equality; and at a certain supper the Neapolitans hung little red caps, the Jacobin symbol, on their breasts. The Neapolitan government knew of this, and the repairs of the ships were hastened by effective help. Provisions and pure water were abundantly supplied, and all being in proper order the fleet again sailed away.

The hour of reckoning had now come, and many persons who had been friendly to the French were seized by night and imprisoned. Their friends believed that they had been murdered or sent to distant fortresses; but later it was found that they were in the frightful dungeons of S. Elmo, each in solitary confinement, sleeping on the bare ground and eating the vilest prison fare. Many of these prisoners were scholars, accustomed to luxury and a quiet life; and their jailers were ferocious, inhuman monsters. The king now established a Junta of State for the trial of traitors, and enlarged the prisons. All Naples was in terror.

Attention was then given to increasing the army, and a secret treaty was made with England against France. In 1793, in the siege of Toulon, where Napoleon Bonaparte won his first honors, the Allies were defeated, and the news of this increased the alarm of the Neapolitan government; all possible means were used to raise money, but little was obtained.

Meantime the Junta of State was indefatigable in its work, and was said to have proofs of the treason of 20,000 persons, while more than twice that number were suspected. A few executions occurred, and a reign of terror existed among the people and in the palace. The royal family feared for their own safety; the body-guard was constantly changed, and attendants dismissed, while a terrible anxiety made life a torment.

Ferdinand was so much alarmed by the successes of Bonaparte in Italy that in spite of his alliance with England he made a treaty with France in 1796, a secret condition of which obliged Naples to pay 8,000,000 francs to the French treasury. But when, two years later, it was known that Bonaparte was in Egypt, and that Admiral Nelson had destroyed a large part of the French fleet, there was great rejoicing, which was soon increased when Nelson himself arrived in the bay with English ships-of-war. The king and queen, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, — the English ambassador, — went out to meet the Admiral, who was regarded as the champion of sovereigns and the protector of thrones.

Ferdinand bestowed a rich sword upon the hero, and accompanied the gift with the most extravagant praises of the Admiral; Caroline presented several costly gifts to Nelson, among them being a jewel inscribed "To the hero of Aboukir;" while Sir William Hamilton thanked him for all he had done in the name of England, and Lady Hamilton expressed her admiration, while her beautiful face was suffused with emotion. The whole city was tumultuous with excitement and pleasure; the palace was thronged, the great theatre was illuminated, and the sovereigns, accompanied by Nelson, were received with shouts of joy. The queen and the ladies of the court wore girdles and badges on which was inscribed "Long live Nelson!" The French ambassador was naturally curious to know the reason for this reception of the man who had so successfully opposed his countrymen, while Naples was an ally of France. He was told that Nelson had threatened to bombard the city if not allowed to anchor in the bay, no explanation of the welcome to the Admiral and the honors heaped upon him being given.

The queen, haughty and ambitious, had not yet appreciated the weakness of Naples nor the strength of other

powers, and was eager to make war on France, in which desire Sir William Hamilton supported and encouraged her. All possible preparations were set on foot; and when the French officers on the frontier of Naples demanded the reason for this activity, they were told that the object was the discipline and improvement of the army. But a few days later Ferdinand publicly declared his intention of marching to Rome to reinstate the Pope, whom the French had driven away.

The French army was soon in full march for an attack on Naples. The king, with the forces which had been in camp, retreated at once; and the people rose, as one man, to receive the French troops as a foe should be met. They waged a deadly warfare, and their bravery when defending their homes and families offered so great a contrast to the cowardice of their professional troops in ordinary service as to surprise all who witnessed this phenomenon. But this outburst of patriotism could not defeat an army to which the fortresses had been surrendered by traitors; it served to delay, but not to prevent, the approach of the enemy. The situation was indeed desperate, but creditable historians believe that a brave and loyal king might have saved his crown.

But Ferdinand's cowardly fear so controlled him that he listened to no counsels to courage and resistance. He fled with his family to an English vessel, and embarked for Sicily, leaving Naples placarded with the appointment of a regent and the declaration that he would soon return with a large army. Contrary winds detained his ship in the bay for three days, during which time every possible influence was used to induce the king to return, but without avail. He had scarcely sailed, when a terrific storm arose. Nelson's ship, which carried the king, outrode the gale with great difficulty; her masts and yard were badly injured. One of the young children of the

king died in Lady Hamilton's arms; all were in terror, and the sovereigns believed that the ship must go down. As they neared Palermo, help was sent out, and a pilot, to whom Nelson gladly resigned the command of his vessel.

A Neapolitan man-of-war, commanded by Admiral Caràcciolo, appeared near Nelson's ship in the midst of the tempest. It behaved well, and could easily have gone on its way, but remained near at hand in order to aid the king should it be needful. This vessel rode unscathed where Nelson's ship was all but lost, and Caràcciolo was much praised and favorably compared with the English Admiral. Nelson's pride was so touched, and his anger so aroused, that he later revenged himself as only a cruel coward could do.

At Naples all was dire confusion. Great indignation was felt that Ferdinand had not only deserted, but also robbed his people, taking away the crown jewels, many antiquities, and rare works of art, and at least 20,000,000 ducats. He thus left the State convulsed by civil and foreign war, with no proper government, and destitute of money.

The French easily mastered a kingdom in this condition; and on January 23, 1799, General Championnet raised a flag of peace, and addressed the people, persuading them to sacrifice no more lives in warfare, but to yield to a general who would bring peace, abundance, and good government, respect their persons and property, the church and their religious customs, and pay his devotions to S. Januarius.

Championnet spoke Italian fluently, and was understood by all. The leader of the Lazzaroni[1] requested that a

[1] The name *Lazzaroni* is said to have been derived from that of Lazarus in the Scripture parable. In Naples it designated a class that were employed in the humblest occupations in times of peace, having no fixed homes or method of life. They played an important

guard of honor be placed around S. Januarius, and when two companies of grenadiers were detailed for this duty, the soldiers shouted, "All reverence to S. Januarius!" while the Lazzaroni ran beside them, crying, "Long live the French!" Never was a peace made more quickly and happily. As the news spread over the city, arms dropped from the hands of the people; the tricolor floated above the castles, and French bands played inspiriting music. The unclouded heavens seemed to smile, and all Naples rejoiced. Even the republicans shared in the general delight, and the sight of the thousands of dead still lying in the streets was powerless to dim the happiness which the cessation of hostilities brought.

General Championnet, having published the following edict, made a magnificent public entry into Naples: —

"Neapolitans, be free; if you know how to enjoy the gift of freedom, the French Republic will be amply rewarded in your happiness for her dead and for the war. If any among you still prefer the government which has ceased to exist, let them disencumber this free soil of their presence; let them fly from us who are citizens, and let slaves go among slaves. The French army will take the name of the army of Naples, as a pledge and solemn vow to maintain your rights, and to use those arms to advance your liberties. We French will respect the national worship, and the sacred rights of property and person. Your magistrates will, by their paternal administration, provide for the tranquillity and happiness of the citizens; let the terrors of ignorance disappear, let the fury of fanaticism be dispelled, and may you be as solicitous to serve us, as the perfidy of your fallen government was to injure us."

part in all revolutions and strife, and were accustomed annually to elect a *Capo Lazzaro*, or chief, who had great power over them and was recognized by the Neapolitan government. Recently the Lazzaroni have lost many of their peculiarities, and the term is now almost confined to the boatmen and fishermen, who are among the most useful and industrious classes in Naples.

At evening the city was illuminated, and Vesuvius, which had been dark for years, sent forth a brilliant flame, which the Neapolitans regarded as an omen of future prosperity. Thus was the Parthenopean Republic established.

A provisional government was instituted, and important changes made, such as dividing the kingdom into departments on the French plan, and many ancient customs were abolished. At the same time an enormous tax was imposed; and although young orators constantly assured the people that benefits would soon result from the new system that would far outweigh the present disadvantages, those who were suffering poverty and hunger did not find that this eloquence clothed or fed them, and a threatening spirit was awaking on all sides. Just as Championnet perceived that palliative measures were necessary to keep the peace, he was recalled, and General Macdonald, a harsh, severe man, was sent to replace him.

Meantime Ferdinand had agents who did not lessen the discontent; they were low creatures, but the queen even held secret interviews with them in an apartment in the palace of Palermo, called the Dark Chamber for this reason. These men were leaders of marauding bands; and the names of Pronio, Rodio, and Fra Diavolo were soon associated with deeds worthy of fiends alone. The king learned that there were many Bourbonists in the southern part of the peninsula, and authorized Cardinal Ruffo to land in Calabria, and rouse the people to a revolt against the Republic. Ruffo had long since proved himself cunning and corrupt. He was soon surrounded by a rabble called by the high-sounding name of the Army of the Holy Faith, the truth being that it was devoid of faith, and simply sought an opportunity for plunder.

Troops were sent from Naples to oppose Ruffo, and cruelties almost beyond belief were perpetrated by both

armies. Whichever side the people of the country favored they were butchered and robbed. Probably the atrocities of Ruffo's men were the worst, as there was no pretence of discipline among them, while a semblance of it did exist among the French and Republican troops. The English ships landed men at Castellammare, and Macdonald himself led his soldiers against them and put them to flight, the beautiful city being desolated. He then gave his attention to schemes for the establishment of order and confidence in Naples; but before he could put them in practice he was recalled to France, and bade adieu to the Neapolitans, saying, as he marched away with his army, that the French would leave them to their own devices.

The emissaries of the queen were now doubly active, and the famous Baker conspiracy was formed, which condemned many persons to murder and their homes to destruction. Certificates were secretly distributed to such as were to be spared; and a young Captain Baker, brother of the chief conspirator, who was much in love with Luigia Sanfelice, received one of these, and gave it to Luigia, explaining its meaning. She, being in love with an officer named Ferri, — who she feared would be a victim of the plot, — revealed what she knew to him, and he, in turn, showed the paper and told the story to the government officials. Luigia was called up for examination, and by the clews she gave, the leaders of the plot were seized and imprisoned, and the dreadful danger averted. Luigia heard herself called the "Saviour of the Republic" and the "Mother of the People;" but a few months later, with another turn of the wheel of fate, she was in the power of the makers of the plot, and was executed in the historic market-place.

The provisional government was but a weak attempt at what a government should be, and was soon forced to seek

alliances with stronger powers. France and Spain promised their support, and sent ships with aid; but the fleets of the English and other nations friendly to the Bourbons, kept such watch in the bay that the Allies could not enter. Meanwhile the army of Ruffo was nearing the capital, which was without defence. There was no money, and even food was scarce; and when the fighting approached the gates, the government began to treat with Ruffo. Terms were soon made by which the war was ended, free pardons given to all, and those who did not wish to live under a monarchy were allowed to depart.

But when the next day broke, Nelson entered the bay with his fleet, bringing a declaration from the king and queen which annulled the acts of Ruffo and announced their purpose to punish all rebels. The vessels on which many Republicans had embarked were searched, and eighty-two who had been marked for vengeance were conducted to prison, as well as others who had intended to leave, according to the terms of the treaty. The Bourbonists, the Lazzaroni, and the Army of the Holy Faith now repeated in Naples the atrocities they had committed elsewhere, and the Bourbon standard soon floated from all the castles.

Fatal and ruinous as the wars under the Republic had been, the measures of the restored sovereigns were more barbarous than any which the bitterest enemies of the Neapolitans had enacted. Ferdinand sailed from Palermo to Naples, and remained on board ship in the bay, issuing edicts and instituting such a reign of terror as has rarely been exceeded in any age or country. The worst feature of the terrible vengeance for which both Ferdinand and Caroline longed with an insatiable appetite was that while the lowest and vilest men were treated as friends by the king, others, who would have been an honor to any country, were imprisoned and murdered by thousands.

Although there was a form of trial maintained, the Junta of State was simply a tool in the hands of the king; to it he sent lists absolutely fixing the sentences to be pronounced by the so-called judges. From the history of these days it would appear that the sovereigns would not have been satiated by the vengeance they enjoyed had they acted quite independently; and, as is usual with tyrants, they had advisers who urged them to follow their most evil inclinations. The worst of these was that Cardinal Ruffo who had collected and commanded the army of the Holy Faith. Second to him we blush to name Lord Nelson. A hero commanding our respect and admiration at Aboukir becomes a despicable tool of perjury and tyranny at Naples, whose debasing recompense by Lady Hamilton makes him even more unworthy of regard than does his political perfidy.

Ruffo was loaded with honors and riches, not only for himself, but in perpetuity for his family; and Ferdinand conferred these gifts in letters expressive of his gratitude and personal attachment to this personification of vice and cruelty.

Seldom has the proverb, "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad" been so forcibly illustrated as in the case of Nelson, over whom lust and revenge obtained complete mastery. Lady Hamilton, who made one of the party which welcomed Nelson on his arrival at Naples, was a beautiful woman of low origin and character who had married the English ambassador, and with inimitable tact had at once adapted herself to a position at court as if she had always been surrounded with dignity and fortune. At first the queen had treated Lady Hamilton with an air of extreme condescension; but when she perceived that Nelson was in love with the lady, Caroline saw in her a tool that would be useful in carrying out her plans. From that time the two women were

almost inseparable, and it is possible that their common flight and misfortunes engendered a friendship even between two women so void of any noble sentiment as were these two.

Thus it happened that when the queen learned of the capitulation of the castles at Naples and the terms by which pardon was extended, and those who wished it allowed to depart, she sent her friend Emma with letters to Nelson, who was sailing from Palermo to Naples. These letters from both sovereigns persuaded Nelson to revoke the treaty which had been so made as to deprive the sovereigns of their revenge upon those whom they chose to term rebels.

Lady Hamilton, in a fast-sailing corvette, overtook Nelson as he was entering the bay. He was but too happy to welcome her, but when he learned her errand he refused to do what was desired of him; but Lady Hamilton so soon succeeded in persuading him to her will that the vessel which had brought her returned to the queen with assurances of the success of her schemes. Lady Hamilton remained with Nelson, and was still on his ship when he published the reversal of the treaty, and showed himself the perfidious wretch that he had become.

Rewards and favors were lavished on Sir William Hamilton, and the queen lost no opportunity to testify her gratitude and affection for his wife. A magnificent banquet was served in honor of Nelson in a saloon in the palace at Palermo, which was fitted up as a Temple of Glory. When Lord Nelson entered, the royal family advanced to meet him. Ferdinand presented to him a magnificent sword, and a patent creating him Duke of Bronte, with an annual pension of £6,000, and the prince of Salerno crowned the Admiral with laurel. Thus was the degraded lover of Lady Hamilton flattered by those who had made him their tool.

But his cup of crime was not yet full. Feeling his power and cherishing a deep hatred of Admiral Caràcciolo, — for no other known cause than the glory his superior seamanship had brought the Neapolitan, — when he heard of the arrest of that brave officer, Nelson demanded him of Cardinal Ruffo. It was supposed that his motive was to save Caràcciolo, and when Nelson's jealousy of him was remembered all were ready to praise his magnanimity. But their mistake was soon apparent. Nelson at once called a court-martial on his own ship, and when the judges were too lenient to please him, he demanded a sentence of death for the brave Neapolitan. On that very day Caràcciolo was hung at the yard-arm of one of his own frigates, and at evening the body was weighted and cast into the sea.

Some days later, as Ferdinand arrived off Naples, he saw a human corpse half out of the water, its face raised, approaching his ship with a menacing air. As it came near he recognized the face, and exclaimed, "Caràcciolo! What can this dead man want?"

"He asks for Christian burial," responded a chaplain, who was present.

"Let him have it," said the king; and the body was later interred in a church built by poor fishermen in the Strada S. Lucia.

Many interesting details could be given concerning the scholars, nobles, and valuable men who perished to satisfy the insane thirst for blood which possessed the king and queen; but want of space forbids. Every place available for a prison was filled. At least thirty thousand human beings were crowded into underground vaults and dark, loathsome dungeons; they were denied beds, lights, and all sorts of utensils; were tormented by thirst and hunger, loaded with chains, and even beaten by the brutal keepers placed over them. Forty thousand were threat-

ened with death, and a greater number with exile; and no words can portray the misery of the whole city.

At length these horrors palled upon the perpetrators of them, and in order to be free from the Army of the Holy Faith, it was sent to join the troops already with the Germans at Rome, and on the withdrawal of the French forces, the Neapolitans promptly took possession of the Papal City. News was soon received of the increasing success of Bonaparte, which was making him the dread of all the enemies of France. The greatest uneasiness was felt by the government at Naples, from the king down to the lesser officials; that the people hated their oppressors and would welcome any deliverer from their present sufferings had become but too evident.

Abject fear now inspired Ferdinand and Caroline to attempt what no kindly feeling had ever suggested. An amnesty was proclaimed; three thousand men had escaped from the country; four thousand had been exiled, and great numbers had been executed; seven thousand were released from prison, leaving many still immured in horrid dungeons. When the amnesty relieved the people from the fear of immediate calamity, they had time to remember and reflect upon the cruelties that had been perpetrated in their midst, and hatred was all too mild a word to express their feelings toward their sovereigns. There was great need of money, which could only be procured by violent and unjust measures; and all the while the news of the increasing achievements of Bonaparte inspired the Neapolitans with the hope that he might even come to them.

Ferdinand's eldest son had married an Austrian archduchess, and an heir was born to the young couple about this time, which strengthened the bond between Austria and Naples. Queen Caroline was on her way to Vienna to seek aid from her brother, the Emperor Francis, when,

at Leghorn, she received an account of the battle of Marengo; this news caused her and her friends the gravest alarm. But after two years of anxiety and fear the Peace of Amiens brought them fresh courage. Ferdinand, not having learned wisdom, restored the Junta of State, and reopened the trials for political offences, ordering all records of them to be burned, lest they should testify against him in the future.

In 1804 the Peace was broken; in 1805 Napoleon entered Vienna; and his punishment of the Neapolitans, who had so often played false to friends and enemies alike, was not long delayed. No army could be gathered. Ferdinand fled to Sicily, leaving his son as regent. The queen remained for a time, but shortly went to rejoin the king, taking with her all their family, save the two elder princes, who went to Calabria to attempt still further resistance. Their efforts were useless; and on February 14, 1806, the French fleet entered the bay, and a new era had dawned on Naples.

CHAPTER VII.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE, JOACHIM MURAT, FERDINAND I., AND FRANCIS I.

1806-1830.

WHEN we remember the condition in which the runaway royal family left Naples, we cannot think that Napoleon Bonaparte conferred a favor on his brother Joseph when he sent him, with an army of fifty thousand French soldiers, to occupy the deserted throne under the title of "Lieutenant to the Emperor Napoleon," and clearly outlined the course he was to pursue in one sentence: "All sentiments yield now to reasons of state. I recognize as relatives only those who serve me."

King Ferdinand, when seeking his own safety, had commanded his regents never to yield the fortresses of the kingdom, no matter what the stress might be. But his cowardly example was followed rather than his commands; and while the conquerors were as far away as Aversa, Naples sent her submission to them. A few towns made a slight resistance; but on February 14, 1806, the first battalions of the invading army entered the capital, and were quickly followed by the new ruler.

The Neapolitans showed a certain wisdom in their welcome to Joseph Bonaparte, since they were in his power, and could have no fear of his making them worse off than he found them. He established himself in the Palace, and called himself "Prince of France, Grand Elector of the Empire, Lieutenant of the Emperor, and Commander-in-

chief of the Neapolitan Army." He at once published a proclamation from Napoleon, which, after reciting the various perfidies of Ferdinand, ended thus: —

"The House of Naples has ceased to reign; its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe, and with the honor of my crown. Soldiers, march; and if the weak battalions of the tyrants of the sea have the courage to await you, drive them back into the waves. Show the world how we punish perjury. Hasten to inform me that all Italy is ruled by my laws or by those of my allies; that the most beautiful land on earth is at last delivered from the yoke imposed on it by the most perfidious of mankind. . . . Soldiers, my brother is with you; he is the repository of my thoughts and of my authority. I confide in him; do you confide in him likewise."

The army essentially subdued the whole kingdom, and although Joseph was not inclined to cruelty, the constant discovery of conspiracies forced him to certain severities; the prisons were full, as before, and the number of the accused was still enormous. The occupation of the island of Capri by the English added to the unsettled condition of Naples. Under the administration of Colonel Lowe — later the jailer of Napoleon at St. Helena — the island became a retreat for brigands, and a nest for the hatching of plots. The island of Ponza, too, and certain ports in Calabria, were still in favor of the Bourbons, and Queen Caroline was active in sending her friends wherever they could make trouble.

By a decree from Paris, Joseph was proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies on March 30. Three French senators were sent to Naples to apprise him of this honor, and as the new king was in Calabria, they went thither and accompanied him back to the capital, which he reached in May, attended by a royal cortége. The people regarded his entrance with silence and doubt. The kingdom was so convulsed with plots and counterplots that even

the volatile Neapolitans could not be aroused to enthusiasm by such displays as had been but too frequently repeated.

The assaults of the English and of Ferdinand's friends became bolder and more effective until the battle of Maida, in Calabria, brought them success and courage, while the French, driven to the extreme of rage and suspicion, pursued the most barbarous policy. Great numbers of men, guilty, suspected, and innocent, were executed with unheard of cruelties. Colletta relates that he actually saw a man impaled in the town of Lagonegro by the command of a French colonel.

Brigandage was encouraged by the English and Sicilians, who dignified it with the title of loyalty to Ferdinand, and a guerilla chief who was captured bore on his person the following order, signed by no less a person than William Sidney Smith: "You will rouse all your partisans in the kingdom of Naples; you will excite tumults in the country, and point out the houses to be burned and the rebels to be killed."

The French army suffered greatly from the heat, and was so much reduced in numbers that Joseph was inclined to send it to the Abruzzi to await a cooler season; but Saliceti, the minister of police, opposed this measure, and the war went on. The military history of this period in Naples is a mingling of romance and bravery with cowardice and treachery. At length, however, in February, 1807, the hopes of the Bourbonists were extinguished in the fall of Reggio and Scilla, and the French flag floated above all the forts of the kingdom.

Fra Diavolo — after leading his band of three hundred men taken from the galleys, and committing crimes and depredations that could do little to restore Queen Caroline to the throne — was captured with letters on his person from both the queen and Sidney Smith, addressing him as

a colonel of the Sicilian army. He died like a coward, cursing these two for having urged him to his enterprise. Queen Caroline hesitated at no crime which promised her revenge. She hated Saliceti, and joined the Prince of Canosa in a plot to kill him by means of an infernal machine, which exploded and buried Saliceti's daughter in the ruins it made, and threw her husband to such a distance as rendered him insensible. Saliceti fell into the chasm opened by the explosion; but neither of the three were seriously hurt, and the only results of the murderous plot were the greater activity of the police, the discovery of conspiracies, and the prompt execution of those engaged in them. One assassin was arrested who had a letter from Caroline urging him to murder Joseph Bonaparte. He wore a bracelet which he said was a gift from the queen and made of her own hair.

While these disturbances were occurring, various reforms were made in the civil administration. The twelve codes of law which existed when Joseph became ruler were replaced by the Code Napoleon, which embodied the results of the advance of thought in the eighteenth century. Much attention was given to the establishment of schools, of various grades, for both sexes. When we remember that Giordano Bruno perished at the stake, that Tommaso Campanella was seven times tortured and imprisoned twenty-seven years, and that Pietro Giannone, who published his History of Naples in 1713, had been an exile and prisoner until his death, on account of his censure of the court of Rome, it is little wonder that ignorance prevailed in Naples under its tyrants. No favorable conditions for literature having existed for centuries, even the remembrance that this peninsula had once been the home of learning and the birthplace of great scholars had died out. Under the Hohenstaufen and the Aragonese feeble attempts had been made to revive the

ancient literature; but the viceroys and Bourbons had so stifled all good and great thought as to extinguish every aspiration, and during three centuries prior to 1806 no ruler of Naples had apprehended the value of education for the people.

Immediately after King Joseph had proclaimed his new constitution, he was recalled to France and made king of Spain. In July, 1808, he published the Statute of Bayonne, in which he expressed regret at leaving Naples before the results of his reign there could be shown. His wife and family had lived very quietly at Naples; but when it was known that this lady went to be Queen of Spain, she was treated with great respect. French and native troops lined the Toledo as she passed through it; many noble gentlemen and ladies attended her to the frontier, and a small number accompanied her to Bayonne.

This queen was the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Marseilles, and the sister-in-law of Bernadotte, King of Sweden. She led a quiet and blameless life, having no love for the ceremonies of a court; and as she never went to Spain, she was a reigning queen during her short stay in Naples only. After the many and great changes which occurred in the fortune and position of Joseph Bonaparte, he and his wife died in Florence, — he in 1844, and she a year later. Colletta calls attention to the contrast between the fate of this lady and that of many daughters of royal houses who were queens of Naples.

The Norman Constance, queen of the Emperor Henry, was betrayed in Salerno, and sent in chains to her enemy, King Tancred. Soon afterwards Sibilla was made a prisoner and carried to Germany with her young children. Helena, the wife of Manfred, was imprisoned in the Castel dell' Ovo, where she died. Sancia, the widow of Robert, was obliged to seek safety from the persecutions of her niece, Joanna, in a convent, where she ended her days;

The Castle of Ischia.

and the same Joanna, after a disgraceful life, was strangled, and her dead body exposed to public insults. Margaret, widow of Charles of Durazzo, was imprisoned at Gaeta; while Constance was repudiated by Ladislaus, and in spite of the great wealth she brought him, was reduced to poverty. Joanna II. was forced to banish her husband from her kingdom, and was attacked by her first adopted son Alphonso; her second adopted son Louis also proved himself her enemy; her lover was beheaded, and his body dragged through the streets; her favorite was murdered in the palace, and she died of grief. The wife of René of Anjou fled from Naples in order to save her life and freedom; while a second Isabella, after being imprisoned in France, was dependent on the charity of a few monks in Ferrara. Colletta says: "I remember to have seen in the little fortress on the rocky island of Ischia, two queens prisoners, and the last remnant of the proud race of Aragon humbled and degraded; and I have lived to see Caroline of Austria, three times a fugitive from Naples, die in exile, and cursed by her subjects."

After the departure of Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon soon sent another ruler to Naples. From Bayonne, July 15, 1808, the emperor published the decree: "We concede to our well beloved brother-in-law, Joachim Napoleon, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, the throne of Naples and of Sicily, vacant by the accession of Joseph Napoleon to the throne of Spain and of the Indies."

Joachim Murat did not delay his arrival, and on September 6 made his public entry into Naples. His reputation for bravery had preceded him, and his personal attractions predisposed the people in his favor. He wore no royal mantle, and in Spirito Santo, when Cardinal Firrao gave him the benediction, he stood erect on the steps of the throne, but with a reverent manner. During all the ceremonies attendant on his assumption of the

throne he carried himself as if born in a palace rather than in the cottage of a Gascon cooper.

Murat's first acts were beneficial, and encouraged the people to hope that in him they had found a benefactor, and when, shortly after, his queen, Caroline Bonaparte, arrived, she was welcomed with enthusiasm. The Neapolitans had heard of her prudence, gentleness, and beauty; and the charm of her bearing and the sight of her four lovely children appealed to her emotional subjects, and she became queen in their affections as well as in their palace.

Murat at once decided to seize Capri, the centre of plots for Ferdinand IV. and his allies, and the home of an army of robbers. He confided his plan to his minister of war, and to General Colletta, who was to lead the expedition. The English were so sure of their position that they called Capri the "Little Gibraltar." The taking of this island is one of the most interesting episodes of modern warfare; and on October 18, Colonel Lowe yielded himself and seven hundred and eighty soldiers as prisoners to be sent to Sicily on their parole not to fight against the Neapolitans nor the French nor their allies for a year and a day.

Murat carried on the reforms of Joseph, and lightened many oppressive burdens. He raised the standing of the military profession, which had been held in disdain so long as the army was recruited from the lowest classes; but now, when gentlemen became soldiers and good officers were honored with distinctions, the profession was much esteemed. Civil reforms and wise financial measures were inaugurated, and it seemed that a hopeful era had dawned upon Naples.

In 1809 an Anglo-Sicilian expedition appeared off the Calabrian coast, and excited alarm in the seaports, even to the capital. But the enemy was repulsed in a battle

which was watched from the shore by Murat, the queen, and thousands of people. Murat was meditating an attack on Sicily, and had he been fairly treated would doubtless have put an end to the outrageous conditions existing there. But Caroline of Austria had wearied of her life at Palermo and of the dictation of her allies, and entered into a correspondence with Napoleon, as appeared from a letter intercepted in Spain. It is asserted and believed by good authorities that she made a secret treaty with the emperor, agreeing to drive the English from Sicily if Naples were restored to her. She also engaged to govern Naples by French laws, as a confederate dependency of France. Of this scheme both Ferdinand and Murat were to be kept in ignorance.

When Murat began his preparations for an attack on Sicily, it devolved on Napoleon, as Caroline's ally, to prevent his accomplishment of this object. This was done through General Grenier, who received his orders from the emperor, and succeeded in frustrating Murat's plans until the autumn storms compelled him to give them up for that year.

Joachim suspected that Grenier had acted by Napoleon's commands, and determined, if possible, to make himself an independent sovereign of the kingdom of Naples. Early in 1811 he omitted the hoisting of the French colors, using those of Naples alone, and soon dismissed his French troops, and published a decree enforcing a condition of the Statute of Bayonne, — which he had sworn to support, — stipulating that foreigners, unless declared Neapolitan citizens, could not remain in Naples nor be paid for civil and military services. Napoleon was furious, and reminded Murat that he was a foreigner whom he, Napoleon, had established on the throne of Naples. Caroline Bonaparte was displeased and distressed, and used every means at her command to reconcile her husband and

brother. In the end Murat yielded, but his mortification was never forgotten nor forgiven; it was the cause of all his misfortunes, while to Napoleon the loss of Murat's friendship was an irretrievable calamity.

In 1812 Murat obeyed Napoleon's summons to join him in his Russian campaign, leaving Caroline as regent in his absence. But after the retreat from Moscow, Murat abandoned the army. Napoleon wrote to Caroline in great wrath, calling Murat everything but good. Joachim replied in a severe and dignified letter, in which he plainly showed Napoleon his absolute selfishness. After a time Caroline brought about an apparent reconciliation between these two high-spirited men, and in the following year Murat was again beside Napoleon on the battlefields of Silesia and Bohemia, and when, late in 1813, they separated — never to meet again in this life — they parted with mutual sentiments of sincere affection.

When Murat again reached Naples, he was advised and urged, both by Neapolitans and other Italians, to be the leader of a new movement, and make himself the ruler of a united Italy, — a thought which an Italian party ardently cherished. Alas! this was a hope to be long deferred. Here began a movement, which, if correctly recounted, would require a separate volume; the result, however, can be concisely given.

The English and Austrians so influenced Murat in the South, and Beauharnais in the North of Italy, that instead of uniting their forces and their aims, and working together for the unification of Italy, as they might have done, they were disunited. In the end they escaped from French control only to fall into the power of the two-headed eagle; and when, in 1814, the Italians hoped to choose their own ruler, they were commanded by Austria to receive those whom she would place over them. While Austria had thus mastered Italy, there had been plots

and counterplots, in which Murat, Lord Bentinck, Ferdinand IV., and Caroline of Austria, as well as Caroline Bonaparte, acting as regent at Naples, had all been involved. But all had been useless. There was nothing to be done but to await the decisions of the world-renowned Congress of Vienna, which were declared on June 9, 1815, by which Ferdinand, now to be known as Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies, was restored to the throne of Naples.

The story of the two Carolines, queens of Naples, is most interesting; and when we think of Caroline of Austria dying at the Castle of Hetzendorf, in September, 1814, with no one to soothe her agonies, and without the last rites of her religion, we cannot feel for her the pity which she gave to none in her cruel and monstrous life. No one regretted her death. The Emperor of Austria, her nephew, forbade mourning to be worn, lest it should shadow the gayety of his court. Her husband, two months later, married a Sicilian widow, who entered Naples as his queen when he returned to his throne under the protection of Austria.

Shortly before this event Murat had escaped to France; and Caroline Bonaparte — having secured the safety of her mother and other relatives, and left her children in the keeping of the garrison at Gaeta — embarked on an English vessel to sail for Trieste. While it still lay in the harbor she heard the rejoicings of the fickle populace, who welcomed the return of their old tyrant, and was, so to speak, the chief mourner at her own political funeral.

From Sicily Ferdinand had sent such decrees, and the Emperor of Austria through his agents had made such promises, that the Neapolitans believed that at last they were to have a kindly paternal government. Indeed, the Hapsburg and Bourbon sovereigns had solemnly pledged

their faith to this, and the returning king was met with acclamations of welcome.

The years which Ferdinand had passed in Sicily had brought great changes of thought to the world; but, Bourbon-like, the king ignored this, and in spite of his promises endeavored to re-establish his former tyranny. Ferdinand used all his old duplicity, and was met with like deceit by his subjects, from his ministers and judges down to the meanest brigand in his realm. No worse political conditions are possible than those under which Naples suffered after the return of the Despots.

A most painful episode of the year 1815 was that which ended in the death of Murat. A plan had been formed by which he was to land at Salerno, where his faithful followers were greatly discontented with the government. His projects were well known at Naples by means of a spy, who had followed his movements in Corsica, whence he sailed on September 28. He was driven out of his course by a storm. His fleet of six vessels was scattered, and he finally landed at Pizzo in Calabria, with but twenty-eight followers, — a small number with which to conquer a kingdom. Being coldly received on landing, he started for Monteleone, but was followed, cruelly insulted, and finally, after the bravest resistance, captured and imprisoned in the dungeons of the castle of Pizzo. After a mock trial, he was led forth and shot on October 14. He held in his hand a portrait of his family, which was buried with him in the church which he had erected at Pizzo five years before. Ferdinand gave lasting proofs of his satisfaction at the death of Murat. He decreed that Pizzo should be called "the most faithful city, that its civic imposts should be abolished, and that salt should be distributed to it every year free."

The Neapolitans had not ceased to mourn for Murat when the plague broke out, and raged violently during

eight months. The theatre of S. Carlo was burned in 1816, and fever and famine destroyed thousands of human beings in the same year. These calamities were regarded by the people as God's vengeance for the murder of Murat. The entire Neapolitan people were ill, depressed, and suffering, and at the mercy of a king who understood neither the causes of their condition nor the means by which it could be improved.

The Council of State held secret deliberations, and fawned on Ferdinand by proposing measures which they believed would be agreeable to him. The cabinet consisted of eight ministers and the Director of the Police; and as their position depended solely on the will of the king, they concealed everything that might tell against them. The Prince of Canosa, Director of Police, was most influential with Ferdinand. He had served him while in Sicily by collecting bands of ruffians, and landing them on Neapolitan soil; and he now employed the vilest men to carry out his schemes. It was he who had murdered Murat, and had made himself so notoriously a persecutor, that the foreign ambassadors at Naples remonstrated against him so strongly that the king was obliged to dismiss Canosa; but he gave him an annual pension of 60,000 crowns, and added new titles to those he already possessed.

Ferdinand was entirely responsible for the thousands of brigands, thieves, and assassins that infested the kingdom. He had constantly employed and paid them to harass Joseph and Murat; and after his return to Naples these rascals worked their will until even the Bourbon was ashamed, and took measures against them as secret and cruel as those he had permitted them to use against his enemies.

It is time to speak of the Carbonari, — the Charcoal-burners, as their name signifies, — a secret society which

first claimed attention about 1808, and after a short time had much to do with the political history of Naples. There were many secret societies in Italy; but the Carbonari were the most numerous and powerful of them all. They essayed making themselves reverend by claiming descent from a remote past, and reciting many untrustworthy legends regarding their origin, of which the time and place is unknown. Not so their object, which was to arouse the people to rebellion; and so rapidly did they increase, so many and widely scattered were their lodges, that the very name of Carbonaro soon inspired terror, and was carefully whispered, as is that of Fra Diavolo in the opera which perpetuates the memory of the famous brigand.

In Sicily, Ferdinand had connived with the Carbonari, hoping to make them instrumental in the overthrow of Murat. After his return to the throne, and the drift of his policy was apparent, they plotted against him; and as they could not frankly declare their revolutionary purposes, they claimed to be an ethical organization. Their confession of faith was simple, and the declarations of their aims has been translated as follows: —

"To render to Almighty God the worship due to Him; to serve the fatherland with zeal; to reverence religion and laws; to fulfil the obligations of nature and friendship; to be faithful to promises; to observe silence, discretion, and charity; to cause harmony and good morals to prevail; to conquer the passions and submit the will; and to abhor the seven deadly sins."

The chief lodge was at Salerno, and the entire society was divided into four "tribes." Carbonaro councils, senates, and courts were numerous. Nominally these Good Cousins — *Buoni Cugini*, as they called themselves — were to have a popular form of government, but were,

in fact, ruled by their ablest men. Thayer thus describes some of their customs: —

"The house where the meeting was held was called the *baracca*, or hut; the lodge itself was the *vendita*, or place of sale. . . . God was honored with the title of Grand Master of the Universe. Christ, an Honorary Grand Master, was known as the Lamb; and every Good Cousin pledged himself to rescue the Lamb from the jaws of the Wolf — tyranny, that is — which had long persecuted him. St. Theobald was patron of the society. There were commonly two degrees, that of the Apprentices and that of the Masters; but there were sometimes others, — in Sicily we hear of eleven, — lifted above the vulgar level. . . . The candidate for apprenticeship was conducted to the barrack by his master, and left awhile in the 'closet of reflection.' . . . Then he was brought, always bandaged, to the door of the lodge, in which was a slide whereby certain questions were put to him from within. Having answered these satisfactorily, he was admitted into the hall itself, where the Grand Master, seated before a huge tree-trunk, thus addressed him: 'Profane one! the first qualities we seek are sincerity of heart and a heroic constancy in scorning perils. Have you these?' The neophyte replied, 'Yes,' and was then dismissed to take his 'first journey.' On his return he was asked what he had observed. 'Noises and obstacles,' was his answer, which the Grand Master expounded in this wise: 'This first journey is the emblem of human life; the noise of the bones and the obstacles indicate that, being of frail flesh, as we swim in this vale of tears, we cannot arrive at virtue unless we be guided by reason and assisted by good works.' After that the neophyte must take a 'second journey,' in which he passed through a fire and beheld a trunkless human head, — the former symbolized charity, which purges the heart; the latter was a warning of the doom of traitors. Having been brought back to the lodge, he was made to kneel before the Grand Master's block, and to repeat the following oath: 'I swear and promise on the institution of this order in general, and on this steel (the axe which served the Grand Master as a gavel),

the punisher of perjurers, to keep scrupulously the secrets of the Carbonic Republic; not to write, grave, nor paint anything without having received written permission. I swear that I will succor my fellow-men, and especially the Good Cousins Carbonari, in case of their needs, and in so far as my means permit, and likewise not to attaint the honor of their families. If I prove forsworn, I consent that my body be hewn in pieces, then burnt, and my ashes scattered to the winds, that my name be held in execration by all Good Cousins on earth. And so God help me!' Then he demanded light, and was unbandaged in the middle of the room, where the members surrounded him, and brandished axes. 'These weapons,' the Grand Master explained, 'will serve to slay you if you perjure yourself; but they will fly to your aid if you prove faithful.' Then the badge, countersign, and grip were given."

After this ceremony a year of probation was necessary before the degree of Master could be obtained. The ceremonies attendant upon this occasion were a reproduction of the Passion of Christ, which was pursued to the binding on the cross, when the Good Cousins cried out that mercy must be shown, and the bandage being removed from the eyes, the candidate stood forth a Master Carbonaro.

The colors of the Carbonari were black, signifying charcoal and faith; red, fire and chastity; and blue, smoke and hope. Every implement used had its symbolic meaning; and in fact their system of symbolism was far-reaching, stretching from the sublime and impressive to the puerile and unmeaning. Their penalties were severe, and must be promptly paid, death being the sure result of treachery.

Many lodges were known by curious names, such as the Unshirted, the Sleepers, and the American Hunters, who numbered Lord Byron in their company. It is said that women organized societies; one existing at Naples under the name of the Gardeneresses, whose pots and sprinklers

were made mysterious by their symbolism. All Italy, France, Germany, and other countries were the homes of secret societies; but the first swarmed with them, and while presenting a somewhat hardened and indifferent appearance outwardly, it was, in reality, torn and convulsed within by vehement rebellion against present wrongs, and a growing determination toward better conditions.

However faithful to their oaths the Carbonari might be, so large an organization could not be wholly concealed; but while its existence was known to the sovereigns of Europe, its danger was not appreciated. Ferdinand, however, was in great fear of them; and his police director, Canosa, employed spies and money for their detection. His agents not only joined the society, but they stirred up dissension within it. Canosa established an opposition to the Carbonari in the secret society of the Calderari, or Tinkers, who also had their rites and oaths, and swore to befriend the Bourbons.

Had the Carbonari been blessed with a prudent and able leader, no limit can be placed to what they might have accomplished, having imbibed the revolutionary spirit, after being goaded to desperation by centuries of frightful oppression; but wanting such a leader all sorts of theories and disagreements sprung up in their lodges. Doubts and jealousies existed where confidence and good feeling alone could avail. They knew how actively Canosa pursued them, and they distrusted each other, in spite of the terrible fate which hung over a Carbonaro who violated the ironclad oaths he had taken.

Even the astute Metternich, when he made a progress through the kingdom in 1817, failed to apprehend the full significance of the society of the Carbonari. He perceived their want of union and their need of a leader. He argued that as they had accomplished little they would die out if left to themselves; and for a long time this

seemed to be true. There were occasional petty outbreaks; a few arrests were made, and all was quiet.

Ferdinand and the Pope fulminated decrees against all secret societies; the king threatened their leaders with death, and the pontiff declared the Carbonari irreligious and worthy of extreme punishment. To this the Carbonari replied with the question, "Was not the Christian Church a secret society from the time of its origin until Constantine's victory over Maxentius?"

At length, five years after Ferdinand's return, the fire which had smouldered was blown into a blaze by the news that the King of Spain had granted a constitution to the rebels who demanded it; and on July 2, 1820, a revolution was inaugurated at Nola, which so alarmed the king that in four days he guaranteed a constitution to his subjects. On the same day Ferdinand made Francis, Duke of Calabria, his regent, with full power. On July 7 Francis issued a decree promising to adopt the Spanish Constitution; and to allay the suspicions of the people, the king made a proclamation ratifying the acts of his son.

On July 9 General Pepe, who had long been a Carbonaro, led the entire army and the Carbonari through the streets of Naples in a triumphal procession. The royal family appeared on a balcony of the palace, wearing stars in the Carbonari colors, which the Duchess of Calabria had made. The regent received General Pepe, and led him to the bedside of the king, who was feigning illness. Ferdinand thanked Pepe — the real head of the Carbonari, who had feared arrest but four days before, and now knelt to kiss the old king's hand — for having done a great service to his king and his country, and gave him the supreme command of the army. The wretched Ferdinand then thanked God that he had permitted him to do this noble work in his old age.

Pepe left this audience raised to a height which made him a target for envy and jealousy. He was not the wise and dauntless man that the needs of the hour demanded, and the disturbances among his followers soon proved that the training of secret societies is not an adequate preparation for the leader of a great political movement.

However, on July 13, when Ferdinand heard Mass in the royal chapel, and before the altar, with his hands on the Bible, in the presence of the court, the Junta, and the generals, took the following oath, the people could but believe him sincere, and rejoice accordingly: —

"'I, Ferdinand of Bourbon, by the grace of God and by the Constitution of the Neapolitan monarchy, King of the Two Sicilies, with the name of Ferdinand I., swear, in the name of God and on the Holy Evangelists, that I will defend and preserve the Constitution. Should I act contrary to my oath and contrary to any article in this Constitution, I ought not to be obeyed; and every act by which I contravened it would be null and void. Thus doing, may God aid and protect me, otherwise may he call me to account.' He then prayed: 'Omnipotent God, who with thine infinite gaze readest the soul and the future, if I lie or intend to break this oath, do thou at this instant hurl on my head the lightnings of thy vengeance.' Again he kissed the Bible, and meekly said to General Pepe, 'General, believe me, this time I have sworn from the bottom of my heart.'"

Such is the account which Poggi gives of this scene, which was made even more impressive by the repetition of the oath by the regent and his brother, the Prince of Salerno. The old king then embraced his sons and blessed them, while tears were plainly seen running from the eyes of these three Bourbons, magnificent actors as they were.

The Carbonari exulted; they paraded the streets in uniform; their orators made public addresses; thousands

hastened to join their ranks, and *vendite* were established everywhere. Social barriers were broken down; men hitherto divided by impassable chasms exchanged grips and watchwords. Even the Church seemed to pardon and accept what it had cursed so recently. A celebration was granted the Good Cousins; and when they had filled a church a priest blessed them, while other priests joined the procession, wearing rosaries and poniards, and carrying tricolored banners.

During the summer a much more orderly condition than had existed for a long time was maintained in the kingdom of Naples; the credit of this was accorded to the Carbonari, whose customs also changed the appearance of the people. Beards and hair seemed greatly to thrive under the summer sun, and the barbers were left without an occupation. In point of fact, the various parties, the king and viceroy, the Bourbonists and Republicans, were no more harmonious in feeling than formerly, but each deemed it prudent to be quiet and await events.

The first constitutional Parliament was opened on October 1, in the church of Santo Spirito; and it takes on vast proportions when we reflect that it was the first representative body of constitutionally elected Italians that met in this century, which has since brought so many changes to all Italy. But if we look for any great results from the deliberations of these men, we shall be disappointed. They were like children who had not learned their letters, but were still trying to read; they passed their days in inconsequential arguments for and against everything that was proposed for their consideration.

Meantime the sovereigns of Europe, angry at the existing conditions in Naples, met and consulted each other at Troppau, where Metternich was the ruling spirit, and

decided to ask Ferdinand to join them at Laybach. It is said that Ferdinand had begged this invitation, and it is certain that he had written Metternich that he desired to leave Naples; he also besought the interference of Austria to restore him to the throne and re-establish his despotism. The Parliament consented to the king's journey to Laybach, stipulating only that before his departure he should renew his oath to the Constitution. This he did in writing, and volunteered a promise that in case the other monarchs would not consent to the wishes of the Neapolitans, he would return to make common cause with them. The king sailed on December 14, with the Carbonari ribbons fluttering on his cowardly breast.

The Laybach conference resulted as might have been foretold by any statesman. The Austrian army entered Naples by the Capuan Gate, March 23, 1821, and thousands of men were hastening to be rid of the long hair and beards of the Carbonari; the barbers alone profited by the success of Ferdinand and Metternich. They had triumphed over many thousands of Neapolitans, who had a dim perception of the liberty they ought to enjoy, and were groping like blind men after the means for securing it. Ferdinand could not properly estimate the subjects he had so long oppressed, but Metternich should have known that a new government for Italy could not be long deferred. But even Metternich failed to perceive the full significance of what had happened. When leaving Laybach he carelessly wrote: "While military operations are going on a minister takes his holidays. The Neapolitan war gave me eight days; the Piedmontese only four. Everybody must acknowledge that no time has been lost." He had forgotten that although "the mills of the gods grind slowly," when once in motion they do not cease to grind.

After the Austrian occupation of Naples, Ferdinand

remained at Florence, and consulted Prince Canosa on the policy now to be followed. The real conflict had not been between the Neapolitans and their actual oppressors; it had been the conflict of the awakening desire for freedom with European autocracy, as represented at the Congress of Laybach. As yet the time was not ripe; the new thought was not strong enough to cope with the old. The revolution of the Carbonari would have failed had their leaders been a hundred fold greater and better than they were. Having been overpowered, they must be punished and made an example to intimidate all men who dared to dream of freedom.

The sovereigns at the Congress had advised a firm but clement treatment, which seems like a satire on their part if they understood the nature of the beast, Ferdinand, while the mention of mercy to Canosa was sufficient to render him furious; he considered it a privilege to be the instrument of wrath, and was only satisfied by its extremest indulgence. Every promise and treaty that Ferdinand had made were broken, and all men who had been suspected of a wish for a change of government since 1793 were proscribed. The leaders of the revolt who had been honored in the previous July by Ferdinand and the Duke of Calabria were now denounced as traitors; no assembly of any kind was permitted, even the educational institutions being closed. All imaginable horrors ensued; the low creatures who were base enough to turn against their late confederates were made judges; the accused were not permitted to face their accusers; sentences were pronounced by a single judge, and no appeal allowed; spies were everywhere; search was made without warrant, and even the secrets of the confessional were divulged; the bells tolled for executions without ceasing, and public scourging was revived by Canosa. This *frusta* had been so long disused that the oldest living men had

forgotten it, and the young had not heard of it. Imagine the effect of a scene which Colletta thus describes: —

"At midday, in the populous Via di Toledo, a large detachment of German soldiers were seen, drawn up in military array; next to them stood the assistant of the executioner, who at intervals blew a trumpet, and a little behind him more Germans and several officers of police, who surrounded a man naked from the waist upwards, his feet bare, his wrists tightly bound, and with all the badges of the Carbonari hung round his neck; he wore a tricolored cap, on which was inscribed in large letters 'Carbonaro.' This unhappy man was mounted on an ass, and followed by the executioner, who, at every blast of the trumpet, scourged his shoulders with a whip made of ropes and nails, until his flesh was stained with his blood, and his agony was shown by his pallor, while his head sank on his breast. The mob followed this procession in silent horror. Respectable citizens fled, or prudently concealed their pity and disgust. If any asked the meaning of the punishment, they were told the person flogged was a Carbonaro, a gentleman from the provinces (and a gentleman he appeared to be both in face and person), who, after being scourged, was to suffer the penalty of the galleys for fifteen years; and this not by the sentence of a magistrate, but by the order of the Prince of Canosa, minister of police, who had just arrived in the city."

On the two following days other scourgings occurred, and even the brutal Austrian soldiers stayed away from these spectacles. All over the kingdom the reign of terror was fully established; and the Austrian officers, being suspicious of all Neapolitans, so filled the prisons that the speediest processes for executions were devised in order to make room for new victims. At first the prisoners were from the lower classes; but when Canosa asked Ferdinand if he could punish without restriction, the king answered in one word, "Punish." General Colletta and many other prominent officials were sent to Austrian

prisons; men who were innocent of any political action feared to remain at home, so unjust were the punishments, and feared to flee as that would expose their families to untold persecution. Violent measures were instituted against books which inculcated a love of freedom, and severe punishments were inflicted upon those who possessed them. Many of these were secretly destroyed, while others were carried to the Piazza Medina to be burned, and a heavy duty was put on foreign publications.

Relying upon the protection of the Austrian soldiers, Ferdinand returned to Naples. His entrance was celebrated with magnificence, and flattering addresses were made to him by those who feared to do otherwise. We can but think that he realized that those who flattered would gladly have stabbed him; ever after this day he used every possible precaution to protect himself from violence. He at once gave the care of the public education into the hands of the Jesuits, and was most punctilious in his religious observances. He made a present of 200,000 ducats to the commander of the Austrian forces, but showed no mercy to any Neapolitans, unless the occasional change of the death sentence to the living death of the galleys could be called merciful.

On the name-day of the king, May 30, he issued a general pardon to all his subjects except the soldiers and Carbonari who had been engaged in the late revolution; these were seized in a day, and the so-called "Monteforte trial" begun. Its details cannot be given here. It lasted three months, and resulted in most cruel punishments to those Italians who had made the first organized struggle for liberty. The king passed the short remnant of his days in fear for his life, torturing his people by his tyranny, and daily adding to his infamy. Thayer thus describes his condition: —

"Ferdinand passed the later years of his infamous reign as if repudiated by the God and saints to whom he built churches, and as if even Orcus itself loathed to receive him. Despised by his parasites and by the princes whom he pompously entertained, and hated by his subjects, he strove to banish his terrors of death by the follies of the buffoon, by the antics of his pet bears, and by the droning of his priests. Such was the king, and such the government, that the Allied Powers of Europe — Austria, Prussia, Russia, France, and England — imposed on Naples during the fifth lustre of the nineteenth century."

On the morning of Jan. 4, 1825, the king was found dead, the condition of his bed and the appearance of his body showing that the death struggle had been fierce and long. At first the people could not believe that such good news could be true, and many so manifested their joy that they were arrested and punished as promptly as the new king was proclaimed.

When the length of Ferdinand's reign is considered, the public works which are associated with it are utterly insignificant. He gave the name Museo Reale Borbonico to a museum already established, and built the uninteresting church of S. Francesco di Paola. The Piazza del Plebiscito was constructed during his reign; and his equestrian statue erected there — the horse by Canova and the rider by Calì — serves to remind the present generation of the tyranny from which it has escaped. Many streets and roads were laid out and improved between 1759 and 1825; but it is not possible to say precisely what was due to each of the sovereigns and regents who were in authority during those sixty-six weary years.

There was little to be hoped from the reign of Francis I., who was already well known to the Neapolitans. He was more cunning and cruel than his father, if that were possible, and his reign of five years may be dismissed in

a paragraph. He left the kingdom in a worse state than he found it. The people, sunk in poverty and superstition, lived in dread of the scaffold and the foreign soldiers, while the aristocracy pursued a life of vice and pleasure. There is a certain satisfaction in knowing that this king was not happy during an hour of his reign. He sufficiently appreciated his treachery to the Liberals to inspire him with an abject fear of their revenge. He dared not pass through the streets until assured of safety by the minister of police, and he so dreaded poison that he would eat no food unless prepared and tasted in his presence by Catherine de Simone, a low chambermaid.

The Porto Militare was begun by Francis in 1826, but has been so much enlarged and improved that it can now by no means be considered a monument to his reign.

Politically, the Neapolitan kingdom was a dependant of Austria, and year after year incurred an enormous debt for the support of the army of its ruler. In 1827 this debt had reached the sum of 74,000,000 ducats. As time brought still greater burdens and miseries to the Liberals, and their want of union and sufficient organization restricted them as with an iron hand, their discontent and determination also increased. Their best men were acquiring greater wisdom, and all were gaining in energy, while awaiting a new turn of the wheel of fate, which should bring the occasion for the conflict which must come between the Italians and the tyrants.

CHAPTER VIII.

FERDINAND II., FRANCIS II., GARIBALDI, VICTOR EMMANUEL II., AND HUMBERT I.

1830–1894.

IT was natural that each new king should be welcomed by a people who constantly hoped for a better government, and Ferdinand II. was received with enthusiasm. He was young, and they believed him to be of a kindly nature; at least he could assume that bearing. He dismissed the unworthy creatures who had surrounded his father, and abolished certain of his extravagant customs; he permitted the soldiers to wear moustaches; he remitted the poll-tax, and instituted other reforms, which so commended him to his people that they called him "the new Titus."

The Liberals so rejoiced in what they believed him to be that they even proposed that he should join them, and become the sovereign of all Italy. To this he replied that it was impossible, as he "should not know what to do with the Pope."

But alas! the veil of *couleur de rose* in which he had enfolded himself soon dropped off, and it was seen that he cared for no reform that did not increase his power and prestige. He remodelled the army, and appointed many new officers. He made the *memory* of Ignatius Loyola a field-marshal, and paid the salary of the position to the Jesuits. He selected despicable men for

his advisers. His confessor, Monsignor Cocle, used his office for his own ends, and endeavored to control the king, as did Delcarretto, the minister of police. By flattery and by indulging the worst traits of Ferdinand's nature, each one succeeded in turn. Offices were openly bought and sold, and all departments of the public service were full of corruption. Delcarretto made his son of ten years a bank treasurer with a salary of 6,000 ducats; and when these abuses were reported to the king, he seemed to be simply amused by them.

At the same time he displayed great anxiety for the public morals. He published severe edicts against immoral women, apparently that they might pay enormous bribes to be let alone. He prescribed unbecoming costumes for the ballet-dancers, in order to make them less attractive and dangerous than they had sometimes proved to the young Neapolitans. His own manners were extremely rude. He is said to have pulled a stool away just as the queen was about to sit on it, and to have laughed immoderately when she fell to the floor. She exclaimed, "I thought I had married a king, not a lazzarone." He amused himself in the most undignified ways, frequently caning the legs of an attendant in order to see him hop about in pain.

When the Liberals rightly understood the king's character, many conspiracies were formed, even that of killing him; but there was always a traitor who disclosed these plots, and the indescribably filthy and cruelly managed prisons were crowded with those who were simply suspects, as well as those known to be plotters. In a word, the confessor and the police director ruled the king, and thus ruled the kingdom. But prison bars could not fetter thought nor daunt the free-thinkers; the principles which Joseph Mazzini had formulated in his cell at Savona, and to which he had given life in the Society of Young Italy

— Italia Giovine — although slow in their effect, especially on the debased Neapolitans, were still ruling the hearts and shaping the lives of thousands; and by the following oath the members of this society swore to further its aims: —

"In the name of God and of Italy; in the name of all the martyrs of the holy Italian cause who have fallen beneath foreign and domestic tyranny; by the duties which bind me to the land wherein God has placed me, and to the brothers whom God has given me; by the love — innate in all men — I bear to the country that gave my mother birth, and will be the home of my children; by the hatred — innate in all men — I bear to evil, injustice, usurpation, and arbitrary rule; by the blush that rises to my brow when I stand before the citizens of other lands, to know that I have no rights of citizenship, no country, and no national flag; by the aspiration that thrills my soul towards that liberty for which it was created, and is impotent to exert, — towards the good it was created to strive after, and is impotent to achieve in the silence and isolation of slavery; by the memory of our former greatness, and the sense of our present degradation; by the tears of Italian mothers for their sons dead on the scaffold, in prison, or in exile; by the sufferings of the millions, etc."

By all these sacred considerations the members of Young Italy swore to keep its secrets and obey its officers.

Mazzini was a Carbonaro; but his broad views impelled him to formulate a creed looking to the union of all Italy. Imprisoned, he had time for reflection; exiled in London, he led a life of such untiring and ceaseless activity as few men have passed. Thayer well summarizes his work and character when he says: —

"Proscribed in Piedmont, expelled from Switzerland, denied lodging in France, he took refuge in London, there to direct, amid poverty and heartache, the whole vast scheme of plots. His bread he earned by writing critical and literary essays for

the English reviews, — he quickly mastered the English language so as to use it with remarkable vigor, — and all his leisure he devoted to the preparation of political tracts, and to correspondence with numberless confederates. He watched the symptoms of every port of Italy; he studied the map and laid out campaigns; he shipped arms and munition to various points; he indited proclamations, concerted signals, enrolled volunteers, instigated, encouraged, and counselled. He was the consulting physician for all the revolutionary practitioners of Europe. . . . The best proof of his power lies in the anxiety he caused monarchs and cabinets, and the precautions they took to guard against him. Their spies lurked in his shadow; they even induced the British postmaster-general to open his letters, — a baseness which prevents the name of Graham from being forgotten; they sowed reports reeking with terrible insinuations against his character and methods. . . . Mazzini denied the charge that he approved or condoned political assassination, although he admitted that he had given money and a dagger to a young fanatic, Gallenga, who had vowed to kill Charles Albert. In friendly intercourse he was so gentle, so unselfish, so insistent in matters spiritual, that the few persons who knew him well, could not believe that he would descend to criminal methods in order to compass his reforms, which were essentially moral.

"Mazzini and Metternich! For nearly twenty years they were the antipodes of European politics. One, in his London garret, poor, despised, yet indomitable and sleepless, sending his influence like an electric current through all barriers to revivify the heart of Italy and of Liberal Europe; the other in his Vienna palace, haughty, famous, equally alert and cunning, with all material and hierarchical powers to aid him, shedding over Italy and over Europe his upas-doctrines of torpor and decay! . . . Then, as so often before in human history, the Champion of the Past, — arrogant, materialist, and self-satisfied, but waning, — had a palace to his dwelling, while the Apostle of the Future found only a cheap lodging and an exile's welcome in a foreign land."

In 1836 the cholera broke out in the Neapolitan kingdom, and raged with great violence during the following year. In Naples alone, 13,800 perished in five months. The fear of it destroyed all human feeling. The dearest and nearest deserted each other when attacked by the plague; priests no longer fulfilled their offices; the poor stricken wretches suffered their agonies and died alone; corpses remained unburied until their stench warned men of the danger of leaving them above ground; ditches were dug, the bodies thrown in, and quicklime shovelled over them. The silence of the city was broken only by the shrieks of agony, the rumble of the death-carts, and the fall of the bodies thrown out to them. Many men, mad with fear, attempted to forget all these horrors in debauchery, and the few whose nobility of character led them to serve their fellows, while awaiting their own doom, merit remembrance and blessing whenever these frightful days are recalled.

Meantime the conduct of the king and his advisers had destroyed all the hopes that had centred in him. While mentally more vigorous than his predecessors, he was equally cruel and selfish, and it was plain that so long as the autocrats of Europe would support him, he would rule by corruption and barbarity over a people who were regarded as the veriest ulcer among the diseased nations of his time.

Ferdinand affected a rigid personal morality, and ruled his household accordingly. He was one of those who

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

His chief sin was avarice. He hesitated at nothing that could increase his wealth; he reduced his people to the lowest depths of ignorance rather than pay for an education which might make them more difficult to govern;

and the censorship of the press in the hands of Delcarretto made repression easy and complete.

In June, 1844, the plot of the Bandiera was revealed to the Neapolitan government through the despicable act of Sir James Graham, who opened Mazzini's letters, betrayed their contents, and added to his cowardly conduct by reclosing the letters and sending them to Mazzini. Thus, when the conspirators landed in Calabria, they were met by a spy sent for that purpose, who betrayed them to the police.

But from the nine murdered bodies crowded into a single grave, and the eight living men cast into a foul dungeon to rot alive, an influence went forth through all Italy such as tyrants cannot afford to ignore. The story of their heroism, as they went to their execution singing, —

"Chi per la patria muore,
Ha già vissuto assai;"

"He who for his country dies,
Has already lived long enough;"

and that of the undaunted courage of Lupatelli, — who found himself standing alone above the corpses of his companions when the smoke of the first volley cleared away, and in a ringing voice called out, "Fire again!" — was repeated in undertones from one man to another from the Bay of Naples to the Alps, and from the east to the west of all Italy. These tales aroused such a flame of enthusiasm for the cause in which these men had died as no Bourbon and Metternich combined could ever extinguish.

A new influence which was quietly permeating all Italy emanated from the writings of Mazzini, Gioberti, Balbo, D'Azelio, and Galeotti, which by one method and another made their way past all censors and inspectors, and reached the hands of the people, who were thus

cheered and encouraged in their determination to resist their tyrants.

In June, 1846, when Pius IX. came to the papal throne, he declared a general amnesty for all political offenders. Ferdinand did not permit the publication of this amnesty in Naples. He allowed no honor to be shown to Pius by his people; he forbade the sale of prints or busts of the Pope, and printed eulogies of Pius had to be smuggled across the frontiers and read in secrecy. Reverently to name the Vicegerent of Heaven exposed a Neapolitan to suspicion and arrest.

In 1847 events marched rapidly all over Italy, and the King of Naples suffered agonies of apprehension; and in spite of all that he could do, — including the bombardments which gave him his title of King Bomba, — he was compelled, in 1848, to give the Neapolitans a Constitution. Ferdinand acted his part well, always intending to betray his people at the earliest opportunity; and those who had scarcely ceased cursing him now shouted his praises vehemently. On February 24, in the church of S. Francesco di Paola, the king swore to defend the Constitution, which guaranteed his people freedom of the press, trial by jury, ministerial responsibility, parliamentary representation and institutions. The young men applauded Bomba, but the older men remembered that this same solemn ceremony and sacred oath had been turned into a farce by the grandfather of this Ferdinand.

But the Neapolitans did not know how to be freemen and republicans, and all sorts of puerile dissatisfactions arose to embarrass those who might have guided them to better things. The Constitution seemed to mean Heaven to the body of the people; and when this blessing had been given them, and sworn to by the king, they looked for such immediate results as should feed the hungry, clothe the naked, abolish taxes, increase trade, and bring universal

prosperity. The confusion that reigned was epitomized in a sentence by Charles Poerio, when he resigned from the cabinet. "Among the people which shouts, the king who deceives, and the ministers who do not know what they are doing, there is no place for an honest man."

We cannot trace the story of these days step by step; but the overpowering interest of this period, all over Italy, cannot be overestimated. The whole Neapolitan Peninsula was in a state of exaltation and hope, never before known. The northern Italians and the Venetians were now one with the Neapolitans in their determination to expel the Austrians from their country; and a beautiful vision of Italy, free and united, rose before all patriotic eyes. Alas that it was but a mirage, — albeit a prophetic one, — to become reality only after long years of brave endurance and patriotic heroism.

Ferdinand could not ignore the War of Independence, and on April 7 he issued a manifesto declaring his determination to work with his might for the liberation of Italy. He called himself *Italiano e soldato*, — an Italian and a soldier, — and despatched a regiment to join the Tuscans, while he secretly did everything in his power to frustrate the plans of the patriots. He constantly found means to delay the departure of troops, and in the end sent less than a third of the 40,000 he had promised.

Meantime the Neapolitan elections were held, and Parliament was to be opened on May 15. An uneasy feeling prevailed among all classes. The Liberals did not trust the king, and he was exulting in the thought that his day of triumph was not far distant. His agents lost no opportunity to arouse the suspicions and passions of the people. The soldiers were told that a constitutional government should have no need of an army, while the press so abused the soldiers that they were frequently insulted, and an absolute feud was created between the army and the

people. Other agents of Bomba told the people that their religion was in danger, since the Liberals were as inimical to the Pope and the Church as to the king. On the day of S. Januarius the miracle did not take place as usual; only after a long delay and great anxiety was this favor of Heaven vouchsafed. Thus, as May 15 approached, great excitement prevailed in all classes, and the few true patriots who had hoped for a better government suffered untold anxieties. Difficulties arose about the form of oath to be taken; but finally, late on the evening of the 14th, Bomba consented that the Parliament should be opened the next day, and the oath omitted until the united Legislature should decide upon its form.

But the king clandestinely ordered out the troops, and his agents incited the people to construct barricades; these were soon thrown up along the Toledo, and other preparations made for defence. The deputies attempted to quiet the people with the news that the king had granted their request. They then petitioned the king to withdraw the troops, but he replied that it was not possible so long as the barricades remained.

In the morning the deputies assembled at Mont-Oliveto, and sent a proclamation to be signed by the king according to his promise of the preceding evening. Bomba had again changed his mind; in fact, he was secretly preparing to leave Naples. Some of his effects were already on board his ships, and he only delayed his departure in order to attend a Mass to the Virgin.

Suddenly a shot was heard from the barricades, which is believed to have been fired by a servant of Bomba's uncle; and at once the royal guards began firing on the people. The national guards discharged their guns in return, and a battle ensued between the royal and national troops. The red flag, the signal of war, was hoisted on the castles, and their guns fired on the city. The contest

soon became a massacre, in which old and young, men, women, and children, were slaughtered alike. In the palace Bomba suffered the keenest alarm until assured of the success of his schemes. Then his courage revived, and when the ministers begged him to stop the carnage and order his troops to their quarters, he replied: "The time for clemency is past, and the people must now render an account for their actions."

The troops surrounded the palace in which the deputies were assembled, and threatened them with death, in answer to which they sent requests for the cessation of the massacre to the authorities of Naples and to the French admiral, whose ships were in the port. At evening a message from the king desired them to withdraw; this they refused to do without a written order, after which they were threatened with forcible removal. They then drew up a dignified protest against the monarch "who had attacked the rights of the elected of the nation by fire and sword, had stifled liberty, and betrayed the Constitution."

The most terrible slaughter continued. Human beings of all conditions were dropped into wells, thrown from windows, and stabbed in their beds; many, but half murdered, perished in their burning houses. The Palazzo Gravina was sacked and burned, and the Lazzaroni went from house to house, carrying off whatever they wished of their contents, and then setting them on fire. A search for Saliceti was perseveringly made, the assassins saying that they had promised his head to Bomba, while members of the national guard were shot in the fosse of Castel Nuovo. From the moment that the king felt himself to be the master, he devoted his energies to lopping off every offshoot of liberalism. The full terrors of his vengeance were not known until years later, when Mr. Gladstone called this period of Bourbon government

"the negation of God." In the end the former tyranny, with all its worst features, was re-established.

A second election took place, and Parliament met only to be prorogued without results, and finally adjourned to February, 1849. On November 27, the king and royal family, with 1,400 soldiers, proceeded to Gaeta to welcome Pius IX., who had fled from Rome after deserting the national cause, and now sought protection from Bomba, who, together with Cardinal Antonelli, completely ruled his Holiness. A week later Carlo Poerio wrote:

"Our misery has reached such a climax that it is enough to drive us mad. Every faculty of the soul revolts against the ferocious reactionary movement, the more disgraceful from its execrable hypocrisy. . . . The laws have ceased to exist; the statute is buried; a licentious soldiery rules over everything, and the press is constantly employed to asperse honest men. . . . Another night of St. Bartholomew is threatened to all who will not sell body and soul. We deputies are resolved to die in our places in Parliament rather than sacrifice the rights of the nation; our last cry will be for the freedom of our country; our blood will bear fruit."

These conditions, and worse, existed until the people sank into an apathy induced by their helpless discouragement. After the Austrian victory at Novara in March, 1849, Bomba felt himself secure in his place, and resumed the infliction of such cruelties as we are weary of reciting. The true story of the barbarism of Bomba and his tools, in the middle of the nineteenth century, could not be believed was it not attested to by men whose truth cannot be doubted. Fortunately, many patriots escaped into exile, and were able to keep the desire and determination for liberty alive in the hearts of the Neapolitans until a leader, or rather a savior, should arise who could guide them to freedom.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the battle of Novara, which apparently tightened the Austrian fetters more surely than ever on Italy, should also have conferred the power to act on Victor Emmanuel, — that last Duke of Savoy, who came to the throne of Sardinia under the shadow of a great humiliation, but was destined to accomplish a glorious work for his country, and to die the first king of United Italy.

It has been related that as Victor Emmanuel rode from the field of Novara, defeated and followed by the shattered remnants of his regiments, he brandished his sword towards the Austrians, and with a deep curse cried out, *Ma l'Italia sarà!* It matters little whether this tale was precisely true or not, since we now know the strength of his determination that *Italy should be.* From that very night, when his father in his royal tent, with his generals around him, presented his son to them, and said, "Gentlemen, behold your sovereign," the thought of the young Prince never wavered from his one aim, which was only accomplished twenty-two years later, when he entered Rome as King. When, as in his address to the last Parliament which met at Florence, he could say: —

"With Rome as the capital of Italy, I have fulfilled my promise, and crowned the enterprise which, three and twenty years ago, was undertaken by my illustrious father. My heart, as a king and as a son, is filled with a solemn exultation at having to salute here, for the first time, representatives assembled from all parts of our beloved country, and at being able to say to them, Italy is free and united; henceforth it depends upon us alone to make her also great and prosperous."

We return to Naples, and to the circumstances which led to the union of that kingdom with the government of Sardinia and Central Italy. King Bomba survived Novara ten years, and died in 1859. He was succeeded by his son,

Francis II., another genuine Bourbon. To him Count Cavour proposed an offensive and defensive alliance with Piedmont; this the king declined, adhering to the Austrian alliance with the obstinate stupidity of his race.

It is doubtful if the part which Victor Emmanuel and Cavour took in promoting the union of Naples with the rest of Italy has yet been fully understood. No exact history of political events of such importance is likely to be written in the century in which they occur. There were excellent reasons against their appearing as the chief promoters of this movement, and yet they must have fully sympathized with the Sardinian Chancellor of the Exchequer, who said to the Neapolitan Minister of Finance, "Either you or I must go; there is not room for both of us in Italy."

But let the interior historical truth be what it may, it is a delight to re-read the story, and imagine the experiences of those days when Garibaldi entered Naples triumphantly and put Francis II. to flight before the forts had been surrendered to him or the army of the cowardly king had been defeated. There is no doubt that this army could have driven Garibaldi and his "thousand of Marsala" into the sea; but without encountering an enemy Garibaldi reached Naples, and on September 7, 1860, drove slowly through the streets in an open carriage, passing beneath the guns of the Castel Nuovo, while the gunners awaited the order to fire on the intruders, — an order that was never given. Delightful as the romance of the story thus related is, a second thought proposes several questions. Would Garibaldi have taken such foolhardy risks had he not known that the Neapolitans were ready to welcome him, that the king's troops were at Gaeta, and that Victor Emmanuel and his army were ready to give him all necessary support?

The government of Naples was not overcome; it fell to pieces like the card house of the child: it had no supports. From the king to the lowest official all were corrupt, demoralized; and the people were too degraded to have opinions to defend. The few intelligent Neapolitans were but too anxious that their peninsula should make a part of the New Italy, and all who thought at all believed that submission to Garibaldi was the first step towards being ruled by Victor Emmanuel. All this, seen from to-day, does not lessen the heroism of Garibaldi in making his attack; he could not have known that he could march from Marsala to Naples with but a single skirmish. He could neither have anticipated nor hoped that the Swiss regiments and the Neapolitan soldiers would be but men of straw before his red-shirted followers, and his action was that of a brave and unselfish patriot. Conqueror as he was, Garibaldi might have followed a course which would have brought still other miseries to the debased and pitiable Neapolitans. A less loyal and honest nature than his would have been sorely tempted in his position. There were those, among whom was Mazzini, who wished him to declare a Republic at Naples, — an act which could have brought no benefits, and would have delayed the unification of his beloved Italy.

The king having fled, the government devolved on Garibaldi, whether he would or no. He declared himself Dictator; and as soon as this was known, adventurers and Red Republicans flocked about him in large numbers. Great as had been the misrule of Naples, it had never been more deplorable than during the Dictatorship of Garibaldi, and nothing now seems more absurd than his demand for a continuance in office for two years, and the dismissal of Count Cavour from his position at Turin. The wisdom of Cavour and Victor Emmanuel brought about an immediate convocation of Parliament, and a vote for the

annexation of the Two Sicilies to the Kingdom of United Italy without delay.

By the time that this was accomplished other circumstances had arisen which made it impossible for Garibaldi, had he wished it, to oppose the decisions made at Turin. Francis II., after taking refuge in the fortress of Gaeta, was inspired by the courage of his young queen to attempt resistance to Garibaldi. His troops were massed at Gaeta and Capua; and insufficient as their action was, with no competent general to command them, they were yet too formidable a foe for Garibaldi to overcome. The Neapolitans afforded him no support; his curious volunteer army gradually diminished when the siege of Capua gave it real work to do; and but for the advance of the Sardinian army, the Dictator's position would soon have been hopeless.

Three weeks after Garibaldi entered Naples, Ancona surrendered to the army of Victor Emmanuel. The king at once proceeded to that city, and issued a proclamation to the people of the Two Sicilies, informing them of his immediate approach. Taking command of his troops, and crossing the Tronto, he advanced to the Bay of Naples with no other hindrance than that of the almost impassable roads. He was received joyfully. At Teano Garibaldi met him, and in spite of the embarrassments that must have existed for both of them, they entered Naples on November 7, and drove through the city, side by side, in an open carriage. But Garibaldi well knew that the enthusiasm of their reception was awakened by the presence of the king; and early next morning he quietly sailed for Caprera, his island home, asking only that the officers of his forces should have the same rank in the royal army that they had held in his. For himself he refused the honors which the king would gladly have conferred on him.

Victor Emmanuel left Naples before the New Year. The fall of Gaeta and the surrender of the other fortresses completed the annexation of the Two Sicilies to the Italian Monarchy, and from that time there has been but one sovereign and one court in all Italy. Thus has the desire of Manzoni been fulfilled: —

> "No more let place be found where barriers rise to sever
> Italian from Italian soil henceforth forever!"

With all that has been accomplished for Italy under the determined struggles and the reign of the *Re galantuomo*, — the honest king, — as well as during the wise and equable rule of Humbert I., there are still great needs in the Neapolitan peninsula, as is patent to the most superficial observer. But when we remember that here in 1863 ninety per cent of the population could neither read nor write, and that not only their mental but also their moral intelligence had been extinguished, we cannot wonder that thirty-one years have not brought all the desirable changes, — we may rather congratulate the Neapolitans, and ourselves be grateful, that the leaven of Freedom and Unity is doing its work; and that this land of beauty, — whose spell has fascinated all who have come within its reach, from the dawn of the ages until now, — having attained the majority of its independence, is rapidly gaining the stature of a stalwart manhood.

CHAPTER IX.

NEAPOLITAN LIFE.

THE beauty of Naples and its immediate surroundings is best appreciated when approaching it from the sea. As one passes between the two natural guardians of the Bay of Naples, — the islands of Capri and Ischia, — he sees in the glorious panorama before him numerous types of the works of God and man. In the background are distant snowy mountains, while near at hand the living volcano towers over all. The blue Mediterranean is the foreground and setting of the beautiful islands and the city of Parthenope; and the coast line, with its general effect of a broad and sweeping curve, on closer examination reveals capes, straits, smaller bays, exquisite islands, and grand, bold promontories.

In the middle ground is the great city, encircling the base of Vesuvius on the east and stretching to the lovely Bay of Pozzuoli on the west. Beyond Vesuvius, farther to the east, rises the promontory proudly bearing Castellammare, Vico, and Sorrento, with many clustering villages amid its orange groves and vineyards, all guarded by the friendly, verdant Monte Sant' Angelo, clothed with noble chestnut-trees, while below, almost completing the curve, the Punta di Campanella approaches the towering precipices of Capri.

Do not hasten from this point of vantage; drink in its beauty and leave no portion of it unappreciated. All the calm and repose that can be gathered from it, all the

impressions of the grandeur and loveliness of nature, of blue sea and sky, of snowy peak and purple haze, can scarcely inspire one with sufficient equanimity to take him patiently through the yelling rabble which welcomes the stranger to this city, the entrance to which suggests the thought that to "see Naples" is to "die" of indignation and disgust.

But if you can possess your soul in patience, you will soon reflect that, together with its natural beauty, the people of Naples — the street-life of Naples, in fact — make its chief interest. Modern Naples is not distinguished by many splendid edifices, and few remaining monuments recall the part the older Naples played in mediæval history; but, as a great hive of a peculiar race, it has an engrossing interest for one who feels that "the proper study of mankind is man." There is no reserve about Naples; its characteristics are apparent from the hour one enters it, and "the tide, the bustle, the activity, thronging the streets as 't were a festive day," ever stands boldly in relief and makes its impression, however often one may visit it.

Naples is semi-Oriental, as would naturally result from the mingling of races which has gone to make up the present Neapolitan. The Marsii, Samnites, Lucanians, Arabians, Greeks, and other peoples of antiquity, who long ago dwelt here, were not extinguished by Roman conquest nor by the dynasties of the Middle Ages. The descendants of these ancient races mingled their blood with that of Normans, Suabians, Provençals, and Spaniards, and many Neapolitan customs may easily be traced to an Eastern origin. But the dignified seriousness of the true Oriental and the proud reserve of the Spaniard have here taken on an elasticity and brightness that is not seen in more Eastern cities, and certainly not in those of the North and West. Perhaps it may be said that Naples has no distinct nationality; it undoubtedly is a rendezvous for all nations,

and is much less Italian than many cities of Italy; but the love of the Neapolitan for his home is deeply rooted in his nature, and no skies can be so blue, no stars so bright, no sea so beautiful as those of his beloved *Napoli*.

In any city one must be properly introduced in order to frequent "society;" and as this requires time, the usual traveller is deprived of much enjoyment and information that greater leisure would afford. But a goodly knowledge of "the people" of Naples may be gathered in the streets, where they so largely spend their lives. I have already spoken of the movement and excitement of the Toledo and Santa Lucia which can scarcely escape the observation of any visitor to Naples; but among the many hundreds of lesser Neapolitan streets there are many which excite and gratify the curiosity of those who can endure the disagreeable sights and offensive odors encountered in them. All this is vastly improved, in some quarters of the city, since I first treated my eyes and olfactories to its peculiarities; but there is still much to be desired in those districts where the people, pure and simple, dwell. If the promenaders on the Via Carracciolo are compared with those in the Mercato or in the precincts of the Castel Nuovo, it is as if one visited two different worlds.

In the quarters of the poorer classes the men actually live in the street; they sleep there, and dress themselves with perfect composure in the face and eyes of any who choose to observe them. The women rarely sleep outside their miserable homes, but they make their own toilets and attend to the wants of their children in public; they dress their magnificent hair, and in the most friendly manner perform for each other such offices as make them less conscious of their heads than they would otherwise be. Food is occasionally cooked by the women, — usually in the street before what they please to call their homes, but more frequently it is bought at the cookshops, such as line the

Strada del Castello, where fish and cakes are sold for about one cent; there are fish soups and snail soup for the smallest of prices, and many kinds of cakes, among which the anise-flavored *tarallo* is a favorite, as it was more than eighteen centuries ago at Pompeii. Then there are the *frutti di mare*, — shell-fish, sea-urchins, — so delicious to all classes of Neapolitans, and the sausages flavored with garlic, as well as cheese, and various edibles of which I cannot give the proper names. In fact, these wretched little booths and shops furnish a greater variety of penny food than the poor of other lands are blessed with. Fruit and many vegetables that can be eaten raw are consumed in great quantities by these people, who rarely have meat, and are not fond of it. These cooking-stalls are centres of great crowds, and are conspicuous by reason of their polished copper vessels.

In truth, the arrangement of the street-stalls affords an amount of color that constantly reminds one that he is in the South, where man is in full harmony with the surrounding nature in his love for rich and brilliant colors. The caps and vests of the men and the handkerchiefs of the women give a color-emphasis to every act of their lives. Even the heavily laden mules and donkeys have fringes of gayly colored wools and touches of brightness here and there, while the horses and ponies that are harnessed into vehicles are decorated with gaudy little flags and shining metals; they wear both pagan and Christian symbols; horns and crescents, and figures of the Madonna and various saints who are kindly disposed towards animals. These poor beasts have sore need of some protector, for the Neapolitans overload, overwork, and beat their animals in a way that constantly calls out one's sympathy and indignation. Force is added to the stick and lash by yells and oaths, and the poor beasts drag loads that are simply amazing.

The goats driven through the streets twice a day by the *caprajo* afford a curious spectacle. These little animated dairies seem to know exactly what is expected of them, and do it cheerfully; they mount staircases or stand in doorways to be milked, and then serenely descend to the street, where the milking operation also goes on, pails being let down from the higher stories and drawn up with strings. Probably the goats are better fed than other Neapolitan beasts, and certainly better than thousands of human beings here. Cows are also driven about the streets for the same purpose as the goats, and milk is the favorite beverage of the people. The idiomatic expression for poverty is *Passa la vacca*, which means that there is no money to buy milk; a serious condition of things when the enormous numbers of babies are considered. These poor people marry at seventeen, or even younger, and their houses literally swarm with children.

At the stall of the *acquaiolo*, — water-seller, — a variety of drinks may be had at a penny a glass; his lemonade is freshly made for each customer, as is also true of the poorest kind of water-seller, who carries his tub on his back and his basket of lemons on his arm; and though all his patrons must drink from his one tumbler, the water is cold and the juice is squeezed into it from a fresh lemon, while he demands but one farthing for the cooling draught. It is curious to note how little these people relish plain water; even since the introduction of the Serino water, always icy cold, with hundreds of jets running in the streets, the Neapolitan wants his water flavored with something; oftentimes it is the disagreeable *sambuco*, which is like a nauseous drug, and is said to be distilled from the elder shrub. The fact that Naples now has the finest water-supply in the world has failed to change the drinking tastes of its people; but though much wine is produced near Naples, and the people are fond of going out to

the little country taverns on holidays, — where the wines are purer and cheaper than after passing the barriers and paying the tax, — few drunken men are seen, and the Neapolitans at home may be called a sober and frugal race. On Sunday afternoons the restaurants on the Posilipo and at Fuorigrotta are lively places, filled with careless crowds who sing and joke as if care had been banished from their world.

In certain quarters, on fixed days, a sort of special sale occurs, such as the rag-fair all about the Porta Nolana on Monday and Friday mornings. At four o'clock the public readers gather at the Villa del Popolo, where an assemblage of rag-pickers and other worthy people who thirst for knowledge pay two centesimi each to hear passages from the classic poets. At other times these curious intellectual symposia are held outside the Porta Capuana. In short, he who knows his Naples can find what he requires, from his food and clothes to the writer of his love-letters, and the quacks who will sell him nostrums, in the proper precinct, at the accustomed "office hours" of these various professionals.

Formerly each trade had its separate quarter, and streets were named accordingly, as the Street of the Knife-grinders, Via del Coltellari. Recent changes have somewhat interfered with this custom; but the little Square of the Goldsmiths — Piazza degli Orefici — retains its old aspect as well as any of these trade quarters. Here the women of Naples and of the country buy the pearls, coral, and amber that they love to wear, as well as quaint and curiously wrought amulets and the votive offerings in silver to be given to the Madonna; these last are frequently in the shape of the hands and feet that are believed to have been cured of their deformity and ills by the Blessed Virgin, quite regardless of any scientific treatment they may have had.

The peasant jewelry is growing less and less distinctive. When each district had its special costume, as I had the happiness of seeing, and even the ornaments revealed the birthplace of the wearer, the peasants were quaint and interesting as they can never be again. Thanks to their Southern nature, their love of color still redeems their dress from that ugliness seen in our own country, in England, and many other lands, which seems to work its spell alike on the Japanese, the Neapolitan, and even the women of Cairo and Constantinople. It is only on rare occasions, such as high festivals, that a few of the fascinating old costumes are still seen on women who are no longer young.

Near the cathedral, as in the neighborhood of St. Peter's at Rome, is a street where only crosses, rosaries, and kindred objects are sold, while certain other quarters are inhabited by dealers in second-hand clothing and a great variety of half-used articles.

The homes of these poorer Neapolitans are called *Bassi*, and are, in reality, little windowless shops with no chimneys. They are not devoted to the comfort and needs of the family, but to the trade of the man, who in summer time usually draws a mattress into the street for his own bed, while any number of human beings, — frequently a dozen, — of all ages and both sexes, take their repose on the enormous bed which stands at the back of the *basso*, or on a loft above it. These bedsteads with their mattresses make the entire fortune of a bride of the working-classes, and cost about twenty dollars. The other furnishing of a *basso* is usually supplied by the husband; there is always an image of the Madonna on the wall, before which a light is religiously kept burning; a few rough pieces of furniture, frequently home-made, and a charcoal stove make up the conveniences which are deemed necessary. The stove is often a necessity for the work of the man, — as the occupants of the *bassi* are generally mechanics, — but is also

used for the cooking of the family, which is little more than a vegetable soup flavored with garlic, and eaten with the coarse bread which they buy. Maccaroni, which the world at large seems to consider as the chief food of the Neapolitan race, is far too expensive for these people, and is rarely tasted by them. But how fond of it they are! and when prepared with *pomi d'oro* — tomatoes — it is the most delicious food that they can imagine.

Their marketing is done in a primitive fashion. A *padolano* driving a mule on which hang two huge panniers, filled with vegetables, arouses the whole street through which he passes with frightful bellowings. He sells his wares for the smallest possible prices; five or six sous will buy what will make soup for as many persons. As soon as one pannier is emptied, he begins filling it with manure from the piles of refuse in the streets. The goats, dogs, cats, and fowls supplement the work of the *padolano* as scavengers, and but for them how could the scavenging be done in alleys where no cart can go?

The door of the *basso* is always open by day, frankly disclosing all that takes place within; but it must be carefully closed at night, to guard against thieves. What must the atmosphere be? Certainly the women are patient and unselfish when they do not occasionally fasten the men inside the *bassi* and sleep in the fresh air themselves.

Great numbers of Neapolitans gain their living as fishermen, and do this at the hardest; for in spite of the many kinds of fish which inhabit the bay, the great consumption of fish in Naples makes an over demand, even on this fruitful water. Few fishermen gain anything beyond a meagre living, and that is toiled for beneath the scorching sun and in spite of the debilitating sirocco in summer and in face of the keen winds from the snow mountains in winter.

The different varieties of fish caught here necessitate many methods of fishing, and even the little that one may

see of them from the deck of the steamer or pleasure-boat is interesting. The taking of the *frutti di mare* is most fatiguing labor. It is done with a long pole to which are fastened a rake and a bag; the rake, pushed down with force, pulls up a heavy weight of earth and sweeps it into the bag; when raised to the boat the shell-fish are picked out, and the remaining earth thrown back into the water. The best wages earned at this hard work do not exceed a dollar a day, and it cannot be followed too long, as the men are frequently injured by the continual strain of it. The sea-eggs or sea-urchins are more easily taken, but are not so profitable. Anchovy-fishing in the spring is very exciting. The boats go out some distance and lie to; suddenly a school of porpoises appears, seemingly in great excitement; the boatmen quickly row into the midst of the porpoises, and cast their nets around the spot where the school is feeding; the porpoises get out of the way as quickly as possible, and after a good deal of confusion the nets are hauled in, filled with a mass of anchovies, and hours of patient labor are required to disentangle them. Sardines are also plenty in the spring, especially in the Bay of Pozzuoli; these are taken best at night.

We know of a single net in which ten different kinds of fish were drawn up together, and were told that this is not uncommon; but alas! many of them are only fit for the soup-pot and bring the fishermen little money.

All Neapolitans are superstitious, but the implicit belief of the fishermen in ghosts and black spirits is amazing. They try to find an antidote to their fears of the dangerous spirits which infest the coasts and seas in the strictness of their religious observances. Whenever a new boat is finished, an altar is raised on the forecastle and a priest blesses the craft; if bad luck follows a fisherman, a priest is brought to break the spell and exorcise the evil spirit; and the numbers of churches dedicated to saints who favor

fishermen bear witness to the liberality of this class in the large collections of votive offerings. Almost every Marina has its church, and an annual *festa* is held, when the whole Marina is illuminated; these occasions afford an excellent opportunity for studying the costumes and manners of the poorer classes, by whom they are principally attended. At Massa, on August 15, the *festa* is unusually pretty, and the women seen there are famed for their beauty.

The people we have described are as poor and wretched in appearance as any that the usual traveller is likely to see in Naples, and it would seem to require great patience to be cheerful, as they are, in the midst of their poverty; but when compared with many thousands who exist here, they are absolutely wealthy and luxurious. The appalling misery and degradation of the very poorest Neapolitans exceeds such conditions in other European cities, and cannot be fully described in language that is not too expressive to be acceptable. It is estimated that a quarter of a million of human beings in Naples maintain their lives of absolute want in a manner that cannot be explained. Thousands and thousands have no claim on any home whatever; they crowd into dens and kennels such as decent beasts would refuse to enter; they have no occupation; coming naked into the world, they may be said to leave it in the same condition, for, until recently, they were dropped into a hole in the cemetery for the poor, in which all who had died on the same day — most of them with no garments whatever — were hidden from the face of the earth.

Eight years ago, in 1876, the Senatore, Professore Pasquale Villari, was instrumental in making researches which divulged horrors not before imagined, in the lives of these people, as may be read in his "Southern Letters." Thousands of children who have never known father or mother live chiefly on the refuse of the streets, and sleep heaven only knows where. They are seen curled up on church

steps, or in strange corners of the market, and even in empty fruit-boxes and fish-baskets; and sad as this appears, they are to be envied beside many others who live in the *fondaci* — called, by Dr. Axel Munthe, "the most ghastly human dwellings on the face of the earth."

These buildings are large, several stories in height, having fifteen or more rooms on a floor, and are entirely *without windows*. They are built in the vilest locations, off dark alleys, while in the court the cesspool and well are much too nearly related. In the court, too, are goats, cows, mules, and other animals in the dirtiest condition; while odors from rotting tripe and other unmentionable offal, and from fish that has been condemned by people who are better off, rise and fill the otherwise stifling rooms where from one to three hundred — possibly more — human beings exist. The details of *fondaci* life are absolutely unspeakable. Inside balconies furnish the only light and air to the apartments, and the corner rooms are always dark; old rags hang about everywhere, and different families occupying a single room can only make a pretence of separating themselves from each other by suspending their miserable garments on strings.

Public attention was called to these conditions in 1876, when Senatore Villari, who went to London for the purpose of seeing the poor, and visited the very worst quarters where they live, declared that the conditions in London, unspeakably vile as they were, were still better than in the corresponding precincts of Naples. From this time attempts were made to mend matters, and in 1877 the municipality gave land to a co-operative society, which built excellent tenement-houses on spots where *fondaci* had stood. Other good houses were built in the following years; but, alas, the inhabitants of the old quarters did not get them. They were filled by a much superior class at such rents as entirely defeated the supposed objects for which they were erected;

and a part of the old *fondaci* being gone, those that remained were crowded in an inconceivable manner.

In 1884, when the cholera raged furiously in Naples, and many thousand of the wretched *funnachère* died, King Humbert went himself to visit them, and saw such horrors as he had never imagined. He stood beside the stricken wretches in their awful abodes, and promised that the poor should be better housed in future. But even monarchs cannot work their will; and these *miserables* now complain that, though the king tried to keep his promises, as he certainly did, the *signori* have kept the new houses for themselves. The truth seems to be that officials and contractors are much the same the world over, that red tape abounds everywhere, and that there are many ways of finding how not to do what straightforward honesty requires. Thus, although the king put his seal to a decree for the better housing of the poor in Naples in 1885, and a gift of fifty million francs and a loan of the same amount were made for this purpose, in the autumn of 1892 very little had been accomplished, and the greater crowding of the fewer *fondaci* even made matters worse than ever.

Meantime the Serino water has been given freely to all the people of Naples, and some improvements have been made in the sewers. A more decent method of burial for the poor has also been inaugurated in the new cemetery, where each one can now have a coffin and a grave for eighteen months at least; but even this cemetery, but three years in use, is already very full, so great is the mortality among these wretched creatures. The Royal Commissary, in his report in the autumn of 1892, says: —

"For six months a famished mob, *turba famelica*, have thronged the stairs of the municipality, — children of both sexes, utterly destitute, who must of necessity go to the bad; mothers clasping dying babies to their milkless breasts; widows followed by a tribe of almost naked children; aged and infirm of

Santa Lucia.

both sexes, hungry and in tatters, — and this spectacle, which has wrung my heart, reveals but a small portion of the prevalent destitution. One can but marvel at the docile nature of the lower orders of Neapolitans, who bear with such resignation and patience their unutterable sufferings. One cannot think without shuddering of this winter, which overtook whole families without a roof over their heads, without a rag to cover them, without the slightest provision for their maintenance."

A little later the Commissary insisted that housing should be provided for fifteen hundred people, no room to cost more than a dollar a month. Even under this call many people got the advantage of these tenements who had never lived in *fondaci.* However, a few *funnachère* were, for the first time in their lives, in clean and wholesome habitations ; and still later, two thousand more, this time of the very poorest, were taken from their squalor and translated into decency. It would seem that these changes must continue; that so many having found what can be, others will insist that it must be.

It is only fair to say that the poor people have often been much opposed to changes that looked to their welfare. In Santa Lucia there was great opposition to the widening of the street and the making of the broad quay, now so much enjoyed. The *luciani* scorned the new stalls for the shell-fish traders, and prophesied that these, as well as the new houses near the Castel dell' Ovo, would be carried out to sea by the first strong wind. The *fondaci* of this quarter are not quite so filthy and crowded as those of some other neighborhoods, and the people are far more difficult to deal with. They declare that their houses shall stand, and that the rents of the new ones are too dear ; and thus far they have had their own way, unless some change has been made very recently.

It seems unnecessary to describe the best portions of Naples, which must attract and charm all who visit them.

What city boasts a drive by the sea so beautiful as the Carracciolo from the Castel dell' Ovo to Mergellina? Other charming drives are the Via Tasso, the road to Posilipo, the Corso Vittore Emmanuele, and the Vomero. The Corso Garibaldi, the Strada di Foria, and the Via del Duomo are fine, new streets. An interesting episode is connected with the making of the latter. It was laid out in such a way as to preserve the cathedral and the church of S. Filippo Neri, — the Gerolimini, — and by this method the Palazzo Cuomo, the only remaining palace of the fifteenth century, must have been sacrificed had not Prince Filangieri had it carefully taken down, stone by stone, and rebuilt on the side of the new street. The prince completed his noble generosity by filling the palace with a good collection of mediæval objects, pictures, and Italian majolicas, which make an interesting museum, and presenting it to the city.

The Villa Nazionale, a delightful fashionable resort, has an unusual attraction in the magnificent aquarium, which, under the care of Dr. Dohrn, and by the generous support of his government, as well as that of Italy and of Great Britain, has been made the finest and most important aquarium in the world. It affords splendid opportunities for study to naturalists and students from all quarters of the globe; its library and laboratory, its steam, sailing, and rowing boats, and many other needful equipments, make it an ideal place for the investigation of the wonderful varieties of the life of the sea which exist in the Mediterranean. The spot where the Aquarium now is was probably the foulest beach in Europe, perhaps in the world, before the laying out of the Via Carracciolo.

When I remember the Naples of other days, it seems as if fairies had already waved their wands over the city to good purpose. The new palaces and houses on the east and west of the city are fine; and different societies and institutions have erected convenient houses for a class that

before inhabited unhealthy and undesirable quarters. These are seen in the Rione Vasto at Capuano; and in the Rione Arenaccia Orientale one is amazed at the improvement. In the Rione Vomero Arenella, to which cable railways now extend, the population has increased surprisingly. One happy improvement is in the trams and cable roads which replace to a great extent the dirty vehicles of other days, dragged by horses which excited one's pity, unmercifully overloaded and driven as they were.

When other kindred improvements are made,— when wide streets are cut through the city from east to west, when the scheme for arterial drainage is carried out and the sewage conducted twelve miles away, — and many other contemplated betterments perfected, Naples will easily be the most beautiful city in the world; it will be the Paradise the great German poet found it, and we believe that the "devils" by which it was inhabited in his day will have disappeared.

The most extensive and splendid edifice which has been erected in Naples within the last decade is the Galleria Umberto I. Di Mauro, a Roman architect, made the plan, which is magnificently carried out in every detail. It is said to have cost more than four million dollars, a large sum having been contributed by the municipality. Its exterior is not so fine as it would have been had not two churches and several private houses been incorporated in it. But the interior is most effective; the centre octagon, beneath a glass dome rising nearly two hundred feet above it, is very imposing. The decorations in stucco and gilding are fine, especially when seen by the electric light, and the angels in copper, below the dome, are artistic and pleasing, as well as the statues and reliefs about the main entrance in the Strada S. Carlo.

At No. 8, in the gallery, a *presepe* is seen that is said to have belonged to King Charles III. The antiquarian

Varelli superintended its arrangement here; and it is interesting as illustrating a custom of the fifteenth century, when in all churches and many private houses a *presepe* was erected at Christmas time. It represents the infant Jesus in the manger and the adoration of the Magi, as well as scenes of Neapolitan life in addition. All Neapolitans are fond of this realistic representation of the Nativity; and a really old *presepe*, like this one, is well worth seeing on account of the curious historical costumes.

As yet the Galleria has not been successfully rented. In fact, the Neapolitans love a more open place in which to buy and sell; and this Galleria, like that of the Principe di Napoli, opposite the Museo Nazionale, is little frequented.

There are two hundred edifices in Naples devoted to charitable institutions, having an annual income of eight or ten millions of francs; but abuses have crept into the management of these charities which give the benefit of a large part of this money to governors, deputies, councillors, and priests.

The Albergo dei Poveri, before mentioned, has a family of but two thousand poor, for the care of whom more than seven hundred persons are employed, while the children have scarcely a change of clothing. The schools of the institution have been sadly neglected, and one well-informed writer says: —

"One governor succeeds another; one sells five thousand square metres of land to a building society for eleven lire per metre, at a time when in certain portions of the city land is worth three or four hundred lire. His successor brings an action against the purchaser, and the costs are enormous. Another has farmed out the rents to some collector at far too low a price; another action is brought. The chemist is proved to have substituted flour for quinine, Dover's powders without opium, and is suspended. But the *corpo delicto*, i. e., the analyzed medicines have disappeared; the chemist will come

Galleria Umberto I.

off triumphant, and the Albergo dei Poveri will have to pay costs and damages, and possibly to meet an action for libel. Of course there is a deficit in the budget; and this will continue to increase, whoever may be governor, as long as the system remains, and as long as places are created for the protégés of Senator A, Deputy B, or Councillor C."

The Foundling Hospital, Casa dei Trovatelli, adjoins the church of the Annunziata. Here the boys are kept until they are seven years old, and the girls can remain as long as they choose, finding employment as house-servants or as seamstresses and embroiderers. Some of the customs of this institution are admirable, — such as giving the boy babies out to board; the Neapolitans regard them as the children of the Blessed Mother, and fully believe the legend that the Madonna dell' Infrascata leaves her pedestal at night to visit her children, and punishes the foster mother who neglects them; thus it results that the foundling fares better than the baby of the home.

Formerly the foundlings were pushed through an aperture in the wall, where a nun waited to receive them; but that having been closed since 1875, they are now received inside the hospital, where all possible information about them is obtained and recorded; whatever clothing or ornaments these babies have are carefully put aside in the hope that some day they may be claimed and identified by means of these articles; but this occurs very rarely. The foundlings are at once baptized, and take the name of the saint of the day on which they are brought to the hospital; they are given the surname of the Governor of the Hospital, and as the governors are changed each year one easily reckons the age of these children; thus Anna Celotta was born on St. Anna's Day in the year when Celotta was governor of the Casa dei Trovatelli. At times the mortality in this hospital has reached more than ninety per cent; but the Serino water and some other improvements have

made its death-rate considerably less. A much needed maternity hospital has been opened in connection with the Foundling, and is admirably conducted.

A few years ago it was found that the enormous Hospital for Incurables was shamefully mismanaged. Even the food for the patients was stolen by the employés, while there were not sheets enough to make up the beds, although the purser's report included a charge of five thousand dollars for linen. Special commissioners were appointed; and not only has this hospital been thoroughly cleaned and renovated in various ways, but new regulations are enforced which will prevent the recurrence of these abuses if only they can be maintained.

The new laws looking to the better management of charitable institutions in Naples have not had time to work all the good expected from them; but much has been accomplished, and the charities under private control amply prove that an immense alleviation of the sufferings of the poor ought to result from the revenues of the endowed institutions. The Lina Hospital, founded by the Duchess Ravaschiera in memory of her daughter, is a delightful example of good management. Eighty beds are occupied by children in need of surgical operations. The Duchess does not leave its conduct entirely to others. She sometimes lives and sleeps there; and the affection of the poor little sufferers for "Mamma Duchessa" is most touching.

Twenty thousand dollars a year supports two hundred and eighty-five boarders, and but a few less day scholars, in the Asylum for Girls orphaned by the cholera in 1884. This is a private charity, and makes rich returns for the money expended, as the old, endowed institutions ought to do. The girls are all taught a trade, and fitted to support themselves well.

The crying want of Naples is schools. It already has some elementary and industrial schools which are excel-

lent, but many more are needed. The Istituto Casanova is named for its founder; established in 1862, it was carried on as a private work eighteen years, when its importance and excellence were recognized by a government grant of a large building and eleven new workshops with land for gymnastic exercises, and other similar purposes. A singular method is followed here, which is thus described by Mrs. Mario: —

"The boys for the first two years, or until they are nine, attend the elementary schools exclusively; then they or their parents choose a trade, and as soon as their work becomes profitable they are paid a certain sum, fixed by the master-workman and the director of the establishment, who receives the pay of the boys weekly, and gives half to them and half to the establishment."

The graduates from this school are sought by all the workshops of Naples. A similar school is that founded by Signor Florenzano in the old convent of S. Antonio a Tarsia, where the boys are taken from the worst slums, and number about three hundred. This school is not so rich as it ought to be; it makes a splendid return for the money spent. Could Signor Florenzano and a few other men of his sort command the means, they would soon revolutionize the street life of Naples to the inestimable advantage of its boys. The excellent private charity schools for the blind merit high praise, and shine by contrast with the corresponding school of the Albergo dei Poveri.

I have the pleasure of knowing a lady who has been connected with the Victor Emmanuel International Institute — formerly Froebel Institute — about twenty years. This school was founded by Julia Salis Schwabe in 1860. She was a devoted admirer of Garibaldi, and began this work in response to his appeal for the education of the poor in Southern Italy. Senatore Villari undertook its care,

and the old college of S. Aniello was devoted to its uses. There are day schools — infant and elementary classes — as well as a boarding-school for girls. Some children who can afford to pay attend these schools, and the way in which the "haves" care for the "have nots" is very curious and interesting. They endow them with their cast-off clothes, and by the tuition they pay furnish soup for four hundred daily. The pupils here are being admirably trained as teachers of the Pestalozzian system. As my friend — whose home is in Munich — has told me of this and similar work which is being done in Naples, I have felt that there is a promise of better things for the *pezzenti* — miserables — and all the wretchedness one sees, which is so out of harmony with the wealth of beauty which the Almighty has lavished on the location and surroundings of the city of Parthenope.

The industries of Naples are far too few and unimportant for the size of its population. We have spoken of the fisheries; perhaps market-gardening is equally important, and employs women as well as men. The cameo-cutting in such shells as are always for sale at S. Lucia, is almost a thing of the past. It has greatly deteriorated in design and execution, although the Museum offers so rich a store of splendid antique cameos, — copies of which, if well made, would be valuable, even in shell.

The tortoise-shell industry is almost a specialty of Naples; at least, the finest of this work is made here and in great quantities. The wages paid the tortoise-shell workers are better than formerly, although the frightful rooms — at the top of the *fondaci* in order to get light — where these beautiful objects are made, are totally unfit for human habitations. The exquisite lorgnettes, combs, brooches, and other articles in tortoise-shell are produced by a veritably outrageous "sweating system."

Bronze factories have been established here recently, in

which the *cera perduta* — wasted wax — method is carried to perfection. The antique bronzes existing in Naples make this casting especially suitable here, and it promises to be an important industry in the future. Some English firms, like that of Sir W. Armstrong & Co., cannon and armor-plate manufacturers, have erected works at Cantiere Armstrong and in other locations, which have been a boon in the employment afforded in their erection, and have no doubt somewhat checked emigration. But the silk-trade of Italy is much less than formerly; the adherence to old modes of labor by preference, and the poverty which would prevent buying improved machines and implements in any case, combine to hinder the progress here which has been reached elsewhere; and as one becomes better acquainted with what Aunt Ophelia, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," would have termed "real shiftlessness" in almost all industrial directions, he becomes convinced that any greater prosperity is somewhat distant. But, again, when we reflect upon the short time that has elapsed since Naples was born, so to speak,—since she was given anything that could in any sense be called her freedom,—we must admit that any criticism of her conditions should be made in true charity and with friendly caution.

CHAPTER X.

NEAPOLITAN LIFE — *continued.*

REFERENCE has been made to the superstitions of the fishermen; but what Neapolitan, from the lowest to the highest, is not superstitious? The usual harmless credulities that are met all over the world exist here also; but belief in the evil eye, fascination, the *jettatura*, is all-prevailing. The theory is that certain people have the quality of fatal fascination, and exert it both intentionally and involuntarily on any person or object on which they cast their eye. How to avoid this danger is a serious problem; and so sincere is the belief in this power and its prevalence, that almost every ill that can possibly happen is attributed to the evil eye. Children are thought to be especially susceptible to this influence; and no matter how scantily clothed and fed the little Neapolitans may be, they have some sort of amulet to protect them from the *jettatura*, almost without exception.

If one loses anything, it is supposed that a fascinator has cast an eye on it; or if a fragile article falls and is broken, it has been done by the power of a *jettatore;* in fact, no one who accepts this theory can be comfortable without the proper amulet or charm, which performs its office by fixing the attention of the evil eye, and thus receiving the fatal glance which would be so dangerous to the wearer of the amulet. The medals of saints and Madonnas are not charms; they are an expression of religious devotion to the Blessed Mother and the patron saint of the wearer. Amulets have quite different forms, the most common being the

horn of the antelope or its antlers, a sprig of rue, a crescent moon with a face in it, a hand with the index and little finger extended and the other fingers doubled down. They are made of silver, coral, or gold, and are worn in some conspicuous place about the person.

Amulets in the form of horns and crescents are put on animals as religiously as they are taken to be blessed on S. Anthony's Day, when the certificate of the blessing is tied on to the creature to remain as long as the wear and tear of its life permits.

The most curious and interesting amulet is made of silver, and called the *cimaruta*, — a sprig of rue, — which combines seven different symbols. The rue was called the "herb o' grace" in the old days, and various magical qualities were ascribed to it, as in "Paradise Lost," when the Archangel Michael wished to have Adam clear of sight: "Then purged with euphrasy and rue the visual nerve, for he had much to see." Rue was used in England as a brush from which to sprinkle holy water in the benediction of houses; it was held in the hand by criminals when executed, and hung between the judge's bench and the prisoner's bar to ward off gaol-fever, and its medicinal properties were well known to midwives. The sprig of rue may be said to make the foundation of the *cimaruta;* and combined with it are the serpent, the half-moon, the key, the heart, the hand, and the horn. The serpent, which has symbolized evil for many ages and peoples, is at times the symbol of wisdom, and again of Æsculapius or healing; it would seem that it must have the latter quality when used in this wonderful amulet. The half-moon I suppose to be for luck, as it is all over the world and with ourselves, when we courtesy to it and endeavor to give it our right shoulder, or turn our silver over as we see it. The key and the heart are symbolical of prudence and affection; while the hand grasping a horn — which frequently makes an amulet with no other

combination — symbolizes strength holding fast on luck, of which the horn has long been the symbol.

It is curious to note that not one of these emblems is essentially Christian. Although the serpent is sometimes placed beneath the feet of the Virgin Mary, it symbolized evil in the earliest ages; and though the key is now given to S. Peter, it was also in the hands of Isis and Diana. It is probable that the entire form of this amulet is an absolute survival from ante-Christian days. Two other amulets of similar character — the *sirena*, the siren, and the *cavallo marino*, or sea-horse — are much in favor with Neapolitan peasants. As Naples was founded by and bore the name of the siren Parthenope, according to the precious old legends, it is fitting that her likeness should be thought to protect one from evil; and the figure of a crowned siren who holds her two fishy tails in her hands so that the fins on the ends are above her head, while five little tinkling bells hang beneath her, is a representation that suggests Parthenope with all needful exactness.

The sea-horse amulet — *cavallo marino* — is also a relic of past ages, since one was found at Herculaneum, and the horse itself is frequently repeated in the pictures at Pompeii. There are amulets shaped like the sea-horse alone, with its accustomed fish-tail, that are almost exact reproductions of the little sea-horse so numerous on the coast of Baiæ. Other amulets have winged horses with little bells hung below, as in the *sirena;* and the most elaborate of all have a siren seated on two winged horses: the heads being turned to the right and left, the two backs coming together, afford a sort of cradle-seat to the goddess, the wings rising on each side of her; she holds her tails high above her head, as usual, and a bell is hung in the mouth of each horse, while a third is suspended from the bottom of the amulet. When made by skilful workmen, these amulets are very beautiful.

The amulets of the very poor are not expensive; a piece of rock salt is often tied on the neck of a child, and the palms blessed at Easter time are burned to ward off evil. Whenever Vesuvius is in eruption, every possible amulet is in request; and the people, kneeling in the streets, recite litanies with fervor, while the clergy carry the Blessed Sacrament and sacred relics through the city. But the moment that the danger is thought to be over, the usual confusion prevails; the Babel of singing, quarrelling, cursing, the fighting, gambling, and dancing, are resumed with new zest, in consequence of the time that has been lost.

Another curious custom of the Neapolitans, which is observed in Lent, is frequently noticed by strangers. A little figure hangs on a wire suspended across the street or alley, from the upper windows. In the figure are stuck seven feathers, — six black and one white. This figure indicates that the inhabitants have had no dispensation in fulfilling their Lenten duties; each Sunday a black feather is pulled out, the white one remaining until Easter, and in the end the little figure is filled with explosives and blown to atoms.

The gestures of the Neapolitans make a language almost as expressive as speech, and much has been written of it. The most common gesture is that in which the hand is in the position of the amulet already described. That it has long been in use is proved by its representation in Pompeian pictures. The modern Neapolitan uses this gesture incessantly: first and foremost, when he sees a person whom he believes might, could, would, or should cast the evil eye on him; if he receives a message, letter, or telegram that disturbs him. If a slight accident happens, he makes it at the person who happens to be nearest to him; or he makes it if he is jostled, or if any one steps on his toe, or even if he sees a person looking at him in the street. Originally this gesture was insulting; but now, except when

one is angry, it is simply a custom, and used much in the same manner as the priest or nun makes the sign of the cross. Stamer, in his "Dolce Napoli," thus defines some signs of the gesture language: —

"An outward wave of the hand, adieu; an inward, come; a downward, stop. The thumb pointed backwards, look; to the lips, with a slight toss of the head, drinking; passed across the forehead as though wiping away perspiration, fatigue. The index finger drawn across the mouth, anger; across the clenched teeth, defiance; rapping the closed fingers against the lips, eating; passing the extended index and thumb in front of the mouth, hunger; twisting the end of the mustache, is n't it good to eat; a backward wave of the hand beneath the chin and a simultaneous toss of the head, not at any price, no, nothing; closing the fingers consecutively with a drawing motion of the hand, thievery; thumb and forefinger rubbed together, money, as with us; a prolonged shrug of the shoulders and both arms drawn back, gesture deprecatory; the open fingers of both hands crossed in front of the face to represent bars, prison; and so on *ad infinitum*."

But the most wonderful effect of gesture is seen in the dance of the tarantella, which originated in the old belief that the bite of the tarantula caused a peculiar madness that could only be cured by music and dancing. The ancient customs, of which the dance is a remnant, were very interesting, and remind one of the Bacchic festivals. An account of this ceremony is given by Mr. Keppel Craven: —

"Musicians, expert in the art, are summoned, and the patient, attired in white, and gaudily adorned with various colored ribands, vine leaves, and trinkets of all kinds, is led out, holding a drawn sword in her hand, on a terrace, in the midst of her sympathizing friends; she sits with her head reclining on her hands, while the musical performers try the different chords, keys, tones, and tunes that may arrest her

wandering attention, or suit her taste or caprice. . . . The sufferer usually rises to some melancholy melody in a minor key, and slowly follows its movements by her steps; it is then that the musician has an opportunity of displaying his skill by imperceptibly accelerating the time, till it falls into the merry measure of the *pizzica*, which is, in fact, that of the tarantella or national dance, only that in the composition of the tarentine air greater variety, and a more polished and even scientific style, is observable. She continues dancing to various successions of these tunes as long as her breath and strength allow, occasionally selecting one of the bystanders as her partner, and sprinkling her face with cold water, a large vessel of which is always placed near at hand. While she rests at times, the guests invited relieve her by dancing by turns after the fashion of the country; and when, overcome by resistless lassitude and faintness, she determines to give over for the day, she takes the pail or jar of water, and pours its contents over her person from her head downwards. This is the signal for her friends to undress her and convey her to bed; after which the rest of the company endeavor to further her recovery by devouring a substantial repast, which is always prepared for the occasion."

The present popular dance, which is the outcome of the older and called by the same name, is most exciting and interesting. Stamer's account of it reproduces so perfectly what I have seen, and is so concisely put, that I will quote it: —

"The tarantella is a choreographic love-story, the two dancers representing an enamored swain and his mistress. It is the old theme, 'the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love.' Enraptured gaze, coy side-look; gallant advance, timid retrocession; impassioned declaration, supercilious rejection; piteous supplication, softening hesitation; worldly goods' oblation, gracious acceptation; frantic jubilation, maidenly resignation. Petting, wooing, billing, cooing. Jealous accusation, sharp recrimination; manly expostulation, shrewish aggravation; angry threat, summary dismissal. Fuming on one side,

pouting on the other. Reaction, approximation, explanation, exoneration, reconciliation, osculation, winding up with a *pas de circonstance*, expressive of confidence re-established and joy unbounded."

The superstitious nature of the Neapolitan is one quality — and a very important one — that helps to make him a gambler. It is curious to note how, even among the most enlightened people, superstitions are connected with games of chance; it has even been laid down as a rule that a man who is free from superstition cannot be a gambler. Be this as it may, Neapolitans are eminently superstitious and eminent gamblers.

In the clubs of the better classes, the games correspond to those of like clubs elsewhere, except that the stakes are higher. The games of the middle classes are played in restaurants principally. They dislike billiards on account of the exercise required; but they constantly play various games of cards, and are fond of dominos. Their queer little packs of forty cards are the source of more pleasure and more quarrels than any other equally small and inexpensive object could afford. No Neapolitan could imagine playing a game without a stake; and this stake is naturally the cause of his intense emotions in his play, — emotions which frequently lead to serious and even fatal results.

Groups of laborers who have eaten their midday meal play cards in the street, and both men and boys play morra; and although this latter game is played with the fingers only, it is the most exciting method of gambling imaginable. It is less common now than formerly, but twenty-five years ago the streets were literally full of morra-players. I have seen groups of boys, ragged, dirty, and doubtless hungry, so engaged in morra that no other thought occurred to them for hours; and the number and fierceness of their quarrels was almost beyond

belief. Bowls is another game played in the streets in winter for stakes; and even some serious business matters are customarily decided by chance, such as selecting a workman from a number of applicants. In this case the candidates stand in a ring, and at a given signal throw down their hands with some of the fingers extended, each one calling out the number. The would-be employer adds the number of the extended fingers together, and then counts the men round and round the ring until he reaches a man counted by the number that has been so singularly chosen, and he must be taken for the required service. This is more satisfactory to the workmen than it would be to have one of their number selected for his excellence; but the employer runs the risk of getting the least desirable man among them.

Lamentable as the universal gambling is, it is difficult to conceive of a plan by which it can be lessened while the government is the chief promoter of the vice by means of its authorized lottery, no others being allowed. The State also protects itself by refusing to pay up more than six million francs, — a safe proviso, as the prizes never reach that sum. Tickets are sold as low as two cents, and the prizes may be from fourteen to sixty thousand times the price of the ticket. The amount of superstition and curious calculation which enters into the choice of a number is amazing. A dictionary of numbers is extensively used, and every circumstance of daily life is taken into account. Does one see a carriage overturned, he will find a number for the accident; another for the horses, whether they run or stand still; another for the carriage if empty; and still another if it had passengers; and one or more of these numbers will be selected for the venture. The same method is followed regarding the events in a dream, or any important public occurrence, such as an earthquake, a fire, a murder, or an epidemic.

Some Neapolitans will not select their own numbers, but ask a monk, because monks are believed to be very lucky; or they consult professional *cabalisti*, who are supposed to know all that one wishes by some magical power. The balance in the lottery account is always in favor of the government, and this is the only method of tax-paying to which the Neapolitans submit cheerfully. At times, however, enormous sums are won by the poorest people; as was the case when the cholera broke out in 1884. The dictionary number for this emergency was bought by thousands, and happening to turn out a prize number, it made a heavy strain on the government. The uncontrollable passion for the lottery causes no end of wrong-doing and theft among the working-classes. The prizes are drawn on Saturday, and if on Friday they have not the money for the chances they wish to buy, they will take almost any means to get it. If they steal it, they say a prayer for their success at the same moment, and are sanguine that the prize will enable them to return what they have stolen. If they cannot steal the money, they frequently pawn objects belonging to others, and, in short, are very clever in inventing methods by which to get the coveted tickets.

The drawing of the Tombola, or Lotto, occurs about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon in the Via Mezzo-cannone, and the winning numbers are posted where all may see them. The faces of the winners are bright and joyous; they are pleased that the method of their choice proved a wise one; but the expressions on the faces of the losers are a sad and depressing study. Poor, half-clothed creatures, whose appearance shows how meagrely they are fed, have lost, perhaps, their all; they tear up their tickets, throw them on the ground, and move away, doubtless already planning how they can save even one penny in the six succeeding days.

Statistics show that the government made more than ninety million dollars in profits from the lottery system in all Italy from 1871 to 1887. When we remember that a large portion of this was paid by the very poor of a country in which poverty is at its worst, it is a frightful comment on the system. Thoughtful Italians feel this; but there are two questions which they have not the wisdom to answer, — how to abolish the lottery without exciting a revolution, and after that, how to make up the deficiency in the revenue.

Horse-races have not been customary in Italy until recently. Those which occur at Naples on Tuesday and Thursday in Easter week are popular festivals, and present a fine spectacle. The great race is held in five different cities alternately, and so comes to Naples only once in five years. When this or any other race is held on the Campo di Marte, the procession of carriages filled with gentlemen and ladies, the last in gorgeous toilets, makes an imposing appearance as it passes up the Toledo. But horse-racing here does not seem quite at home; it is not a "custom of the country," but an importation, and although a good amount of betting is done, there is no such apparent enjoyment as one sees at the Derby or the Grand Prix.

That Neapolitans adore everything that is or is near being dramatic is proved by the crowds who listen to the public readers; and when a really gifted *cantastorie* recites a favorite poem and makes his impressive gesticulations, his hearers are filled with delight. How much more, then, when to the charm of the story and its recitation is added the illustrative action of the marionettes or puppets which are so wonderfully managed by the showmen of Italy! Punch and Judy and other plays thus given are too well known to require notice; and fortunately some of the so-called religious plays that were performed at Christmas and Easter are less popular than formerly, since many of

them were far from reverent or reputable in spirit. But if one can endure disagreeable odors, the marionette theatres in the Strada Foria and on the Marinella are very curious.

Wherever the Neapolitan appears as an actor, he has the grace and spontaneity so universal in Naples, especially in the Naples of the poor. These people habitually use gestures, facial expressions, and a dramatic mode of speech that would make the fortune of the so-called trained actors, who, in years of study, fail to acquire the dramatic power which is the birthright of the Neapolitan.

Naples is, *par excellence*, a city of festivals. The two which may be called national are the King's Birthday, March 14, and the festival of the Constitution, on the first Sunday in June. These are celebrated by military parades, and the illumination of all public buildings, and many others, at evening. These *festas* correspond almost precisely to patriotic celebrations elsewhere.

The annual festivals which are more or less ecclesiastical begin with that of S. Anthony Abbot, on January 17, when the animals are taken to the church of their patron to be blessed. They are decorated with ribbons, amulets, and other ornaments, and after the benediction are walked around the court of the church three times. This ceremony is continued on every Sunday until Lent.

The Carnival is not celebrated regularly. When it occurs, the people make merry in the restaurants of the suburbs on the afternoon of Ash Wednesday; and the Toledo and the vicinity of the Villa Nazionale are the most advantageous places for seeing whatever spectacle occurs in Naples.

On Maundy Thursday the shops on the Toledo are decorated and brilliantly lighted until a late hour in the evening; no carriages are permitted to enter the street, which is thronged with people making a promenade called

Lo Struscio, from the rustling of silk garments. This peculiar observance is also continued on the morning of Good Friday.

On Ascension Day an interesting festival occurs at Scafati, near Pompeii, called that of the Madonna del Bagno; and on Whitmonday the return of the pilgrims from Monte Vergine is a remarkable sight.

The shrine of Monte Vergine is near Avellino, about twenty miles from Naples, and is annually visited by seventy or eighty thousand pilgrims, a quarter of them, at least, going from Naples. The convent of Monte Vergine was erected in 1119 on the site of a temple of Cybele, some fragments of which are now seen in the convent. Marriage contracts in Naples frequently have a clause which binds the husband to take his wife on this pilgrimage annually, and clubs are formed to which each subscriber pays a weekly sum in order to lay aside money enough for the cost of this journey, which requires three days. At the shrine, to which many of the devotees make the final ascent on their knees, crowds of pilgrims assemble from all parts of the old Neapolitan kingdom. Here the national costumes and the curious ornaments of the peasants are seen to great advantage. The heads of both sexes are decorated with flowers and fruits, and many also carry garlands and fruits on long poles. Those who ride have pictures of the Madonna and other ornaments for their carriages, while the horses are decorated with gay ribbons and plumes. Returning, the Neapolitans visit the sanctuary of the Madonna dell' Arco at Nola, where they dance the tarantella and sing their national songs. From this point to Naples they present the appearance of a merry Bacchanalian rather than a Christian procession. At Naples they are welcomed by great crowds of people, who assemble in the streets bordering the harbor.

Formerly the relics of S. Januarius were at Monte Vergine, but the sacred objects now there are scarcely of importance enough to demand this pilgrimage were it not an old custom which is continued from love of it. The view from Monte Vergine is glorious; seaward it extends to the bays of Naples and Salerno and along the coast to Caëta, while the snowy Abruzzi and the neighboring villages afford an interesting prospect inland. The spectacle of the ascending pilgrims, winding up through all the roads and paths on all sides, is very impressive, especially at night, when thousands of them carry torches; and their chants are heard while they are still far distant.

The observances of Corpus Christi, Easter, and Christmas are now much the same in Naples as in other cities. In the churches at Easter there are representations of the Holy Sepulchre, as is customary elsewhere. Christmas is heralded by the Zampognari from the Abruzzi, who still play hymns and carols on their bagpipes, before the images of the Madonna, though in lesser numbers than formerly. The churches have the *presepe*, and retain it until the day of the Purification.

The festival of Capodimonte occurs on August 15, when the grounds of the palace are open to the public, and are greatly enjoyed by the people, who flock there in large numbers. The Fishermen's Festival at S. Lucia, on the last Sunday in August, presents a novel scene, and affords an interesting opportunity to observe the manners and customs of the people. The festival of Piedigrotta, on September 8, has lost its importance, and requires no special notice. The Ottobrate occur on Sundays and Thursdays in October, and are little more than excursions made with gayly trimmed horses and carriages, or in humbler ways by the poorer classes. It is on the occasions of the Ottobrate that the new wines of the year are tasted while still fermenting.

On All Souls' Day, November 2, and even more on its eve, November 1, the cemeteries are crowded. Services are held in the chapels, and the graves are decorated according to the custom all over Italy; but there are some observances at Naples that I have not seen elsewhere. One of these, in the burial-ground of the poor, — Cimitero della Pietà, — is the exhumation of bodies that have been buried eighteen months; the bones of those whose friends can afford the cost are placed in a niche and walled up; the others are thrown into a large cistern outside the cemetery. A similar method of burial is in use in the Campo Santo Nuovo, where guilds and societies have erected what may be described as small temples, in the lower part of which bodies are buried, and after eighteen months the bones are placed in niches in the upper portion of the temple. This most sickening operation may be seen very frequently, especially on Sunday afternoons.

Another singular and almost equally disagreeable custom in the Campo Santo Nuovo is that of displaying, on All Souls' Eve, certain bodies that have been petrified. These poor remnants of humanity are dressed with elegance, and the family chapels in which they are placed are decorated with rich hangings in black and gold, and masses of fresh, lovely flowers; they are brilliantly lighted and guarded by servants, or even by members of the family, who spend the entire day there, while the public are at liberty to observe this as they might any other curious spectacle in a place less sacred than this should be. Fortunately, while many bodies are thus prepared, the exhibition of them is less frequent than formerly.

The great distinctive ecclesiastical function at Naples, the liquefaction of the blood of S. Januarius, occurs three times a year, — on the first Saturday in May, September 19, and December 16, — and is repeated on the six days following each of these dates. These are the most notable days

of the year, as it is believed that the welfare of Naples and its inhabitants depends on this miracle.

S. Januarius, — or Gennaro, — now the patron saint of Naples, was a bishop of Beneventum, who came with six of his companions to comfort the Christians of Naples in the reign of Diocletian. This emperor condemned him to be burned, but angels rescued him from the flames; he was then tied to the imperial chariot and taken to Pozzuoli, where he was thrown to the beasts of the amphitheatre, who did him no harm; finally, he was beheaded at Solfatara, September 19, 305. A Christian woman preserved the blood which flowed from the head of the saint in two phials, which she gave to the Bishop S. Severo in the reign of Constantine. As the bishop took the phials in his hand, the blood liquefied. There is no record of the miracle from that time until the eleventh century, during which interval the phials and relics of the saint are said to have been hidden for safety. In the ninth century they were removed to Beneventum; but Frederick II. commanded them to be taken to Monte Vergine, where they were discovered near the end of the fifteenth century and deposited in the Cathedral of Naples, in which the splendid Capella del Tesoro has been erected in honor of these sacred relics.

The tabernacle which contains the miraculous blood is secured by three locks, the keys being kept by two representatives of the Church and one of the city, all of whom must be present when it is opened, or be represented by authorized substitutes.

In order to see the whole ceremony well, one must be within the altar-rails, as the chapel is so crowded that but few people actually see the miracle; others are obliged to believe the word of the priest. On the left of the altar-rails, a disreputable, dirty rabble is stationed, called "the relatives of S. Gennaro." Why thus honored, I have been

unable to discover; but they take as many liberties as they could if they were his nearest relatives, and his family a very unpleasant one. If the miracle proceeds to their liking, they praise the saint as heartily as they curse him if he disappoints them or takes too much time for the liquefaction; taken altogether, they make a revolting part of the spectacle.

At the appointed hour the great, solid silver box containing the relics is opened. A silver-gilt bust of S. Januarius is placed on the altar; a mitre is put on the head, and a splendid jewelled collar clasped around the neck. The reliquary containing the blood is reverently taken from its case; it resembles a small carriage lamp, inside the glass of which two small bottles are seen, partly filled with a red, coagulated substance which does not move when turned over. This reliquary is secured by a waist-band to the officiating priest, while a chain from this band, attached to the reliquary, permits its being moved freely. Prayers are constantly repeated; and the priest, holding the reliquary where it can be plainly seen, — by the light of a large candle held by an acolyte, — says in a loud voice, *È duro*, — "It is solid." He turns it up and down, again and again, while the kneeling congregation pray for the miracle. Still the priest repeats *È duro*, until the excitement becomes intense, and the relatives of the saint are noisy and demonstrative in their prayers and their criticisms of his obstinacy in thus keeping them waiting. They even call him names, such as "Ugly yellow face," referring to the color of the bust. But sooner or later the priest calls loudly, *Muove*, — "It moves," — and the news passes through the cathedral and the city like wild-fire. Formerly cannon were fired from the forts; but this custom has been discontinued, and the soldiers are no longer turned out in honor of the miracle.

After the liquefaction the kissing of the reliquary begins, and continues throughout the day. After the seven days are passed, the relics are again put in their magnificent box, — a gift, I have been told, from the present king, — the three keys are turned in their locks and taken away, not to be used again until the next day fixed for this ceremony to be repeated, except in case of some great danger to Naples, when these precious relics may even be carried through the streets. When S. Januarius is represented as the patron saint of Naples, Vesuvius is seen in the background, as he is believed to have stayed the streams of lava and saved the city.

Naturally this saint is the chief of all saints to the Neapolitans; but he is followed, at a greater or less distance, by an almost innumerable host. Saint worship in Naples exceeds that cult in other parts of Italy. Every separate precinct celebrates the day of its saint, and so many explosives have been used on these occasions that the authorities have attempted to modify their customs, and have partly succeeded within the city; but in the suburbs the *feste* are still in full force. An image of the saint who is honored is carried through the town dressed in a gorgeous manner; and at intervals, on the route of the procession, explosives are fired which sound like the boom of a cannon.

One would think that these public festivals are numerous enough to satisfy all possible desires in this direction; but the Neapolitans are of another opinion, and constantly celebrate the days of the family saints — each man, woman, and child thus having a *festa* of his or her own. On these occasions fire-crackers and other small explosives are used; and so much is the noise of these prized, and so necessary are they thought to be in the propitiation of saints, that they are even taken into the churches and

fired off at the most solemn moment of the service, such as the Elevation of the Host, or the Gloria. This is a delight to Neapolitan congregations; their impulsive natures and religious enthusiasm — which could scarcely be exceeded — seem to find appropriate expression in these tumultuous methods.

CHAPTER XI.

NEAPOLITAN ART AND LETTERS.

WE have already spoken at some length of the early architecture of Naples, which was so largely influenced by that of the East that it may be fitly termed Italian-Byzantine. So few traces of it remain that it is almost unknown, and the Saracenic features which the Normans added to the older edifices and introduced in the new, after their conquest in the middle of the eleventh century, may be said to have put an end to the Italian-Byzantine style in its purity.

The beauty of this architecture was in its ornamentation rather than in its form or plan of arrangement. The cathedral of S. Nicolo at Bari is probably the best existing example of this earliest Neapolitan art. No perfect models of the Norman edifices are known to me, but ruins of those overthrown by earthquakes still remain, like those of the abbey of S. Trinità, founded by Roger of Sicily at Mileto.

After the advent of the Angevine kings the architecture of Naples may be called Gothic, although the Suabian rulers had doubtless introduced the German pointed style to some extent. Our present purpose, however, is but to speak of the architects who were natives of the Neapolitan peninsula, of whom we shall find so small a number who achieved a name in this art that we shall clearly recognize the debt of Naples to foreign architects.

After the beginning of the fifteenth century the rulers of Naples employed architects from other parts of Italy, to

whom the Neapolitan artists were simple assistants. Cosimo Fansaga, of Bergamo, settled at Naples, and his name is associated with churches, altars, palaces, doorways, and staircases. In this latter specialty Ferdinando Sanfelice, born at Naples in 1675, acquired much fame; but I know of no remaining example of his much praised geometric and double staircases.

Luigi Vanvitelli (1700–1773), born at Naples of a Dutch family, after studying in other cities of Italy, was summoned by Carlo Borbone to build the palace of Caserta, which is his masterpiece. Vanvitelli could scarcely have received such a commission in the days of really great architects; it was both his good and bad fortune to live in an age when art was sadly in decadence, as is proved by the tiresome monotony in the design of this great palace, which afforded the finest opportunity in architecture that had been offered to any master in Italy since the time of the Renaissance. In short, the whole story of Neapolitan architecture is well summarized by Fergusson when he says, in speaking of Italian art, —

"During the fifteenth century it was original, appropriate, and grand; during the sixteenth it became correct and elegant, though too often also tinctured with pedantry; and in the seventeenth it broke out into caprice and affectation, till it became as bizarre as it was tasteless. During the eighteenth century it sank down to a uniform level of timid mediocrity, as devoid of life as it is of art. In the present century it has been, if anything, French. But now that the country is again a nation, and has a future before it, it remains to be seen what her art will become. If the Italians are capable of freedom and of national greatness, their architecture cannot fail to be a reflex of whatever is great or good in their character or institutions."

As in architecture, so in sculpture, the earliest examples of this art in Neapolitan territory are of Byzantine origin.

The celebrated bronze doors of Amalfi were made by Byzantine masters; those of Monte Cassino were cast at Constantinople; while those of Atrani, Salerno, Benevento, and Ravello are undoubtedly of like origin. All these fine bronzes date from 1000 to 1179.

Little can be said with assurance concerning the remaining work of the earliest Neapolitan sculptors. Much that was attributed to them half a century ago has now been identified as the work of other masters, and the authorities in art sadly disagree; and since men wise in these matters have failed to satisfy themselves of the truth, it cannot be expected that I should know it. Fascinating as such investigations are, I can only make them for myself, lest in giving my conclusions I should mislead others.

That Andrea Ciccione was the sculptor of the monument to King Ladislaus, in S. Giovanni a Carbonara, of which we have spoken, there is no doubt. He also erected that of the lover of Queen Joanna II., the Grand Seneschal Carracciolo, in a chapel of the same church; it is scarcely a creditable work to any sculptor of any age. It is faulty in design and coarse in execution, and, as Perkins has remarked, "has but one original feature, of doubtful taste, namely, the representation of the Virtues in military garb."

The works of the contemporary of Ciccione, the Abbate Antonio di Domenico Bamboccio are little better than those we have mentioned. Bamboccio died in 1422; and very soon after Michelozzo, Antonio, Rosellino, Benedetto and Giuliano da Maiano, and other artists from the North of Italy, executed works in Naples which were not only of value in themselves, but of great benefit in their influence upon other sculptors.

Of Giovanni Merliano da Nola we have already spoken, and when we compare him with other Neapolitan sculptors we may well praise his work; but when contrasted with

truly great artists, his weakness and want of originality are at once apparent. His works are numerous in the churches of Naples, and Domenici and other Neapolitan writers on art are proud of him and loud in his praises.

That Girolamo Santa Croce (1502?–1537) was superior to Da Nola may be seen in his *chef d'œuvre*, already mentioned, the Arcadian bas-relief on the tomb of the poet Sannazzaro. Benedetto Menzini thus praises it: —

> "On the marble scrolled
> Foliage and fruits intwine in graceful fold:
> And central, as a goddess, Naples awes.
> On one side nets extended on the sand,
> And in the distance a small bark, appear:
> Flutes on the other, and a sylvan band."

Whether Santa Croce executed other parts of the tomb or not is a matter of dispute, but this bas-relief is clearly his. It displays an unusual study of the antique; the influence of Michael Angelo is also detected in the muscles and hands, while the details are finished with care and taste. No other Neapolitan sculptors are so important as to demand any part of our limited space, as we do not propose speaking of those of the present day.

Authoritative writers on art are so far from agreeing in their estimates of the earliest painters of Naples — some of them even considering artists who have been written and talked of as absolute myths — that it is best to leave this misty dawn of Neapolitan art out of our consideration. In the fifteenth century, the time of Jan van Eyck, there were artists in Naples who, however we may esteem their pictures, were ambitious to gain a knowledge of all new methods and discoveries that could improve their work. While seeking a knowledge of vehicles from Van Eyck, they imbibed some of his artistic qualities as well; and their Italian sentiment for grace and beauty, when modified by Flemish realism, produced the attractive manner of Lo

Zingaro. From this time until new heights were revealed to them by Perugino, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, the works of what may be termed the Zingaresque school are very interesting. The sincerity of expression and the striking individuality of their portraits, their *naïveté* in composition, and the absolute realism in their accessories — costumes, jewels, and furniture — go to make a curious and attractive whole. The painters of whom I have already spoken with more or less detail are Antonio Solario, called Lo Zingaro, 1382 (?)–1455; Sabbatini, or Andrea da Salerno, 1480–1545; Girolamo Sante Croce, 1520–1549; Belisario Corenzio, 1558 (?)–1643 (?); Michael Angelo Amerighi, called Caravaggio, 1569–1609; Giovanni Battista Caracciolo, 1580–1641; Massimo Stanzioni, 1585–1656; Andrea Vaccaro, 1598–1670; Aniello Falcone, 1600 (?)–1665; Domenico Gargiuoli, or Micco Spadro, 1612–1679; Mattia Preti, called Il Calabrese, 1613–1699; Salvator Rosa, 1615–1675; Viviano Codagora, middle of the seventeenth century; Luca Giordano, 1632–1705.

When Neapolitan painting is carefully studied, an important change in style is manifest towards the end of the sixteenth century, which later becomes more pronounced. Neapolitan artists had travelled, and some of them had studied in Rome, Venice, and Parma, and finally, at Naples, practised what may be called an art of their own. They were also fiercely determined that no other artists should be permitted to execute important commissions in Naples. The methods by which they accomplished their purpose have already been referred to, and are too well known to require an account of them here.

The painting of this school — the Naturalisti — has been called "the poetry of the repulsive," and is much the same in art that extremely realistic novels are in literature. Their power, which cannot be denied, in the representation of passion — of love and hate — holds one for a time in

wonder at such audacity and recklessness; but the moment of disgust succeeds, when one would sweep all these works — pictures and books alike — from the face of the earth, if that were possible.

Late in the seventeenth century, Luca Giordano, called Fa Presto (1632–1705), proved himself a marvellous painter, though he sacrificed all other qualities to a slight and rapid execution. His pictures have beauty of color and form, pronounced character, and even dramatic action; but all these are rendered in an "impressionist" manner that must delight a large following of that school at the present time. A splendid example of Giordano's work is above the principal entrance to the church of S. Filippo Neri, or de' Gerolomini; the subject is "Christ driving the Money-changers from the Temple." It is colossal in size, and the profaners of the sanctuary are just such Lazzaroni as so exhaust one's patience in Naples as to render the treatment they are receiving in Luca's picture acceptable and even soothing to the feelings of the spectator.

With the close of the seventeenth century an era of the commonplace was ushered in throughout Italy. The chief aim of the artists of this period was to fill great spaces with a decorative painting not much above the requisites of the theatre; not equal, in many cases, to the best scene-painting of modern days. Since that time Italy has never held the absolute priority in art which was so long her right. Let us hope that the past two centuries have been a fallow time which shall be succeeded by new glory.

We have spoken in our earliest pages of Frederick II., "the wonder of the world," and attributed to him the first impulse that was given to learning and letters in the Neapolitan kingdom. The so-called "Sicilian epoch" in the literature of Southern Italy, with which Frederick is associated, began in the twelfth century, when William II. encouraged the Troubadours at Palermo, and ended with

the death of Manfred. It was at its best from 1210 to 1250, when Frederick, whom Dante called *Cherico grande*, inspired men by his appreciation of their best work as well as by his example. He was described as *veramente specchio del mondo in parlare et in costumi.* Even Salimbene, who was far from admiring Frederick, calls him a poet of no mean pretensions.

While Frederick adopted Provençal literature, he gave it an Italian form. Aiming first of all to establish a powerful Italian dynasty, he promoted purely Italian studies; and in the circle that surrounded him, the Italian language undoubtedly had its birth, and was used in versification very early in its existence. It is a curious fact that one year before the death of Manfred — with whose life the flame of learning that had been lighted in the Neapolitan peninsula went out — Dante was born in Florence, the poet who was to express the fullest beauty and power which this new language could be made to convey.

Robert the Wise (1309–1343) was the next king of Naples who loved letters and the company of scholars. His friendship for Petrarch has been mentioned, as well as that Boccaccio found an inspiration at Naples in the Fiammeta of whom he became so fond, a natural daughter of King Robert. Symonds calls the death of Boccaccio, who died seventeen months after the death of Petrarch, in 1374, and about the same time with that of the painter, Andrea Orcagna, the end of the Middle Age.

The chief importance of the fourteenth century — the *quattrocento* — in regard to Italian literature lies in the fact that at this time the learned men of Italy and the popular element of the nation came to know each other, and the Tuscan and Neo-classic tongues made way for Italian in literature. A detailed account of all the scholars and writers of Naples cannot be given here. There were those who struggled to keep the literary flame alive

during the years of its greatest eclipse, but their genius shed too dim and uncertain a light to be clearly discerned at this distance of time. We shall consider those only of whom some clear account can be given.

The reign of Alfonso of Aragon, called the Magnanimous (1441–1458), was a fortunate period for Neapolitan scholars. After Nicholas V., Alfonso was the most munificent patron of learning of his time. He found his chief pleasure and satisfaction in the company of scholars, and in promoting their pursuits by supplying them with books and maintaining them in comfort while they were occupied in research and writing. When on his campaigns he insisted on having scholars in his camp, and was accustomed to gather his officers about him to listen to Beccadelli's expositions of Livy and the reading of ancient poets.

Valla described the concourse of students which Alfonso welcomed to his court and table to listen to discourses or to readings and recitations from the classics. He excluded mere courtiers from these symposia, and welcomed poor youths who hungered for such opportunities. In these customs he resembled Lorenzo de' Medici. His reverence for antiquities was such that when on the march he visited all famous sites and preserved them from desecration. When a bone from the skeleton of Livy was sent him as a gift from Venice, he received and prized it as sacred. Alfonso collected a fine library in the palace at Naples, which was scattered, no one knows whither, while Charles VIII. occupied the capital.

Antonio Beccadelli, a native of Palermo, was a favored friend of this sovereign; and although the immorality of his writing had subjected Beccadelli to severe criticism from the Pope and churchmen, yet Alfonso, after calling the scholar to his court, ennobled him, made him tutor to the crown prince Ferdinand, and greatly enjoyed his wit and

society. Beccadelli's favor survived the reign of Alfonso; and he died, aged and wealthy, in 1471.

Alfonso invited the great free-thinker Lorenzo Valla to Naples in 1437, and besides honoring him as a poet, installed him as his private secretary. Being thus in a position of safety, Valla launched his criticisms and accusations of the rulers of the Church, from Pope to friar, with fearlessness and freedom. At length he was summoned to a Court of Inquisition, from which Alfonso rescued him; and when Nicholas V. became Pope, he invited Valla to Rome, that he might have this eminent scholar in his court. This Pope was too enlightened a man to heed the heresy and scepticism of one who could translate from the Greek, and aid him in other ways so essentially as Lorenzo Valla could do.

Bartolommeo Fazio, the historiographer of Alfonso, wrote of celebrated men, and excited Valla's wrath by criticising his style. Both these scholars were of a determined nature, and their recriminations were so interminable that when they both died, in 1457, it was predicted that their animosities would disturb the world to which they had gone.

Giovannantonio Porcello, born at Naples, was also a favorite with Alfonso. His fluency in versification made him acceptable as an *improvvisatore*. He dedicated his principal work to Alfonso, according to the custom of the time, for scholars in all parts of Italy paid this honor to the King of Naples.

The Neapolitan writers were not men of deep learning; they especially prized the freedom they were allowed in speculation and in the expression of their attitude towards the dogmas of the Church, which could scarcely have been permitted in any other part of Italy. Whatever one may think of the immorality of the literature of the Two Sicilies at this period, it had the charms of lightness and freedom from conventionality, bigotry, and superstition.

Jovianus Pontanus, born at Cereto in 1426, was introduced to Alfonso by Beccadelli, and later was made President of the Neapolitan Academy. Under three kings — Ferdinand I., Alfonso II., and Ferdinand II. — he held posts of honor at Naples, and was sent as an ambassador to other courts; he also accompanied his sovereigns in their military campaigns.

The meetings of the Academy doubtless originated in the social circle of scholars that habitually surrounded Alfonso I. When that circle was broken up, these men met in what was called the *Porticus Antonianus*, Pontanus being the leader of this more formal assembly. The members latinized their names, and some of them are better known by their academic than by their family cognomens.

It is difficult to imagine any honest reasoning by which Pontanus could justify himself in welcoming Charles VIII. to Naples with a flattering address, and equally difficult to understand how his friends could pardon his so doing. We are glad to know that this act did lessen his prestige among his companions. The only excuse that has been made for him is, that, having perceived and boldly denounced the vices of Italian princes, he hoped for a reformation under the new sovereign.

Whatever personal faults Pontanus had, as a scholar he was of great importance. Symonds says: —

"Throughout his writings Pontanus shows himself to have been an original and vigorous thinker, a complete master of Latin scholarship, unwilling to abide contented with bare imitation, and bent upon expressing the facts of modern life, the actualities of personal emotion, in a style of accurate Latinity. When he died in 1503, he left at Naples one of the most flourishing schools of neopagan poets to be found in Italy; Lilius Gyraldus employs the old metaphor of the Trojan horse to describe the number and the vigor of the scholars who issued from it."

Much of Pontanus' writing would shock a modern reader, so frankly does he present the sentiments and experiences which are customarily thought to be too personal and too sacred to be spoken of, even to intimate friends; but Pontanus did not hesitate to publish these to the world. Of his love poetry Symonds says: —

"His Muse is no mere vagrant Venus. She is a respectable, if not, according to our present views, an altogether decent Juno. The final truth about her is that she revealed to her uniquely gifted bard, on earth and in the shrine of home, that poetry of love which Milton afterwards mythologized in Eden. The note of unadulterated humanity sounds with a clearness that demands commemoration in this poetry of passion. It is, if not the highest, yet the frankest and most decided utterance of mutual, legitimate desire. As such, it occupies an enviable place in the history of Italian love, — equally apart from *trecento* sickliness and *cinquecento* corruption; unrefined, perchance, but healthy; doing justice to the proletariate of Naples whence it sprung."

Pontanus' descriptions of nature, of the people and their customs, — in fact, of whatever he considers, — reveal to us all that he saw as clearly as if these scenes were mirrored before our eyes; and all that he wrote is overflowing with vitality.

I have referred to the curious terra-cotta *Pietà* in the church of Monte Oliveto, in which Pontanus and Sannazzaro kneel beside Alfonso II. Pontanus, who personates Nicodemus, is a man of powerful frame and a serious expression of countenance, with no possible indication of the poet about him. The devotional act in which he is here represented is so out of keeping with some of his writing and with our customary estimate of his habit of life, that it suggests the thought of his having assumed what he deemed the proper expression for the occasion.

The friendship between the two poets represented in

this group continued as long as both lived. Sannazzaro was born in Naples in 1458, and made his studies there. His proficiency in the classics was acknowledged by his admission to Pontanus' academy. As a youth, Sannazzaro was a friend of Prince Frederick; and when the latter became king, he gave the scholar a pension of 600 ducats and the Villa Mergellina, on the road to Posilipo. This modest provision enabled Sannazzaro to live in comfort until the destruction of his villa by the troops of the Prince of Orange in 1528, which was a great affliction to him. The poet gave the land to the Servite monks, who built the church of S. Maria del Parto, thus named in honor of the poem of their benefactor, "De Partu Virginis;" it is also called Sannazzaro's Church, and contains his tomb, of which we have spoken. In a chapel of this church is a picture of S. Michael trampling on Satan; it is said that the saint is represented by a portrait of Diomede Carafa, Bishop of Ariano, who is buried near this spot; while the devil has the head of a beautiful woman of Naples, who tempted the bishop in his early life. The inscription "Fecit Victoriam Alleluja" refers to the bishop's victory over temptation; and from this picture comes the Neapolitan proverb which is applied to all women of seductive power, "Una diavola della Mergellina."

Sannazzaro proved a faithful follower to the House of Aragon, and even shared the exile of Frederick, remaining with him as long as he lived. The poet did not long survive his king, as he died at Naples in 1530.

Sannazzaro's earliest verses were inspired by his love for Carmosina Bonifacia, who was young and of a noble family. He was distracted by jealousy, and attempted to cure himself by leaving the scene of his passion; he went to France, and during his absence Carmosina died. Some of the finest passages in his poems refer to this early and enduring affection.

After his return to Naples at this time, he wrote his Piscatorial Eclogues, which were justly celebrated; in them, it has been said, he surrounded himself by the pastoral Muses on the seashore. Where else in the world are the combined charms of land and sea so full of poetry as on the Bay of Naples? Where else are the fishermen so picturesque? Then, too, it is the very home of sirens and nereids, and we must believe it to have had its attractions for Poseidon and the tritons. It would seem that a poet who loved the sea, and knew his classics well, could scarcely prevent such eclogues from flowing off his pen when living with this entrancing bay always before his eyes, and its associations in his mind. Sannazzaro's second love was of a platonic nature and most creditable to him, since Cassandra Marchesa remained his devoted friend through life; her companionship was the joy of his latest years, and he is said to have died in her house.

Sannazzaro is best known by his "Arcadia," which is a most valuable exponent of the classical revival at its height, — midway between its untutored youth and its too conscious age. Its title suggests its nature; and although it is full of shepherds, nymphs, fauns, and allegorical tales, it is a truly valuable picture of Southern Italy in the fifteenth century. It was immensely popular in its time, and is now a masterpiece of its epoch, and has a double interest for us, since it is believed to have inspired Sir Philip Sidney's work of the same nature.

Masuccio Guardato, a noble of Salerno, passed his life at the court of Naples, and wrote the "Novellino," which appeared in 1476. He called himself the disciple of Boccaccio and Juvenal. Each of his tales is dedicated to some noble man or woman well known in Naples; they are a curious mixture of the language of the cultivated with that of the common people, and are an important contribution to our knowledge of the manners of his time,

although they are inferior to the tales of the Decameron, which were recited first in Naples.

Masuccio's "Novelle" cover a wide range of subjects; with few touches he sets his scenes before us, and we understand his intense love of beauty. His hatred of hypocrisy, especially in the clergy, his passion and his pleasure, his anger and his humor, fix our attention by their absolute sincerity. Symonds places a high estimate on Masuccio, and says:

"It is the blending of so many elements, — the interweaving of tragedy and comedy, satire and pathos, grossness and sentiment, in a style of unadorned sincerity, that places Masuccio high among novelists. Had his language been as pure as that of the earlier Tuscan or the later Italian authors, he would probably rank second only to Boccaccio in the estimation even of his fellow-countrymen. A foreigner, less sensitive to niceties of idiom, may be excused for recognizing him as at least Bandello's equal in the story-teller's art. In moral quality he is superior not only to Bandello, but also to Boccaccio."

The study of the songs of the people is fascinating. But too much space is required even to outline the differences between Canzune, Rispetti, Villotte, Strambotti, Stornelli, and others, for us to do more than suggest their interest here. Much has been written concerning the origin of these songs which may to-day be heard among the peasants and common people of all Italy, and many authorities agree in believing them to have originated in Southern Italy in the Suabian period, — the Sicilian epoch.

The Calabrian philosophy of the sixteenth century is of profound interest, represented as it was by Telesio of Cosenza, Bruno of Nola, and Campanella of Stilo, — who may well be called forerunners of modern science; men who were brave enough to suffer tortures and even die for the truth as they believed it. When we read of the sufferings of Campanella on account of his belief that a

greater truth existed than could be learned from "scholastic philosophy," we burn with indignation. Confined in a Neapolitan dungeon twenty-seven years, tortured seven times, brought to trial five times, accused of heresy and of writing a book which existed thirty years before he was born, — after all this how truly he must have been comforted by the friendship of Urban VIII. and Cardinal Richelieu! His bold and clear opinions stand out in his writings from a curious background of the superstition and confusion of ideas which characterized his age; but to be entirely free of these he must have been something more than a man who had spent half a life in a dungeon could be expected to be.

Giordano Bruno, a Dominican, who could not accept the dogmas of Transubstantiation and the Immaculate Conception, was less fortunate. After long travels and two years spent in England, after friendships with many of the most learned men in Europe, after lecturing in Paris and filling a professorship at Wittenberg, he returned to Italy, and after long persecutions was burned at the stake in 1600. Modern philosophers like Spinoza and Descartes, as well as many Germans, have justly valued the writings of Bruno.

Telesio of Cosenza, whose ideas were given to the world in his work "On the Nature of Things according to Proper Principles," paid the penalty with his life; and a little later, Vanini, who wrote "On the Admirable Secrets of Nature, the Queen and Goddess of Mortals," suffered death three years after its publication, his tongue being torn out before his execution. There were many Italian martyrs to like opinions, and many others who, like Galileo, did not insist upon their views; but these of whom I have spoken were Neapolitans, and of this school of men, inspired with lofty thoughts in the midst of surroundings which would seem to forbid their growth, Symonds says:

"Telesio and Campanella, long before Bacon, founded empirical science. Campanella and Bruno, long before Descartes, established the principle of idealistic philosophy in the self-conscious thinking faculty of man. The sensualism of Telesio, the spiritualism of Bruno, and Campanella's dualism foreshadow all possible secrets of empiricists, rationalists, and eclectics, which have since divided the field of modern speculation. It is easy enough now to look down either from the height of full-blown transcendental metaphysics or from the more modest eminence of solid physical science upon the intellectual abortions generated by this potent conception in its earliest fusion with mediæval theology. Yet it is impossible to neglect the negative importance of the work effected by men who declared their independence of ecclesiastical and classical authority in an age when the Church and antiquity contended for the empire of the human reason. Still less possible is it to deny the place of Galileo, Descartes, Bacon, Spinoza, among the offspring begotten of the movement which Pomponazzi, Telesio, Campanella, and Bruno inaugurated and developed."

I have hastily outlined the literature of Southern Italy during the awakening which gradually followed the reign of William I., died out, was again vivified, and culminated in the height of the fifteenth century. The political history of the Neapolitans after this period has shown us a condition of life, from the highest to the lowest classes, that forbade an intellectual growth, — a condition in which learning and literature could find no nourishment.

After the middle of the fifteenth century, when Alfonso the Magnanimous shed an unwonted lustre on his office and his kingdom, the prestige of Naples was gradually lessened until she was but a scorn and a byword among the nations. We have seen how her rulers, her clergy, her nobles, and her soldiers were wanting in patriotism and religion; how the oppression of the people and the self-indulgence of the nobles wrought their deadly work, until Naples might well be described by the five potent words

with which Machiavelli characterized all Italy, — "the corruption of the world."

With such an acknowledgment — from so high a source as that last quoted — of the value of the legacy bequeathed to us by some Neapolitans of the Renaissance, we conclude this scanty *résumé*. May the debt which we of this progressive century owe to men who, just emerging from the darkness of the Middle Ages, had the wisdom to perceive, to study, to declare, and even to die for truths higher than those they had been taught, be clearly perceived and justly estimated!

CHAPTER XII.

POZZUOLI, BAIÆ, CUMÆ, PROCIDA, AND ISCHIA.

THE excursions about Naples afford rare pleasure, especially in the springtime. The putting forth of trees, vines, and flowers, the fascinating views o'er land and sea, and the glamour of associations with ancient peoples, sovereigns, warriors, and poets, which may be traced at every step, make up a whole, in which every one — no matter what the individual taste may be — can find a charm or interest.

Many historic associations cluster about Posilipo, the first hill west of the city; its name in Greek, Pausílypon, signifies cessation from sorrow. Here the Emperor Augustus came to drink in health and peace; while Pollio, Lucullus, and many Roman patricians had villas here to which they gladly escaped from Imperial Rome, seeking rest and pleasure. Poets too, like Virgil, Silius Italicus, and Sannazzaro found the hill of Posilipo a most grateful abiding-place; and here Virgil wrote the Georgics and the Æneid.

The old Grotto of Posilipo has been closed since the opening of the new tunnel, through which the steam tramway passes. This fine example of Roman engineering and masonry probably dates from the time of Augustus. Ancient writers speak of its gloom; and in the Middle Ages many superstitions were connected with this locality, one of which attributed magic arts to Virgil. Alfonso I., Don Pedro de Toledo, and Carlo Borbone each improved this

venerable grotto, which is superseded in these progressive days; and one is glad that the screeching, rushing trains of the tram pass by another way.

In a garden above the grotto is the Roman columbarium called Virgil's Tomb. Doubts as to the genuineness of this claim seem to be unfounded, since we know that the poet desired to be brought here from Brundusium, where he died, B. C. 19. Virgil was making a journey with Augustus when attacked by a fatal illness, and his remains were removed to Naples by the emperor's command. About a century later, Statius, the Neapolitan, wrote: —

> "At Virgil's honored tomb I sit and sing;
> Warm'd by the hallow'd spot, my Muse takes fire;
> And sweeps with bolder hand my humble lyre;"

and Silius Italicus, a contemporary of Statius, purchased the tomb and religiously visited it on Virgil's birthday.

The tomb originally resembled a small temple; in the centre, resting on pillars of white marble, was the urn containing the poet's ashes, on which was the inscription, well known to have been written by Virgil, shortly before his death, —

> "Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
> Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces."
>
> In Mantua [first] I saw the light of day;
> Calabria snatched the cup of life away;
> Parthenope contains my grave.
> I sang of flocks and fields, and heroes brave.

Petrarch and King Robert came to this spot together, and honored it as Virgil's tomb; Boccaccio here found courage to renounce the pursuits to which his father destined him, and dedicate himself to his art; writers of the fourteenth century speak of it with assurance; and the Bishop of Ariano, about 1500, wrote that he had records which proved the tomb to be that of Virgil. He declared it to

Virgil's Tomb.

have been perfect as late as 1326, when Robert of Anjou gave the urn, the columns, and some small statues which ornamented the columbarium to the Cardinal of Mantua to be taken to the poet's birthplace; but the Cardinal having died at Genoa when returning to Mantua, the relics were lost. Another legend relates that Robert removed the urn to Castel Nuovo for safe keeping.

Not only has the urn disappeared, but the laurel which Petrarch planted has been stolen, bit by bit, and carried to other countries, Voltaire, the Margravine of Baireuth, and other notable persons sharing in this sacrilege. But were Virgil not buried here, we know that all this hill of Posilipo was familiar ground, and dear to him; here, in the villa of Lucullus, he spent many happy days, and his feet have doubtless trod where we now walk with thoughts of him in mind, more than nineteen centuries after his immortal work was done. As one sits on the terrace near by, and enjoys the stupendous panorama spread before him, the verse which commemorates S. Paul's visit to this spot, and was long in use in the cathedral of Mantua on that saint's day, is involuntarily remembered. It is thus translated by J. A. Symonds: —

> "When to Maro's tomb they brought him,
> Tender grief and pity wrought him
> To bedew the stone with tears;
> What a saint I might have crowned thee,
> Had I only living found thee
> Poet first and without peers!"

The Corniche of Posilipo, skirting the cliffs of the promontory, is one of the famous drives of the world. After the Mergellina, with its exquisite villas and gardens, the views from this road afford delightful contrasts, embracing, as they do, the city of Naples and the coast-line far to the east of it. At sunset there is a weird effect of flame that gives the appearance of a vast conflagration to the succes-

sion of villages extending from Naples to Castellammare, and one can easily imagine that the thin blue smoke from the summit of Vesuvius is about to burst into forked flames, while the volcano vomits forth destruction as it has so often done and may again do, at any moment. From the height of Posilipo, where one has the sense of safety, this thought of possible imminent danger is most exciting.

The less distant views of Bagnoli, Camaldoli, Pozzuoli, Baiæ, and the islands of Nisida, Procida, and Ischia, are exquisite in their variety of sea and mountain and indented shore. The road winds through pines and near vineyards, surrounding scattered villas, while occasionally picturesque ruins peep out from clumps of shrubs and masses of myrtle. The wine of Posilipo has been celebrated for centuries; Tasso wrote a sonnet in its praise, and begged a gift of it from Alfonso II.

Descending the Posilipo on the west, the road passes near a long tunnel called the Grotto of Sejanus, which, however, is believed to have existed long before the time of the favorite of Tiberius. This side the hill, as one approaches the sea and Capo Coroglio, is covered with the ruins of the villa of Lucullus, which was later enlarged by Vedius Pollio. In fact, not only on the hill and the shore, but in the sea itself there are masses of substructure extending for some distance into the water. The ruins of the small theatre of Lucullus, as well as those of galleries, porticoes, reservoirs, and other structures, can be traced, many of them being overgrown with plants and draped with vines. The fishponds where the favorite lampreys of Vedius Pollio were fed on the flesh of his slaves — if we may trust the old tales — are at some distance from the road.

The excursion to Nisida, of which we have spoken, may be made from Capo Coroglio. The little island is a charm-

ing feature of the views from Posilipo, nestling close to the shore as it does, with the fresh green color which its luxurious gardens give; but one must regret that the woods described by Statius are now replaced by a Lazaretto.

Going towards Pozzuoli from Capo Coroglio, the road follows the shore, passing through the little town of Bagnoli, much affected by Neapolitans in summer on account of its hot springs and baths. Before reaching Pozzuoli a narrow road on the right leads to the Solfatara, the crater of a half-extinct volcano, named from the sulphureous nature of the gases which rise from numerous fissures, and have the appearance of flames at night. It has the effect of being a decapitated mountain, and it is not impossible that in 1198, when its one known eruption occurred, its top was blown to atoms. There is considerable heat in the gases thrown off, and by listening at the fissures a sound as of boiling water is heard, which indicates a subterranean fire; a stone thrown on the ground produces a rumbling report, as if it were hollow underneath. These peculiar features do not make the Solfatara attractive, although scientists are positive that there will be no more explosions here. Some learned men think that it is connected with Vesuvius, others say with the volcano on Ischia; while ancient poets made it the scene of the battle between Hercules and the Giants, and a much more recent Neapolitan scholar proved to his own satisfaction that it is the opening of the infernal regions. One may here give free rein to imagination, since the wildest speculations cannot be authoritatively contradicted.

The alum hills to the east of the Solfatara were called *Colles Leucogæi* by the ancients, and their dust was prized for coloring the *alica*, or groats, of the Romans; and the waters boiling at their feet, the *Fontes Leucogæi*, were said by Pliny to be of great benefit in diseases of the eye.

The Solfatara is but one of the interesting features of the

Phlegræan Plain, so full of associations with classical traditions, Hellenic legends, and Roman history; where the Patricians built almost numberless villas, amphitheatres, and temples, of which little remains. But the chaotic ruins — some in shapeless masses, others with splendid arches as fresh and firm as if just completed, and beautiful columns lying where thrown by the convulsions of nature — draped with delicate foliage fed by percolating drops issuing from invisible fissures, are fascinating to us of the New World. No more delightful experience can be had than wandering here on a soft spring day, when sea and sky are of that heavenly blue which is a benediction of itself. The inexpressible beauty of islands and headlands, bays and coast-line, is the same as when Statius wrote: —

> "Tempered by breezy summers, winters bland,
> The waveless seas glide slumbering to the land:
> Safe peace is here; life's careless ease is ours;
> . . . . . .
> A thousand pleasures could my verse expand,
> And darling loves of this, my native land."

Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the Romans, is rich in associations with ancient days, and Cicero called it a miniature Rome. It was an important mercantile port to the Romans and Alexandrians. Fabius, with 6,000 men, defended it against Hannibal; Sulla came here B. C. 79, and here killed himself by his debaucheries. Augustus made it a Roman colony; and the shore was doubtless as full of docks and warehouses as were the surrounding hills of temples, amphitheatres, and patrician villas. The fall of the Roman Empire sounded the note of its destruction, which the physical forces ably seconded by their upheavals; and the plunder of the Goths in the fifth century completed its desolation, which continued until the Saracens settled here 500 years later. In the twelfth century the eruption of the Solfatara injured it greatly; in the fifteenth and six-

teenth centuries it suffered from earthquakes and the attacks of the Turks, whose ravages, together with those of malaria, caused Pozzuoli to be essentially abandoned.

Don Pedro de Toledo, as we have seen, attempted to restore Pozzuoli to some importance; but the unhealthfulness of the whole precinct forbade its prosperity, and it is now a quiet town, which in many particulars recalls the lines of W. W. Story, —

> "The streets, too, through whose narrow, dusty track
> We ride in files, each on our donkey's back,
> When evening's shadow o'er the high gray walls,
> O'ertopped with oranges and olives, falls,
> And at each corner 'neath its roof of tiles,
> Hung with poor offerings, the Madonna smiles
> In her rude shrine so picturesque with dirt.
> Is this not Italy? Your nerves are hurt
> By that expression, — dirt, — nay, then I see
> You love not nature, art, nor Italy."

But the association with Pozzuoli which most interests us hangs on the 13th verse of the 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: "And after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli: where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days."

It was on May 3, A. D. 59, that S. Paul landed from the "Castor and Pollux," the third ship of his voyage; for he left Cesarea in a vessel belonging to Adramyttium, and at Myra was transferred to an Alexandrian ship, laden with wheat for the Roman market, which was wrecked at Melita, where he embarked on the third, which brought him safely to this most attractive city.

The inscriptions which have been discovered at Pozzuoli explain the word "brethren" which S. Luke used. These inscriptions show that there were Tyrians dwelling at Puteoli, which was called a "station" or Tyrian factory, a second being at Rome, and these being the only two in

Italy. S. Luke does not use the word "brethren" after leaving his "friends" at Sidon, until he reaches Puteoli. The mercantile connection between Alexandria and this Italian port must necessarily have brought Jews here, and Christians as well; and it is stated in the "Life of S. Paul," by Conybeare and Howson, that "the Italian Christians had long been looking for a visit from the famous Apostle."

In thinking of S. Paul's voyage up this coast from Rhegium, — a city whose protectors were the same *Gemini* to whose care Paul's ship was confided, — we question as to what existing features of the coast are the same as when he saw it. We can scarcely picture the glory that he beheld when passing between Capri and the promontory of Minerva; on Capri were the twelve splendid villas of Tiberius, while opposite, the wonderful temple of Minerva crowned that point where we now see but olive-trees and myrtle. The majestic sweep of the bay and coast were the same as now; but Neapolis had a lovelier background than the Vesuvius of to-day, for the great mountain was then green and beautiful, its western slope bearing luxurious vineyards. The ancients knew that its summit showed signs of volcanic action, but who could imagine that in a score of years it should change its form, send death and destruction to the cities clustering at its feet, and end the lives of thousands? How could S. Paul suspect that Drusilla, the wife of the Roman governor Felix, who had talked with him in his prison at Cesarea, would lose her life, with that of her son, in the vast tomb covered by the ashes of Vesuvius?

Seneca relates that the Alexandrine corn-ships were recognized at Puteoli while still distant, as they were the only ships that did not strike the topsail when rounding the Cape of Minerva. The news of their arrival attracted crowds to the pier, and we can imagine the scene on which

S. Paul, S. Luke, and Aristarchus gazed, as the "Castor and Pollux" reached her destination.

The bay between Puteoli and Baiæ is calm and beautiful, affording a sheltered harbor for pleasure-boats or merchantmen, and in S. Paul's time was filled with both; for Baiæ was a favorite resort of the luxurious class that sailed these lovely seas in its own yachts, with their brilliantly tinted sails, while Puteoli was a great commercial centre. Between these two cities, in an indentation of the coast, was Lucrine Lake, the Styx of Virgil, separated from the sea by a causeway, the building of which was attributed to Hercules. In this lake were the oyster-beds that supplied the "Lucrinenses" of the Roman epicures, and were praised even by the poets. An artificial canal, built by order of Augustus, connected Lucrine with Avernus, and first dispelled the gloomy superstitions that hung about that lake, which Virgil had made the gate to hell, and Homer the abode of the dismal Cimmerii. In S. Paul's time the lake was bordered by fine edifices, magnificent baths rising on its eastern margin; but the upheaval of 1538 filled up a large part of Lake Lucrine, and left only ruins in its neighborhood.

Baiæ was then at the zenith of its glory. Horace said, "Nothing in the world can be compared with the lovely bay of Baiæ;" and on its borders rose the luxurious villas and imposing baths where the profligate Romans held their orgies and hastened to their ruin. The remnants of these edifices were tossed out into the sea; in the eighth century the Saracens devastated the city with a cruelty which exceeded that of the earthquake, and a few centuries later malaria completed its desolation; it is only now regaining a tithe of its importance.

We know no scene to-day which can be likened to that on the Bay of Puteoli in the first century of our era in any considerable degree; and as we trace the journeys of S.

Paul, and remember that he was familiar with Jerusalem, "the joy of the whole earth," that he saw the glories of Athens and of many cities now buried from sight on the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, and landing at Puteoli journeyed to Imperial Rome, we realize that all the glories of the earth were known to him when he solemnly declared that he counted "all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ."

Though S. Paul came to his "brethren" a prisoner, in chains, having barely escaped the dangers of the sea, the centurion Julius was no hard master, and did not refuse to rest at Puteoli, as was proposed to him. The Scripture does not say in what manner these seven days were passed; but we cannot doubt that he comforted his brethren, and spoke to them as he later wrote to the Ephesians, asking their prayers "that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds."

Traditions exist, however, which tell of the preaching of Paul, and of numerous conversions among those who heard of Jesus for the first time. It is also said that he visited the temples, the amphitheatre, and even the tomb of Virgil. Whatever may be our estimate of these traditions, we may reasonably believe that S. Paul first preached in Italy in the city of Pozzuoli.

Paul's stay at Pozzuoli occurred when the city was at its best; for Nero had just renewed its ancient privileges, which stimulated its activity and prosperity. On the mole enclosing the harbor of the merchantmen, where S. Paul landed, the lighthouse stood; and so enduring was the concrete of which its piers were built, that sixteen of them still remain, affording the most perfect existing ruin of a Roman harbor.

The Amphitheatre at Pozzuoli.

The amphitheatre of Pozzuoli is unusually perfect, and is a splendid specimen of such structures which existed in all Roman cities. This one seated 30,000 spectators; here Nero entertained Tiridates, and descending into the arena, the emperor seized a lance from a guard and killed two bulls at one blow. Here S. Januarius and his companions were exposed to wild beasts without harm, which converted 5,000 persons to the religion of the saint. The apartments of the arena in which these godly men are believed to have been confined are now consecrated as a chapel called the "Carceri di S. Gennaro." This arena was sometimes flooded for the exhibition of naval battles, which with bull-fights and gladiatorial contests made up the usual spectacles of this theatre. The subterranean story for the accommodation of gladiators and wild beasts is enormously extensive; its prostrate columns and other architectural fragments are picturesquely veiled by verdant foliage and mosses. Each time one rambles through these ancient theatres, the thought of the enormous sacrifice of life which occurred in them during the centuries in which Roman monsters thus took their pleasure, grows more and more appalling.

The Temple of Serapis, built in the sixth century of Rome, was not unearthed until 1750; and one cannot be reconciled to the fact that it was not preserved, with its ornaments, statues, and vases intact, or even restored as it might easily have been. Goths and Vandals could scarcely have been more unappreciative of ancient art than Christians of recent centuries have frequently proved to be. There are fragments of other temples at Pozzuoli and remnants of the villa of Cicero, in which he lived and wrote, and where the Emperor Hadrian was buried. Pliny tells us that when Cicero died, a warm spring burst forth, its waters being beneficial to weary eyes.

Going farther west from Pozzuoli, the lovely views of its

bay and coasts are still before us, and we try to fancy how Caligula's bridge must have disfigured this exquisite prospect. He seized every vessel in the ports of Italy; and Suetonius says: —

"Caligula invented a new kind of spectacle, for he made a bridge, about three miles and a half long, from Baiæ to the mole of Puteoli, collecting trading-vessels from all directions, mooring them in two rows by their anchors, and spreading earth upon them to form a viaduct, after the fashion of the Appian Way. This bridge he crossed and recrossed for two days together: the first day mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, having on his head a crown of oak leaves, armed with a battle-axe, a Spanish buckler and sword, and wearing a cloak of cloth of gold; the following day, dressed as a charioteer, standing in a chariot, drawn by two high-bred horses, having with him a young boy, named Darius, one of the Parthian hostages, and attended by a cohort of Prætorian Guards, and a number of his friends in Gaulish fashion."

Various reasons have been given for this curious freak of Caligula, in which he simply copied what Xerxes had done when he bridged the Hellespont; the most satisfactory one being found in the fact that an astrologer foretold that Caius could no more be emperor than he could ride on horseback across the Gulf of Baiæ.

Leaving the shore and skirting Monte Nuovo and Lake Avernus, we go towards Cumæ. It is difficult to realize that this baby volcano, less than 500 feet high, was thrown up in a night in 1538. Dumas calls it the great event of Pozzuoli, and says, —

"One morning Pozzuoli awoke, looked about, and did not know herself. Where she had left a lake at evening she found a mountain; where she had left a forest she found ashes; where she left a village she found nothing whatever."

If one is well up in the classics, Lake Avernus is disappointing. The "Tartarean woods" are gone; no Cim-

merian gypsies enliven the surrounding hills, and their city of caves is no longer shut in by thick forests. Few descriptions of any spot are as inexact as this of Virgil's now is: —

> "Deep in the craggy gorge a cavern yawned;
> A pitchy lake and forests black as night
> Girdled its depths profound. No bird unharmed
> O'er that dread orifice might steer its flight, —
> Such baneful exhalation through the air
> Reeked from its murky jaws; by Grecians hence
> Aornos named."

Ascending the hill called Monte Barbaro, the next prominent relic of the past is the Arco Felice, which spans a hollow, the banks of which are filled with tombs. Sixty-three feet in height, this arch is a striking and picturesque feature in the landscape; it has traces of having borne an aqueduct on its summit; it may have been a gateway to the town, and its pavement is a part of the old road from Pozzuoli to Cumæ.

This latter city is believed to have existed B. C. 1050, and to have been the earliest Greek settlement in Italy. Its influence on Italian civilization can scarcely be exaggerated; all the Italian alphabets are derived from the Cumæan; not only so, but Hellenic worship and culture were diffused from this centre, and here Tarquinius Superbus purchased the Sibylline books, so long cherished at Rome.

The fifth century saw the beginning of the decline of Cumæ, and eight centuries later it had become such a stronghold for the pirates of the Tyrrhenean seas that its neighbors, Naples and Aversa, determined on its destruction.

The hill of the Acropolis commands an exquisite view, and is believed to be the spot where the first Greek colony in Italy had its home. The broad blue sea, the Ponza

Islands, Ischia, and Lake Fusaro unite in a prospect that does honor to their selection of a site. The citadel was destroyed early in our century, for the sake of its materials, and little remains of the amphitheatre and temples to interest the usual traveller; while the archæologist and classical scholar desire to see the spot so rich in historical and legendary associations.

The hill of the Acropolis is full of caves and passages, some of which are believed to have made a part of

> "that dim cave
> Secluded, where the awful Sibyl dwells,
> Whose soul with Divination's mystic lore
> The prophet-god inspires. . . .
> . . . . Before the place
> An hundred doors an hundred entries grace;
> As many voices issue, and the sound
> Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound."

The various attacks on the citadel of Cumæ have destroyed so many landmarks that it is not possible to say much more than that Cumæ was here; each one must, from his own knowledge of its history, rebuild in imagination the citadel, the temple of Apollo, roofed with gold, and all the ancient beauty and grandeur of the city of oracles.

South of Cumæ is Lake Fusaro, the Acherusian Lake, celebrated for its oysters since classic days; and hence the road to Baiæ passes ruined tombs and architectural fragments which serve to fix the thoughts on the past with its vanished glories, until that watering-place of antiquity is reached which was celebrated by poets and scholars for its beauty, and disgraced by emperors and patricians with unrestrained crimes and follies. Its situation is magnificent; on the west of the bay are lofty hills, whose precipices descend majestically to the sea. The wealthy Romans who built villas here permitted no common people to come near,

The Temple of Venus and Diana at Baiæ.

and an acre was denied to men who could buy a province elsewhere. Sulla, Pompey, Cæsar, Tiberius, and Nero affected these baths, and, the land not being sufficient, the substructures of their palatial homes extended into the sea. Now, alas! there are no reminders of luxury or pride; wars and malaria have ravaged it and made it to be dreaded; and the castle of Toledo, on its commanding promontory, may be called the only monument of the ancient glory of Baiæ, built as it was with the stones of its temples, baths, and exquisite villas. The Roman writers bear testimony to the immorality of Baiæ; Martial says that the Penelopes who came here were changed to Helens; and Pontanus, in his day, called it the ruin of women, old and young alike. But all other crimes are insignificant before Nero's murder of his mother, on account of which Tacitus says that Nero fled, — for "the face of a country cannot change its aspect like the countenances of men; the offensive prospect of that sea and those shores lay ever before his eyes, and there were even those who believed that the sound of a trumpet was heard from the surrounding hills, and that wailings arose from Agrippina's grave."

Baiæ was a favorite resort until the early part of the sixteenth century. Joanna, Ladislaus, and Ferdinand I. were fond of coming here, and as late as the time of Sannazzaro parts of the old city still existed; a little later it was deserted, and is only now beginning to regain life and importance.

From Baiæ to Cape Misenum is not far, and from this headland one sees a wonderful panorama. It seems to stand in the midst of a grand convocation of the natural features we were taught to define in our earliest study of the earth's surface; and involuntarily the definitions of capes, headlands, straits, bays, lakes, and peninsulas repeat themselves in the practical side of consciousness, while the æsthetic side is in an ecstasy over this vision of wonderful

beauty. Here Misenus, the trumpeter of Æneas, was buried, and here Tiberius died.

The Roman port of Misenum consisted of three basins. The inner one, the crater of an extinct volcano, is the Mare Morto, between the northwest boundary of which and the southern margin of Lake Fusaro are the Elysian Fields. They are beautifully cultivated; poplars and mulberries abound, and vines festoon all objects that they can reach, let them be trees or the numerous tombs of the sailors who have been buried here. The vineyards are luxuriant and produce good wine; but the purple light over ever-verdant and mossy meadows, which Virgil here saw, does not now appear, and one can but wonder a little at the glamour which the poetic imagination makes so real a thing, where more commonplace minds fail to discern the least suggestion of such beauties.

The island of Procida — the ancient Prochyta — is generally believed to have been broken off from Ischia. It is two and a half miles long, and has but one height, the Punta di Rocciola, on which is the old castle, now a house of correction. The town of Procida stretches from the shore up the side of the castle hill, and is picturesque with its glistening white houses in the midst of trees, vineyards, orange-groves, and fruit-gardens. A large portion of this island belonged to John of Procida, the hero of the Sicilian Vespers.

Juvenal called Procida a dreary place; it is now as cheerful as the busy and contented life of 14,000 inhabitants can make it. The industries are fruit-raising and fishing. Many fruit vessels are owned here, and are loaded for various distant ports. The Greek origin of the inhabitants may still be recognized in the costumes of the women on May 8 and September 29, the two principal fête days of the island; characteristic dances are then seen, for which a few years ago the timbrel was played and the tarantella danced with great spirit.

The island of Ischia — the Ænaria and Inarima of the ancients — is the largest island near Naples, though not so wonderful in its natural formation nor historically of so much interest as Capri. In the earliest days of which we have any knowledge of Ischia, its Greek colonists fled from it by reason of its frequent earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The ancient poets made the depths of Monte Epomeo the prison of Typhœus as Ætna was that of Enceladus; but since 1302 the struggles of the giant have ceased, and no eruptions have occurred. At its summit are a small hermitage and chapel hewn in the rock, dedicated to S. Nicolas, by whose name the mountain is now frequently called.

The Emperor Augustus exchanged Ischia for Capri with the Neapolitans; it suffered the attacks of the Saracens, and in 1135 was sacked by the Pisans. From that time, during four centuries, it was the scene of insurrections and invasions, and was frequently an asylum for the sovereigns of Naples when fleeing from their enemies.

The names of three famous women are intimately associated with Ischia, — Costanza d'Avalos, Vittoria Colonna, and the widow of still another D'Avalos, the Marchioness del Vasto. Costanza d'Avalos, in 1501, defended Ischia against the French, with great skill and bravery. Her services were rewarded by the settlement of the civil and military government of the island on the D'Avalos family, which power it retained until 1734, when its military command was transferred to Naples.

Ischia was the home of Vittoria Colonna in her girlhood; here she was married, and here passed her honeymoon. It was also the birthplace of her husband, Ferdinand d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara; and after his death Vittoria returned to live in the castle, and give herself up to the grief which she expressed not only in her life, but in the many sonnets which commemorate her affliction,

her lofty estimate of Pescara's character, and her undying love for him. Here her life was not so lonely as would at first appear; for Costanza, Marchesa di Francavilla, maintained a court which was celebrated throughout Europe, as especially favored by Apollo and the Muses. Doubtless the presence of Vittoria was the attraction to many of the poets who loved to linger here; and Tasso has thus celebrated this Ischian Paradise: —

"Proud rock! the loved retreat of such a band
Of earth's best, noblest, greatest, that their light
Pales other glories to the dazzled sight,
And like a beacon shines throughout the land.
If truest worth can reach the perfect state,
And man may hope to merit heavenly rest,
Those whom thou harborest in thy rocky breast,
First in the race will reach the heavenly gate.
Glory of martial deeds is thine. In thee,
Brightest the world e'er saw or heaven gave,
Dwell chastest beauty, worth, and courtesy!
Well be it with thee! May both wind and sea
Respect thee: and thy native air and wave
Be temper'd ever by a genial sky!"

T. Adolphus Trollope assures his readers that worse sonnets than the above can be found by the ream among the imitators of Petrarch, and adds that Vittoria Colonna later reached a much greater height. She has told us, —

"I only write to vent that inward pain,
On which my heart doth feed itself, nor wills
Aught other nourishment."

Trollope says: —

"The enthusiasm created by these tuneful wailings of a young widow as lovely as inconsolable, as irreproachable as noble, learned enough to correspond with the most learned men of the day on their own subjects, and with all this a Colonna, was intense. Vittoria became speedily the most famous

woman of her time, was termed by universal consent 'the divine,' and lived to see three editions of the grief-cries which escaped from her 'without her will.'"

The third of these notable women was the widow of another D'Avalos, the Marquis of Vasto, who went to live at Ischia in 1548. Like Vittoria Colonna, she was famed for virtue and beauty. It is said that at one period of her life Vittoria was called the most beautiful living woman; and the beauty of the Marchesa del Vasto when beyond middle life was declared to excel that of other women in their springtime; and when more than sixty years old, she inspired the Grand Prior of France with a veritable passion of love, so irresistible were her charms.

In 1717 Bishop Berkeley described Ischia in terms not too enthusiastic now, if one sees it in summer. Indeed, he did not name the beautiful orchids and ferns, the olives and bananas, nor the hedges of aloe and prickly pear. He says, in writing to Pope: —

"The island of Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within a compass of eighteen miles a wonderful variety of hills, vales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is, in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea; the vales produce excellent Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards interspersed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, etc., they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. But that which crowns the scene is Mons Epomeus. Its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle afford pasture to flocks of goats and sheep;

and the top is a sandy pointed rock from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about 300 miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus."

The mineral waters of Ischia are greatly esteemed, and before 1883 the island had become a popular sanitarium. Porto d' Ischia has a large bathing-establishment and a royal park, but Casamicciola was the favorite resort. The earthquake of July 28, 1883, left but a few houses standing; 7,500 lives were lost, and many who escaped with life were wounded and maimed. An Englishman who has long resided in Naples gives a touching account of the generosity and kindness of the very poor in Naples in their sympathy for the sufferers of their own class in Casamicciola. Many Neapolitans who could scarcely feed themselves and their families, went with their boats and brought the Ischians to their poor homes, where they gave them their beds and the few comforts they had. The rebuilding has progressed but slowly; and the wooden sheds, hastily erected at the time of the catastrophe, are still the homes of many of the people.

Beautiful straw plaiting is done at Lacco, where a school for this industry has been established. In this village is the Cathedral of S. Restituta, the patroness of the island, whose fête is celebrated on May 17 by the illumination of Monte Vico. The costumes of the Ischiajole are frequently striking and attractive.

The excursions about the island are charming, and the ascent of Epomeo through pine woods and vineyards to the home of the hermit, cut in the volcanic rock, is full of interest. Many of the old towers which fortified the island in the days of Costanza d'Avalos, are still picturesque and attractive, rising amid gardens and vineyards

as they now do; and the same lovely views that have wrought their spell on sirens and mortals, from Parthenope to ourselves, are as enchanting from Ischia as from each and every vantage-ground about this crescent-coasted Bay of the Sirens.

CHAPTER XIII.

HERCULANEUM, VESUVIUS, POMPEII, SORRENTO, LA CAVA, AMALFI, SALERNO, AND PÆSTUM.

THE excursion to Herculaneum and Pompeii is far more interesting when made by carriage than by train. The suburbs to the east of Naples are so thickly populated that the boundary between the city and S. Giovanni a Teduccio is quite invisible, and when passing to Portici and Resina nothing indicates the division of these towns. Street life is seen to great advantage on this drive: macaroni is hung out to dry on all sides; dirty, ragged children play games with noisy glee; dogs lie asleep in the sun; men smoke and idly loll about, while the women have many occupations, and yet find time for plenty of gossip.

At Portici the road runs through the court of the palace built by Carlo Borbone, in which Murat preferred to live while at Naples, and thence passes almost immediately into Resina, from which point the visit to Herculaneum is made. This is a curiously unpleasant experience, and yet it is more emphatically impressive of the horror which destroyed this city and Pompeii than is the visit to the latter place. This underground darkness, lighted by smoking torches, where only bits of a villa, temple, or theatre can be seen, where everything is mutilated and disjointed, and one feels oppressed for want of air to breathe, is vastly more dreadful than the open streets of the excavated Pompeii, where one feels the sun and sees the sky.

Looking down the Street of the Tombs, Pompeii.

The blackness and solidity of the tufa, which is only cut out with great difficulty, is, of itself, more depressing than the ashes and rubbish which were so much more easily removed from Pompeii. Tradition attributes the foundation of this city to Hercules himself, and in ancient days Oscans, Etruscans, and Samnites lived here, while in the prosperous days of Rome it was the site of many patrician villas. After the earthquake, A. D. 63, and the eruption of 79, other waves of ashes and lava buried it to a depth varying from forty to one hundred feet, and it was lost to human knowledge until 1719, when the Prince d'Elbœuf, in digging a well, came upon parts of the ancient theatre.

There is but little to be seen, as portions of the excavations are filled up; they extended under Portici and Resina, and threatened to undermine these towns; but the discovery itself and the little that has been done are of vast interest to the world. The bronzes, mural decorations, papyri, and especially the portrait statues of the Balbi, now in the Naples Museum, are extremely valuable, and give to the buried city the seeming of a vast treasure-house which rolling centuries have effectually closed, even to the irrepressible curiosity and enterprise of the present era.

Beyond Resina is Torre del Greco, a bustling town built in a most unsafe position. It has repeatedly suffered from eruptions and earthquakes; but the inhabitants never hesitate to rebuild what is thrown down, and to live on here with a faith so daring that it commands a certain respect for those who have it. The Neapolitan proverb runs, "Napoli fa i peccati, e la Torre li paga," — "Naples commits the sins, and la Torre pays for them."

From Torre del Greco many coral-fishers go forth each spring to their arduous labors on the Sicilian and African coasts, and here a great quantity of coral ornaments are manufactured. In June a great popular festival is held in

Torre, commemorating the abolition of feudalism in 1700, and is called the Festa dei quattro Altari.

The monastery of the Camaldoli della Torre has a safer position than the town, for, though situated on a volcanic hill, it is not in danger from lava streams. It commands a splendid view of the Bay of Naples, and an extraordinary one of the desolated sides of Vesuvius. The fresh and even Oriental aspect of the vegetation which surrounds the convent; its domes, and the revolving wheels of the wells, and the hedges of prickly pear, — also reminders of the East, — help to make an impressive contrast between the estates of the monastery and the black lava fields by which they are bordered; no view on the eastern side of the bay surpasses that seen from the summit of this hill of the Camaldoli.

It is not far to Torre dell' Annunziata, which is full of life. Its manufacture of macaroni, its fishing, and its powder-factory furnish occupation for all its people; while the fame of its mineral waters attracts many invalids to this charming spot.

If one does not make the excursion to Vesuvius from Naples in the regulation manner, — under the care of Thomas Cook & Sons, which is certainly the least trouble, — it may be made from Torre dell' Annunziata. It is a wonderful experience, which no one can afford to lose. Goethe called Vesuvius "a peak of hell rising from paradise," and a more suitable description of this volcano could scarcely be given in many pages; volumes are required to speak fully of this wonderful mountain, while all guide-books give the information necessary to one who sees it for himself.

Torre dell' Annunziata is also a convenient point from which to reach Pompeii, — that wonderful city from which we so largely draw our knowledge of the domestic life of the beginning of our era. The emotions experienced in

The House of Pansa, Pompeii.

this visit differ as widely as do the views and temperaments of the visitors, but in any case it is a unique experience. Nowhere else can one so step back into the past, leaving century on century behind, and bring himself into intimate relations with the earliest decades of our era.

Pompeii differs so essentially from all other places that some time must elapse before one can be sufficiently forgetful of the usual, every-day world and its life to comprehend, in any proper sense, the meaning and spirit of that which surrounds him. He is in the midst of a past so distant that it has no resemblance to the present.

The dainty dwellings of a refined and luxurious people are here, but how simple in taste and arrangement! These small homes with their succession of tiny apartments could not satisfy the needs of modern life. The court, with its fountain in the centre, was the gathering-place for family and friends. The men lived in the Forum, the Baths, the Gymnasium, or the Theatre, and prided themselves on their city, its Acropolis, its edifices. Individual pride as we now know it, and the strife by which each man endeavors to surpass others in his individual attainments and mode of life, were turned into widely differing channels in the city of antiquity. Public life was first, private life secondary, and the women in their apartments — the Gynæceum — were luxuriously indolent, or, with some slight, Penelope-like pursuit, awaited the time when their male relatives and friends should turn to their homes for a few hours of repose.

Entering the theatre which crowns the hill, Vesuvius looms before us in awful grandeur, while the sea sparkles and shimmers merrily, as if mocking all desolation. We try to imagine what it was like here in the year 79. We endeavor to fancy it filled with the gracefully draped forms that here in open day, with but an awning between them and the sky, reclining on the seats of Parian marble, listened

to the tragedy or comedy with one portion of their consciousness, while another portion was entranced by the beauty of the surrounding Nature.

The amphitheatre here, as everywhere, recalls the cruelty of which the Romans never wearied, and its associations are strangely out of keeping with the present peacefulness of this resurrected city. The baths with their numerous apartments, exquisite decorations, and fresh pavements, give the impression that time must have been more elastic in Pompeii than in any city of our day; else how could so much of it have been devoted to attaining that suppleness of skin and muscle which the processes of the Pompeian bath induced?

We turn from these centres of ancient life to the tombs, in which death was not made repulsive and lugubrious, but solemn, with a noble seriousness. It was treated as the natural termination of life, — bringing sorrow, indeed, to those who still lived, but a sorrow free from dread and shuddering doubts.

The curious, narrow streets, with their stepping-stones for wet weather, seem like the paths of a miniature, make-believe city; the houses and places of business remind one of a toy-shop; and, in a word, nothing has an air of grandeur and magnificence — rather that of effeminacy and pleasure-seeking.

One can but wish that all the wonderful objects found here — the fresh, charming pictures, bright as if painted but a day; the ornaments of the women; the mosaics, statues, lamps, vases, coins, food, and many other things — had been left where found; and even the petrified skeletons of those who in the midst of life were in death, so that the realization of the human life that was once here might be clearer and more impressive.

But with time and thought and the subtle power which helps us to appreciate conditions that we have never

known, we attain to a fuller sense of what has happened here, and involuntarily Moore's song recurs to us, —

> "I feel like one
> Who treads alone
> Some banquet-hall deserted,
> Whose lights are fled,
> Whose garlands dead,
> And all but he departed!"—

so well expressing one phase of thought and feeling that Pompeii induces. The oppressive silence and unspeakable loneliness are well expressed by Thomas Gold Appleton:

> "The silence there was what most haunted me.
> Long speechless streets, whose stepping-stones invite
> Feet which shall never come; to left and right
> Gay colonnades and courts, — beyond, the glee,
> Heartless, of that forgetful Pagan sea;
> On roofless homes and waiting streets the light
> Lies with a pathos sorrowfuller than night."

And all this sombreness is emphasized by that dread presence from which there is no escape, — Vesuvius, which is like the presiding genius of the place. Wherever one goes, of whatever he thinks, at whatever he looks, be it the ruins themselves, or the deep blue heaven above, or the distant rolling sea, he *feels* the mountain, mysterious, awful. The little wreath of smoke mounting to the sky slowly, quietly, seems at times to indicate the satisfaction of the power that has worked its will; the desolation it has wrought has sated its desire for evil. But again this ever-breathing monster impresses one as threatening to vomit forth its flame, its lava, and its ashes, pouring out wholesale death on man and beast, on tree and vine and flower; and as one reflects on this side of its possibilities, he is possessed by an almost absolutely compelling instinct to flee, while he wonders at the courage of those who on its mid-height cultivate the vine, and live in the villages upon its sides and at its feet.

On two occasions I have been in Naples when Vesuvius was pouring out many small streams of lava. By day the appearance of the mountain was not unusual, except that occasionally showers of small stones and ashes were thrown out and made the air thick about the crater for a few moments. But at night, from our windows in Naples, it presented a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. All down its sides innumerable serpent-like streams of living fire were writhing, producing an effect of awful power and wrath, such as no picture drawn with brush or pen could reproduce.

It was strangely fascinating in its unusualness and in the thoughts that it induced; fascinating even in the dread of what might occur at any moment. Although at a safe distance and free from fear, it was difficult to look away from the volcano, more difficult to go to bed, and sleeping soundly was quite out of the question. In the daytime, when I stood on moving streams of half-cooled lava, they seemed to move very slowly; but when darkness brought out their fiery glow, they appeared to hasten, as if in search of prey. At times these red-hot rivers of lava assumed the shapes of reptiles, crocodiles, lizards, and the like; and one was almost forced to question, as did Madame de Stael, whether benevolence alone directs the phenomena of creation, or whether some secret principle of ferocity shows its power in them. At least, the spectacle of Vesuvius in action explains how men have been led to believe in an evil power which is sufficient to overcome at times the designs of a merciful Providence; and the conclusion of Martial's lines affords a momentary satisfaction, —

> "Vesuvio, covered with the fruitful vine,
> Here flourished once, and ran with floods of wine;
> Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retired,
> And his own native Nisa less admired;

Oft to the mountain's airy top advanced,
The frisking satyrs on the summits danced;
Alcides here, here Venus graced the shore,
Nor loved her favorite Lacedæmon more.
Now piles of ashes, spreading all around,
In undistinguished heaps deform the ground;
The gods themselves the ruined seats bemoan,
And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done."

Returning from Pompeii to Torre dell' Annunziata and proceeding east, Castellammare is soon reached. It is a busy, unattractive town until one ascends to the Quissisana, already mentioned. Here one has magnificent views, and the delightful, shaded walks are thronged by Neapolitans in summer, while many foreigners come here in spring and autumn to drink the mineral waters, make donkey excursions, and climb Monte S. Angelo, to the Cappella de S. Michele, where, on the 1st of August, a miracle is said to occur, of no less importance than the sweating of the statue of S. Michael. A monk collects the miraculous moisture on bits of cotton-wool, puts them in little bottles, and distributes them to those who have faith in the miracle.

The drive from Castellammare to Sorrento is one of the finest in the world, passing through lovely valleys and over promontories affording magnificent views of the bay, its shores and its islands. Vineyards and olive plantations are numerous; and when the Piano di Sorrento is reached, the luxurious beauty of its vegetation is a delight. This plain is intersected by ravines, and sheltered from harsh winds by surrounding mountains. Orange, fig, pomegranate, and mulberry trees abound; the aloe lends an Oriental aspect, and the olive adds its restful coloring in this garden of Campania.

The road is a veritable corniche, with pinnacles, crags, and fortress-like rocks on one hand, while on the other lie huge boulders that have split off and fallen even into the

waves themselves. Cultivation has even crept into the gorges in the mountains, so that their sides glow with verdant trees and shrubs interspersed with the blossom and fruit of the orange and with paler lemons which fill the air with their delicious aroma. The orange thrives wonderfully here, and strikes its roots into every possible crevice, — beside wild precipices and tumble-down flights of steps, in dilapidated courts, forsaken gardens, and wild fields alike. Its delicious fragrance and luscious fruit are, like God's rain, for the just and the unjust, the prince and the beggar alike.

Many brilliantly tinted blossoms add their beauty to the vegetation, while the colors of sea and sky are indescribable. The sea changes with emerald, ruby, topaz, and sapphire tints, from the varying shadows and lights above and the different colors of the rocks beneath, while the sky serenely maintains its heavenly azure until the evening glow deepens, and, inflaming the western horizon, flashes up the purplish wine-color, the scarlet and orange, to mid-heaven, and is reflected in the sea, while the distant coasts grow black, the little boats that were visible a moment before are no longer seen, and a softly stealing darkness broods over the waves.

High up toward the twinkling stars the atmosphere has a luminous, pearly radiance that makes one wonder into what entrancing heights he might come, could he but soar on wings from the topmost crag of Capri, which in this light is like a ghost of the island we saw an hour ago.

Sorrento is built on three ravines, all crowded with trees. The town hangs over the sea, and its pergolas and shrines are high in air, while steep, narrow flights of steps — sometimes cut in the rocks and again hung on them — afford a precarious means of passing here and there among the draping vines, the ivy, the cytizus, and hundreds of blossoming plants. Little bridges overhang the ravines at a

Panorama of Sorrento.

tremendous height above the water. S. Antonio, who in 836 so beat the Prince of Beneventum with a stick as to save Sorrento from his powerful grasp, is still the protector of the city and its bridges, and is much reverenced and loved by its people. They are civil to strangers, and as a rule, have a more robust physique than the Neapolitans; in their *festa* costumes they are exceedingly effective and picturesque.

Many delightful excursions are made from Sorrento; and the foreigners sojourning there, after a morning bath and mid-day siesta, when the sun is dropping to the west, usually visit some interesting point on shore, or some island that was loved by the sirens; in the later evening there is a gathering in the Piazza, where there is music. Where, outside Sorrento, can so much be found to help one to live in utter forgetfulness of haste and care?

No traces of the Roman Surrentum remain, and the most interesting associations with the past now cherished are connected with Torquato Tasso, whose statue stands in the Piazza, and whose birthplace is claimed to be a part of the hotel which bears his name. Of this there are grave doubts; but that he was born of a noble family at Sorrento is true, and after his captivity of seven years at Ferrara he embarked from Caëta, disguised as a shepherd, and, reaching Sorrento, made himself known to his sister and her sons. Her neighbors believed him to be a cousin from Bergamo.

In the garden of Tasso's sister, the Vigna Sersale, one has a view which well repays the trouble of reaching it. Here are splendid specimens of the umbrella pine; and looking over a picturesque valley and across the ever-shimmering sea, the cliffs of Capri loom up in wild and jagged grandeur.

If one goes from Sorrento to La Cava dei Tirreni, he is within easy reach of several points of interest. Cava is a

favorite resort, except in winter. It consists principally of a street with arcades. The one object worthy of notice is its famous abbey; but the whole neighborhood is picturesque, and affords delightful walks and donkey rides.

After the convent of Monte Cassino, no other in Southern Italy is so celebrated as La Trinità della Cava. Its history is most interesting, and its position, in the very heart of the mountains, is romantic and beautiful; "a Swiss valley, with the sky and vegetation of Southern Italy," well describes the way leading to it. The archives of this abbey are of inestimable value, comprising more than 100,000 valuable parchments as well as priceless manuscripts, such as the "Codex Legum Longobarum," the oldest digest of Lombard law, and a Bible on vellum attributed to the seventh century. There is a mine of historical lore in this library, including not only judicial, ecclesiastical, and political history, but also that of mediæval, domestic, and social life, especially of the Lombard period.

The church of the monastery has the tombs of Queen Sibilla and several noted ecclesiastics; and it is said that Pope Calixtus III. was a prisoner in this monastery, to which he was consigned by Alexander III.

Salvator Rosa lived at La Cava, and studied these solitudes, as may be readily seen in some of his works.

There is a curious custom at La Cava of covering up the small figs in the autumn, and exposing them to ripen in the spring; the figs here are of unusual excellence. Another custom is that of catching pigeons in October. It is the popular amusement of the upper classes, and for this purpose little towers have been erected on all the hills; as the pigeons pass the towers, small white pebbles are thrown out which the birds mistake for food, and descending to eat it, they are caught in nets.

A delightful excursion may be made from La Cava to

Amalfi, Salerno, and Pæstum. One who sees Amalfi today realizes with difficulty that this little town with its paper, soap, and macaroni factories was a rival of the great mediæval seaports, owned factories and trading-stations in the Levant, and was once called the first naval power in Europe. At all events, its maritime code is now a part of modern international law.

It is shut off from all the world by bulwarks of precipices on the one side, and is washed by the sea on the other. It is most picturesque in effect, being built on the sides of a gorge, and is a medley of loggias, cupolas, domes, and balconies, all rich in colors, strongly contrasting with its whitewashed roofs.

Amalfi has no classical associations, but was of great importance in the Middle Ages. Mentioned first in the sixth century, it was governed by its own doges a hundred years later, and here the Emperor of Constantinople founded a court for the adjustment of all naval questions. The founding of the Order of the Hospitallers of S. John may be attributed to the merchants of Amalfi. After the middle of the twelfth century the Pisans were the declared enemies of Amalfi; in one of their attacks they stole and carried away the priceless Pandects of Justinian, which, in turn, the Florentines robbed from them three centuries later. At length the Pisans forced Amalfi to secure peace by tribute money, and from that day its power was gone; it also suffered an inroad of the sea, and gradually faded and wasted into its present unimportance.

If one can escape the beggars of Amalfi, it is a most interesting place, and is concisely described by Hans Christian Andersen in his charming *improvvisatore*: —

"The city lies, if I may say so, singularly piled upon itself. Beside it, the narrow Ghetto in Rome would be a Corso. The streets are little passages between the tall houses, and right through them. Now one comes through a door into a long

landing-place, with small openings on the sides leading into dark chambers, then into a narrow lane between brickwork and walls of rock, steps up and steps down, a half-dark labyrinth of dirty passages. I often did not know whether it was a room or a lane in which we were. In most places lamps were burning; and if it had not been so, although it was midday, it would have been dark as night."

The road, or Riviera, between Amalfi and Salerno excels even that between Nice and Genoa in grandeur and picturesqueness, and, above all, in coloring. Dean Alford says, in speaking of the sea as it appears from this point: "It is not blue, it is not purple, it is not green, but it is all these by turns, nay, all of these together, flashing into and flashing through one another, and passing in the distance into an indescribable blended hue of all three, — the reflection of the amethyst in the surface of the turquoise."

The extreme irregularity of the coast is most picturesque. Each little bay is bordered by tiny towns and villages, with quaint towers and richly tinted old walls and houses, and these are separated by steep hills and precipices, on the sides of which still other towns are piled up, while on the promontories rise curiously machicolated towers.

Salerno, the ancient Salernum, is very interesting historically, and has retained to this day its precedence as being the chosen residence of the aristocracy of its surrounding country. It has also preserved its mediæval characteristics far more than other cities of the peninsula, and its history is involved with many most interesting episodes and men. Here died in exile "the Cæsar of spiritual conquest, the great and inflexible assertor of the supremacy of the sacerdotal order," Gregory VII., to whom Pius IX. erected a fine statue; it is in that cathedral of S. Matteo which Forsyth described as "a pile so antique and so modern, so repaired and rhapsodic, that it exhibits

The Temple of Neptune at Pæstum.

patches of every style, and is in no style itself." In the same place is buried Margaret of Durazzo, wife of Charles III., and many other men and women whose names send our thoughts back to ancient times and deeds. We remember that the heirs of the Angevine kings were known as Princes of Salerno; that here the son of William the Conqueror was treated for the cure of his wound received in Palestine, from which his wife Sibylla had sucked the first poison. And this brings to mind those great schools which flourished at Salerno, and the philosophers and wise men who went forth from them, of which we have already spoken. For us, at this day, the fact that it was such a centre of learning has more interest than the story of its ecclesiastical, princely, or warlike associations.

Its school of medicine is said to have been founded by Saracens, and fostered by Charlemagne; Petrarch called Salerno *Fons Medicinæ*, and Thomas Aquinas declared it to be as remarkable for medicine as was Bologna for law, or Paris for science. Other branches of learning were also carried to an unusual perfection in Salerno, and from that city went forth an influence which had an important effect on the thought of all Europe. Its schools were much enriched by Frederick II. The cathedral is surrounded by twenty-eight very beautiful antique columns from the ruined temples of Pæstum, about twenty-four miles from Salerno. This Poseidonia, or City of Neptune, was very ancient, — the Romans conquered it B. C. 273; but so deadly was its malaria that it rapidly declined. Its walls, three miles in length, are still discernible, and the eastern gate still perfect.

The temples of Pæstum are very beautiful, — perhaps none outside of Athens so well show the full effect and majestic simplicity of Doric architecture; but as all guide-books give their measurements and describe their peculiar features, we prefer to speak of the roses, blooming twice a

year, and breathing a fragrance such as is rarely found elsewhere, and still sweetening this poisonous air in May and November, although the vandalism of travellers has left but a few plants. The violets of Pæstum, too, have been famed since Martial wrote, but like the roses have been almost exterminated. When beholding the ruin of this city which must sometime have been so rich and splendid, one must sincerely sympathize with Lord Carlisle when he wrote thus of these temples: —

"'T is past — the echoes of the plain are mute,
E'en to the herdsman's voice or shepherd's flute;
The toils of art, the charms of nature fail,
And death triumphant rides the tainted gale.
From the lone spot the trembling peasants haste;
A wild, the garden; and the town, a waste.
But they are still the same — alike they mock
Th' invader's menace, and the tempest's shock.
Such, ere the world had bow'd at Cæsar's throne
Ere yet proud Rome's all-conquering name was known,
They stood — and fleeting centuries in vain
Have pour'd their fury o'er th' enduring fane!
Such, long shall stand; proud relics of a clime,
Where man was glorious, and his works sublime;
While in the progress of their long decay,
Thrones sink to dust, and nations pass away."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ISLAND OF CAPRI.

ALTHOUGH the island of Capri is but eleven miles in circumference, it is a miniature world. Its history begins with the dawn of the kingdoms and peoples of whom we know; the myths of the ancients are associated with it; the history of Rome tells its story at important periods; it has sustained sieges in modern warfare; has been an apple of discord between the English, French, and Italians, and is now a lovely retreat from the bustling life of to-day, and a sanitarium for Naples and the rest of the world; while it has lost somewhat of its ingenuousness, and thereby its original charm for the artists of all lands.

Within its narrow confines all the mysteries and passions of humanity are known. Birth begins, and death ends life; love makes its sweet sacrifice of self, and hate grows into murder; rivalry incites to attainments, humble though they may be; and even ambition here finds a place, and pushes the children of this Cephorim — the villages — out into the great world, where they find nothing of the essential realities that does not exist here, only more of them in quantity.

Capri is first seen from a distance by the traveller, and has been likened by various writers to very different objects. Jean Paul compared it to a sphinx; Gregorovius to a splendidly carved sarcophagus, with an emperor extended on it; but I, a much humbler writer, have had

in mind a far more homely comparison. Most American girls have a period of domesticity, a bread and cake baking mania, in the course of which they have an experience with occasional loaves that rise to an incredible height into excrescences and cracking summits which are delightful to gaze upon; but, alas! when those loaves are cut, hollow caves are revealed in their depths, and unexpected openings, which, while they would do very well as grottos in an island, are not desirable in loaves, and sadly detract from the symmetry of slices. Such a loaf, to me, resembles Capri.

I know that those who are wise in such matters, whose opinions I ought to accept, teach that Capri is a portion of the promontory of Sorrento, which has broken off and anchored itself a short distance — about three miles — away. But my theory, which I like much better, is that on some occasion, when the depths of earth and sea and "the waters under the earth" were boiling, and Vesuvius and Ætna, and scores of smaller craters all about this region, were smoking and vomiting flame and lava and red-hot stones and ashes, when "the sea seemed to roll back upon itself," and the whole earth was shaken to its foundations, a huge bubble was thrown up in the sea, which, surrounded by the air above and the water below, cooled into the skeleton of Capri. The ages have dressed parts of it in verdure, vines, and blossoms, leaving many of its bones still bare, to assure us that it is strongly built upon its bed, and is something more than a hanging garden. Cherishing such a theory, one cannot hope to be considered a scientific thinker.

There are those who "see" Capri in a day's excursion, as they are wise to do if they have no more time to give it; but weeks are not too long for its enjoyment, and while there is no luxury in its inns, there is cleanliness and all needful comfort. Each day that one's stay is

prolonged, the beauty and mystery of the island, of the surrounding sea and the cities and promontories across the glittering bay, above which Vesuvius towers in awful grandeur, become more impressive, while there seems to steal over one a dim appreciation of the supreme wisdom and power which fills the universe.

The earliest ruler of Capri, of whom we have knowledge, was the Greek Telone, who lived eight centuries B. C.; but it is believed that a Phœnician colony had previously existed here, and both Virgil and Tacitus speak of the Teleboans, who preceded the Greeks. In the Phœnician language, the name of the island, Cephorim, signifies "two cities;" and there are now, as there have ever been, Capri and Ana — or Upper — Capri.

Tradition teaches that the Greeks of Capri were skilful in the games of the *palæstra*, and unusual in their grace and strength. Far-off ancestors as they are of the present Capriotes, the dark, low-browed women, with their hair knotted low on the back of the head, in which a silver arrow gleams, and their free, graceful carriage, involuntarily recall the figures of Hellenic art. The men are farmers, vine-growers, and fishermen. They are frequently large and powerful. Many of them are handsome; and their brown faces, full of life, are very striking beneath their Phrygian caps. The population varies but little from 4,500; and, taken for all in all, while they are very poor, they are peaceful and contented, courteous in manner, vivacious, and cheerfully hard-working.

Many of the young men, the larger number being from Anacapri, go each spring in search of coral for the merchants of Torre del Greco. Some of their voyages are long, and they bring home coins and various trifles to their sisters and sweethearts, with many tales of "heathen lands," with which to shorten the long winter evenings. On their return, in the autumn, those who have a hundred

ducats — about eighty dollars — can wed their true loves, and settle down for life, so few are the wants of these people. The bits of coral that are offered to the stranger, as he walks about Capri, are gathered on the island itself by the children, who weave little straw baskets and put in them, with the coral, small, pearly shells, starfish, and the like, and ask one to buy so prettily that a collection of them is made quite unawares.

One is impressed by the smallness of everything in Capri. The piazza is very small, and, with its surroundings, has the general air of what in our childhood we called "a make-believe;" the streets, through which no carriages roll, are so narrow that but two persons can walk abreast; the houses are small, white, and picturesque, with their flat roofs and domes and covering of luxuriant vines. On the roofs — from which, at evening, the Capriotes are accustomed to gaze on the sunset-tinted sea — are flowers; oleanders, hortensias, and other familiar plants, whose blossoms in this sea air are large and rich in color. The inside rooms are arched, and frequently open on an arched *loggia*, over which grows a grape-vine; and here again are flowers. If the house opens on a garden, near the door is a *pergola*, or arbor, with rows of white plastered pillars, twined with vines, which also cover the arbor; and the whole reminds one of a temple arcade or a cloister, and gives to the whole house a touch of antique grace and elegance, such as more elaborate attempts usually fail to attain.

Here and there are palms. The numerous carob-trees are large and vigorous, while the cypress and pine, the walnut and chestnut, are in lesser numbers. The mulberry and oak flourish in abundance, as do the olive, fig, orange, and lemon, all plentifully yielding fruit of great size and beauty, while there is a profusion of the prickly pear, which well accords with the semi-tropical aspect of the

island. All sorts of sweet-scented herbs spring out of crevices and crannies, from which the light winds bring whiffs of spicy fragrance. The ivy, blackberry, and clematis drape the bare rocks with beauty; while the yellow broom throws its golden, and the caper bush its white and lilac, coloring from walls and ledges everywhere. The indigenous flora of the island numbers 800 species, — the caper bush, which takes its name from the island, being the most beautiful of them all. The olive-oil of Capri rivals that of the mainland; and while the grapes are not so luscious as those of some other localities, the "vino Tiberiano" is choice, and famous for its glowing richness.

Many of the vine-growers are tenants on their land, the owners living in Naples. As a rule, their rent is from eighty to a hundred dollars a year; and when the grape disease attacks the vines, there is great distress for both tenant farmers and those who own their vineyards. A summer festival is observed as a sort of penance, and sacrifice offered to ward off the grape disease, which is religious in its intention, but Bacchic in its aspect. Its picturesqueness accords so perfectly with what one imagines as occurring here in past centuries that it greatly aids one's understanding of the older Capri to see it; in fact, summer is the delightful season here for many reasons.

The festival procession is led by a large cross borne by priests, followed by men and women in white Capuchin hoods twined with wreaths of blackberry vine. They have ropes on their shoulders, to indicate the penitential character of the observance. Behind those who wear the cowl are men whose bare heads are wreathed in the same manner. Some of them so resemble satyrs and the disciples of Bacchus that it is difficult to remember that we are almost at the end of the nineteenth century of our era. After the men come women and maidens in long white

veils. All are singing or chanting, in a subdued, rhythmic measure, words unknown to me, but undoubtedly suited to this ceremony. As the procession is formed in couples, the street is quite filled as it passes, and the whole affair is singularly weird and unreal in appearance.

Besides the profits from the fruits of the island, there is a certain amount of cheese-making, which pays well, as this product of Capri is a favorite in the markets of Italy. In the spring and autumn great numbers of birds, that are making their northern and southern journeys, are shot here or taken in nets placed across chasms and ravines, especially quails, which Capri has furnished to the tables of the wealthy since the days of the Roman epicures. As the bishop of the island obtained his chief revenue from these birds, he was sometimes called the "Bishop of Quails."

But it is on the sea that the Capriotes depend as a never-failing benefactor. The life of the fishermen is hard; but they are fond of it, and it has much pleasurable excitement. They enjoy a wild sea, and guide their boats through a dashing surf with real delight. The Mediterranean yields a large variety of fish that are sold in immense quantities at Naples and the neighboring cities, and at Capri there is an abundance of sardines and cuttle-fish. This last frightful sea-creature — neither fish nor beast — is taken at night; it is attracted to the surface of the water by lighted torches; sharply barbed sticks are extended to it, at which it clutches, and cannot free itself from the prongs that have pierced it before it is skilfully landed in the fisherman's boat.

The Marina Grande is a busy place, and constantly affords interest and amusement to the stranger, especially when the larger boats leave for Naples or return from there, as they do, several times a week. The beach is quite crowded. All who wish to send, or expect to receive

anything, are gathered there, and for an hour or two before "boat-time" there is unusual activity on all paths leading to the Marina, while many seat themselves on the steps to Anacapri to wait. It is quite like a fair in other localities. The women and girls from Capri and Anacapri meet here, where they bring the ribbons that are finished, and receive fresh supplies of silk to be spun and woven.

Necessaries, too, of clothes and utensils, an occasional letter from a Capriote in the United States or some other foreign land, and perhaps a new song or a slight remembrance from friends in *Napoli*, make up the cargo. But the interest taken in it and its distribution, the gathering of a group around the person who reads the letter, and the pretty blush of the girl who has received the "token," as she parries the good-natured pleasantry of the others, make a *tableau vivant* well worth seeing, and to be remembered with pleasure.

Sometimes, however, the wrong side of the life-web will show itself here, as in all days, and at all places since Adam and Eve invented it, with the aid of the serpent. A young girl of Anacapri, named Teresa, as beautiful as any Greek maiden could have been, was selected by a young artist as the object of his devoted attentions. She was soon much in love with him, but never saw him except in the company of her elder sister, who was her only surviving relative. She accepted his offer of marriage, but declined to be wedded until he was ready to take her home. After more than a year — during which he several times left the island for short intervals — he went away, promising to come soon, with one of his family, to marry her, and take her to his mother. He went to Rome, Florence, and other Italian cities, from which she had less and less frequent letters; and although they had no tangible proof, her neighbors began to feel that Teresa

had some cause for sadness. The boat never came from Naples that she was not there; and what she lacked of her old-time gayety her sister atoned for by her never-failing high spirits.

One autumn day, when a threatening storm made the gathering on the beach much smaller than usual, Teresa was there, looking pale and weary. A young fisherman, who had loved her from childhood, spread a tarpaulin for her to rest on, and watched her anxiously. When the mail-bag was open, there was a letter and a small parcel for Teresa. Her face lighted with joy, and she gave the parcel to be opened by the sister, while she read the letter. A little box containing a string of pearls and a pendant fit for a princess was exposed to the view of the knot of sympathizing friends, when suddenly Teresa looked up from her letter, seized the necklace, and with a shriek threw it into the sea, as if it had been a scorpion, and sank on the sand at her sister's feet.

The letter was clutched in her hand, and during weeks of delirium no one could take it from her. When, at last, her friends read it, they learned that the artist had gone to his home without her; and while he protested undying love for her, of which the purity of the pearls was an emblem, he released her from her promises to him, and hoped that her life would be happier than he could have made it. The letter was buried with her, and on the evening after her funeral her faithful Capriote lover disappeared. It may well be feared that he went in pursuit of the artist.

Wandering here and there, along the slopes and terraces of the island, one comes upon the little houses of the vine-growers, which seem the very homes of peace and innocence, and oftentimes young girls are seen within busily reeling and spinning brilliantly colored silks, or weaving them into gay ribbons. It is not difficult to

fancy one's self in the midst of an Homeric scene, and walking the earth in some long past age of Eden-like simplicity. These girls are not strictly beautiful by any acknowledged standard, but beautiful in spite of standards.

When they suddenly look up from out the shadow of their little rooms, one wonders which feature it is that gives the strange, poetic charm. Is it the eyes flashing out beneath the careless confusion of the hair? or the matchless beauty of the teeth, which the smile discloses? or the head-kerchief draped with exquisite grace or rising in a turban worthy an Ethiopian's praise? Their peculiar beauty is usually "set off" by the half-barbaric jewelry which they constantly wear, and which is their only treasure. When seen at some of their menial occupations, the long gold ear-rings, necklaces, and finger-rings look sadly out of place, but on these ribbon-makers they seem entirely suitable. When misfortunes come through crop failure, sickness, or other ills, and the Capriote women and girls are forced to sell their ornaments, they consider that the greatest possible calamity has overtaken them, and they endure great privations before consenting to this last resort.

Perhaps the charm of these women and girls depends on no feature of face or dress, but is in their most attractive *naïveté*, — a grace and fascination which we are sometimes fearful is not a "lost art," but a lost want of art, — a bewitching quality now almost extinct in the world at large. In the midst of the poverty, industry, and content of these people, suspicion and coldness vanish, and the stranger who wishes it may easily become a friend.

But to know all the beauty of these young girls, they must be seen in groups, filled with animation, telling or listening to some interesting story, or walking with burdens on their heads, talking and laughing as they go.

So great is their poverty that they are glad to earn money as beasts of burden, and from fourteen years they carry the heavy antique jars full of water, or baskets of stone or earth from the bottom of the island to the town, bearing weights upon their slender necks that many a stalwart man would shrink from having laid upon his shoulders.

It frequently happens that a boat lands a cargo of stone to be carried up the hill for a building. At once a procession of twenty-five or thirty girls is seen mounting the steep path with their painful burdens. They go up and down from twelve to sixteen times daily for several successive days, even in midsummer heat. These files of burden-bearers are very attractive to artists, who industriously sketch their graceful figures; and no wonder, for they recall the women of the Nile and India, and all models of living, active grace that one can remember. They are gay and merry at their work, and when at noon they seek the friendly shade of some spreading tree to eat their bread and a bit of fruit, they laugh and chatter, and return to their toil as light of heart as of feet, on which they are like gazelles. Gregorovius[1] thus describes one of these girls, who was his friend: —

"If I wished to draw a picture of poverty, the most peaceful and cheerful that could be found, I should describe it in the person of the fair Costanziella. After she has spent a long hot day in transporting on her head a whole pyramid of stones from the shore up to the old picturesque convent, she reposes during the evening in the doorway of her house, and refreshes herself with the most beautiful music; for she is an accomplished performer on the jews-harp. She has played for me upon this instrument, with inimitable grace and skill, many charming airs, — all kinds of sea-fancies, songs of sirens in the Blue Grotto, songs without words, strange airs to which no

[1] "The Island of Capri," by Ferdinand Gregorovius, translated by Lilian Clarke.

mortal has yet given a name. She played them all in a most masterly manner; while her dark eyes sparkled like a siren's, and her black rippling hair clustered around her forehead as if each lock were dancing for pleasure. When Costanziella had finished her concert, she invited me, in the most courteous manner, to share with herself and her mother the evening meal; the table being spread upon the roof above. The repast consisted of ripe Indian figs, from the single cactus-tree which grew before the house, which she had very skilfully cut off with a knife, without wounding her little finger with the thorns. Literary subjects we did not discuss. Costanziella knew nothing of Schiller and Goethe; of English and French literature she was equally ignorant. Her whole literary world consisted of a few songs from the Bay of Naples. Her mother was like a picture to look at, but her conversation was chiefly upon different articles of food. Costanziella never ate meat. She carried stones all day, and in the evening played upon the jews-harp, while her food consisted of dry bread, and potatoes with salt and oil. When I asked her whether she had ever in her life eaten roast meat, she laughed aloud. But neither Hebe nor Circe, nor the Diana of Delos, was fresher or more blooming, or possessed a greater wealth of clustering curls; and certainly none of these was more skilful upon the jews-harp."

The simplicity of expression which we look for in the faces of children endures through life with many Capriotes, and renders the old men and women very attractive. The children themselves are frequently beautiful, and are bright and quick in their intelligence. They wear amulets to keep all harm away; the wee ones have a little horn, which is supposed to protect them from the evil eye; others wear a picture of the Virgin Mary or a coin with her image on it. They are apt to ask for a *soldo*, and they do it very sweetly, and if refused appear to think it quite right. Some older children ask for gifts in a different way, — a flower is presented or a pretty wish for happiness spoken, a return for these civilities in the form of a

present being expected. One who knows his Capri well will not fail to carry to the island a stock of trifles for the charming creatures who dearly love pretty things.

So much for the native Capriotes. There are about three hundred of another class of people, who are seen wandering about in many parts of the island. They are old soldiers from all parts of the kingdom. The halt and blind predominate, although some of them can roam as far as they like, having lost their arms or being otherwise afflicted than as to eyes or legs. Capri, innocent as it is of horses and carriages, is a heaven for the blind, and yet it seems like the irony of fate to put one who cannot see where the most exquisite views are ever spread out before him, or to place the cripple where the steepness of the ways demand at least one pair of strong and perfect legs, and two pairs would be better, if that were possible.

These old soldiers all seem fond of music. They sing songs in high, cracked voices with much apparent pleasure. Some of them play on guitars, pipes, and other small instruments, and make strange sounds, especially when accompanied by the singers. They even follow this music to the piazza, as they once followed the bands of their regiments. Through the fields on the border of the Valley of Tragara there is a more level path than the others within reach of the old men; and here, under the olive-trees, they spend much time, and have an air of peaceful content. In one view they are superior to the natives of the island, having no care of themselves. They have served their country, and feel no humility in accepting the support she gives them. Poor crops and grape disease can do them no harm. They appreciate all this, and speak of Capri as a peaceful haven after the storms of life.

Of the temples and other edifices built by the Greeks, eight centuries B. C., nothing remains that can be identified; and all traces of the architecture of the time of

Augustus have also disappeared. We are told that he fell in love with the island when a weary old man, and gladly gave Ischia to the Neapolitans in exchange for the island of the two cities; that the happy augury of fresh leaves putting forth from a withered tree greeted him at the very moment that his foot first pressed these shores; that he made gardens and built his villa, in which he delighted to dwell, breathing the pure delicious air of the island, gazing on the many beauties of mountain, sea, and sky, which were within his vision, and learning to know the Capriotes, whom he admired for many reasons. A visit of four days in company with Tiberius and Thrasyllus was the last, as he died soon after at Nola, A.D. 14. Suetonius thus describes some episodes of this farewell to Capri:—

"As he happened to sail by the Bay of Puteoli, an Alexandrian ship had just landed, whose passengers and crew dressed themselves in white garments with chaplets upon their heads, and, offering incense, loaded him with praises and joyful acclamations, since from him they had received life, a prosperous voyage, freedom, and good fortune. This pleased him so much, that he divided among his followers four hundred pieces of gold, and caused them to bind themselves by oath to use this gold for no other purpose than to buy the wares of the Alexandrians. And each day that the merchants remained, he distributed other gifts of togas and pallia, and commanded that the Romans should use the Greek and the Greeks the Roman dress and language. He likewise constantly attended the exercises of the Ephebi, according to an ancient custom still continued at Capri. He gave them a banquet in his own presence, and not only permitted, but required from them the utmost freedom in jesting with each other, and in snatching apples and fruit and presents thrown to them from each other's hands. He looked coldly upon no kind of cheerful amusement."

Such kindness and good fellowship on the part of the aged emperor could not fail to win the affection of the

islanders; and the remembrance of it doubtless made his successor even more hated than he would have been had they not known Augustus.

Tiberius came to Capri, A.D. 26, and during eleven years he perpetrated such cruelties, and so filled the island with horrors, that eighteen centuries and more have not sufficed to lessen the hatred he incurred. The people speak of him as Timberio. The wine of Capri is called by his name, and all over the island are traces of "that deified beast, Tiberius."

If one can forget his monstrosities and the terrible sufferings that were crowded into and pressed down upon this island during every hour of his reign, and can fix the thoughts upon his material achievements alone, the imagination is filled with scenes of rare beauty. Capri then overflowed with everything that could minister to the pleasure of the senses. Its sublime rocks were crowned with twelve imperial villas, each vying with the other in magnificence. Luxurious theatres existed, and many other beautiful edifices were scattered here and there. Splendid statues and ornamental objects adorned the pleasure groves and gardens, and all were reflected in the blue sea, with which the azure sky seemed to be ever exchanging smiles or frowns, now exquisite in its peace, and again magnificent in its wrath.

To complete the picture, we must fill the streets with Romans in their flowing togas, walking with proud step and mien, — a whole court, with ambassadors from many nations. And now, the emperor passes, — the handsomest man of his time in all the earth, whose beauty among Roman emperors was second only to Augustus. Beautiful women of the Orient are in the groves and gardens; nymphs and bacchantes pass on their way to dance before their masters; and everything suggests the voluptuousness which alternates with brutal violence in the life of Tiberius.

Amid such fancies how strangely thought wanders! This reign of Bacchus, and the rites of a religion about to die, involuntarily remind one that during a certain three days when these orgies were at their flood in Capri, the death and resurrection of the Nazarene gave life to the religion which for many centuries has been that of the great Rome from which the minions of Tiberius went forth to crucify its founder.

A popular tradition in Capri relates that in the depths of the mountain, below the spot where the Villa of Tiberius stood, is a bronze horse of enormous size, on which is seated a bronze Tiberius. Both rider and horse have eyes of cold, sparkling diamonds. Rosario Mangone mentions this in his book on Capri. It seems a meaningless legend, since there is no prophecy that this bronze emperor will come to life again, as is foretold in some similar tales; but, Tiberius once dead, it is doubtless better not to speak of his re-incarnation. Napoleon Bonaparte defended Tiberius, and some modern scholars have dissented from the severest views of his character; but we are speaking of Capri, and there, where the impression has descended through many generations, given and taken by father and son, his name is the synonym of everything which is cruel, fiendish, and morally monstrous.

Several successors of Tiberius visited Capri, but nothing of interest connected with the Romans occurred here until the later time of Commodus, when his wife and daughter here passed a long and cruel banishment. After the fall of Rome the island was in the possession of the barbarians, until, with Naples, it passed to the Greek Duke of Naples, and then, in the ninth century, was given to the Republic of Amalfi.

From the days of Roger of Sicily, Capri has shared the fate of Naples, and was governed by the same rulers

until 1806, when it was occupied by the English in the name of the King of Sicily.

It is a curious fact, but fact it is, that all the rulers that have been powerful here during more than eighteen centuries, and all the events that occurred during their reigns, are forgotten. One hears neither blessings nor curses on them. They are ignored, while the whole island is so filled with the memory of Tiberius that one is almost tempted to believe that his spirit has remained here in some more potent form than that of a bronze, diamond-eyed rider of an equally lifeless steed. When one thinks of all the hours that have been spent by each generation in reciting the wonders and horrors of the Tiberiana to their children, and remembers how much nervous force and even strong emotion has been put into this story-telling, in order to have it make the ineffaceable impression which it has made, the whole thing becomes marvellous, and one regrets the thought that will follow, — that cruelty is longer remembered than kindness.

In the midst of the present life of Capri one cannot realize its tragic past. The wonderful contrasts in its scenery alone suggest anything outside the monotonous toil and content of to-day. Within short distances of its peaceful homes and luxuriant vineyards, one may stand where all is bare, grim rock and awful precipice, where Nature frowns, and the spirit of loneliness and desolation broods, where all is gloom and awfulness.

The Marina Grande, besides being the busy place it is, with all the Capri boats and fishermen, their goings and comings, net-mendings, boat-cleanings, and all that, is also the landing for the steamers and smaller craft that bring visitors from all the neighboring ports. Several hotels and a group of fishermen's cottages are also here, and altogether it is an amusing and interesting place,

especially to one who wishes to study human nature rather than scenery and ruins.

There are horses and donkeys for those who prefer to ride; and two paths lead to the town of Capri, — steep, like most paths on the island, the shorter one being in steps. Neither of them is pleasant, as both are shut in between garden walls much of the way, and are warm when the sun shines. Both end in the little piazza in the centre of the town, which is situated on a sort of saddle connecting the eastern and western heights of the island. Two lower hills, on which are the ruins of castles, also overlook the village, which — itself 460 feet above the sea — is as if guarded by sentinels. The little church has its tower and bells, the hotels are scarcely more pretentious than the houses, and the whole town, in its frank simplicity, is in accord with the people whose home it is. The tiny piazza is the exchange and centre of trade. Here, by the gate, the few utensils and articles needed by the Capriotes can be bought; here the people meet to talk and rest when not at work, on ordinary days; while on festival days, and the occasions of other unusual happenings, it is the important locality.

The old town of Capri was destroyed by the Saracens; and the Cathedral of Costanza — now in the midst of gardens — is the only remaining edifice; while the bits of old walls which still stand, and a marble sarcophagus, which has been unearthed, are the only visible signs that men once dwelt on this spot. The cathedral looks like an ugly village church, and merits no attention; while the Palazzo à Mare — one of the twelve villas of Tiberius, near by — is no more interesting. A century ago the objects of value which excavations disclosed, were carried away. The walls have toppled over, some portions of them falling sheer into the sea, and others still lying scattered on the slope to the coast, the whole being

a mere heap of rubbish and a scene of desolation. This is true of most of those villas which were dedicated to the twelve great gods, such as that a little to the south of the present town, on the hill of Castello. More than a hundred years since, numerous chambers and baths were uncovered here, and many valuable objects — such as pavements, pillars, and vases — were sold and carried to different countries of Europe. The Castello is on the very border of the island, and towards the sea there is but a wall of rock, in the midst of which is a grotto. The hill is crowned by a small fort with towers and battlements, quite mediæval in character; on the land side are luxuriant vineyards. To the south the view is over the Sicilian Sea, — a blue expanse, broken only by passing vessels, and here and there a small boat near at hand. Above rise the majestic rocks of Anacapri, and not far away are the three obelisks, the Faraglioni, more than a hundred feet high, on which the sea-birds love to build their nests, and about which they circle, teaching their young to fly. These cliffs are absolutely inaccessible. One is smooth, as if polished by hand; the others look as if they had been carved in fantastic designs; and one is pierced by an arched opening, through which a boat can pass. On their tops grasses wave, and a few dwarf trees have grown up with the ages, — mysterious, solemn cones; one is glad that there are three of them, a single one would be so lonely. Looking down from the Castello, the steepest cliff on this side the island is seen; and at the foot is a bit of a beach, the Piccola Marina, where we will land when making the *giro* of Capri.

Between the hill of Castello and that of Tuoro Grande lies the valley of Tragara, where vines and olive-trees abound. On the border of this valley stands La Certosa, — a splendid old monastery built after the model of that of San Martino, above Naples. It is now the home of the

disabled soldiers, who are so constantly *en evidence* all about the lower part of the island. The Certosa is believed to be on the site of one of the villas of Tiberius, and was founded in 1363, in fulfilment of a vow, after the birth of a son to Giacomo Arcucci, who had hitherto been childless. It is large, and has numerous bell-towers and domes. Nestled amongst the olives against the blue background of the sea, it is the most picturesque object on the island. When I saw it, more than a quarter of a century ago, the weeds and vines were as a thicket around it; its courtyard, cloister, and cells were the home of birds and insects, and the frescos on the walls, of which there were a goodly number, were suffering from neglect. It is pleasant to think of the old soldiers now wandering about its corridors and cloisters, and made comfortable through the same spirit of Christian charity which inspired S. Bruno, the founder of the Order of Monks, who once dwelt there. At one time La Certosa was very rich, and much of the best land in Capri belonged to the monks. Together with other convents on the island, it was suppressed by the Parthenopeian Republic in 1799. In 1808 it was the headquarters of the English commandant, Sir Hudson Lowe, and under the French was a military station.

There are many remains of antique walls in the valley of Tragara, which are called Camerelle, but no positive knowledge exists concerning their original purpose. Rosario Mangone thinks that the Camerelle formed a street leading to the Villa of Tiberius. Gregorovius agrees with this view, and adds that they were divided into three parts: one led to Monte Tuoro, a second to the Villa of San Michele, and the third to the Villa Jovis or Zeus, which was called the Villa of Tiberius, *par excellence.*

San Michele is the most symmetrically formed hill on

the island. It rises above the Camerelle, and doubtless one of the ancient villas was on its top. The city of Capri is seen to great advantage from this point, and it is needless to add that the whole view is magnificent. There are spots on San Michele where the earth gives forth a hollow sound, as if there were vaulted chambers beneath, such as are seen in rows at the foot of the hill. It is doubtful if anything of unusual interest or value is buried there; and since the vine-growers have made their terraces and planted olive-trees on all the land side of the mountain, there are serious reasons against its excavation. Near the foot of San Michele the rocks extend out so near the houses of the town that a man can easily leap from them to the roofs, and if allowed to pass through a house can thus gain the street.

Monte Tuoro is interesting for its splendid view and for its telegraph station; but though there was doubtless a villa here, no traces of it remain. In a small white house, at a table between two windows, in each of which is a telescope, the telegrapher sits. He continually jumps up to look through one or both telescopes. He has a large record-book open before him, and from time to time writes a few words in it, and again looks through the telescopes; and this is daily repeated until dark, when he climbs 560 steps to go to his house in Anacapri, and descends next morning to go through the same monotonous round of sitting down and jumping up to gaze seaward, for all which he probably is paid less than a dollar a day. His real occupation is to send the messages which he receives from the operator on Monte Solaro to Massa, across the Straits of Capri, whence it is forwarded to Naples, these messages being chiefly concerned with the vessels which are traversing the Sicilian Sea.

To visit the site of the Villa Jovis, one must ascend Lo Capo, the eastern promontory of the island. It was

probably here that Tiberius secluded himself for nine months after the fall of Sejanus. Near the site of the villa are the foundations of the wonderful Pharos, which Suetonius says was thrown down by an earthquake a few days before Tiberius was murdered at the Villa Misenensis. This light-house equalled those of Alexandria and Puteoli, and the poet Statius calls it "the rival of the night-piercing moon."

Between the light-house and the villa is the "Salto di Tiberio," or "Leap," the rock — 745 feet in height — from which the tyrant hurled his victims to the merciful sea below. Suetonius says: "In Capri is shown the place of his murders, where, in his own presence, he caused those whom he had sentenced to death to be thrown into the sea, after protracted and exquisite tortures. A number of sailors were stationed below to receive the bodies, and beat them with oars and sail-yards until life was extinct." Or, as Samuel Rogers more poetically pictures it, —

> "'T is where a monster dwelt,
> Hurling his victims from the topmost cliff;
> Then and then only merciful, so slow,
> So subtle, were the tortures they endured.
> Fearing and feared he lived, cursing and cursed;
> And still the dungeons in the rock breathe out
> Darkness, distemper. Strange, that one so vile
> Should from his den strike terror through the world;
> Should, where withdrawn in his decrepitude,
> Say to the noblest, be they where they might,
> 'Go from the earth!' and from the earth they went;
> Yet such things were, and will be, when mankind,
> Losing all virtue, lose all energy;
> And for the loss incur the penalty,
> Trodden down and trampled."

Near the "Leap" there is now a little tavern, and a projecting platform with a railing enables one to look down

into the sea below. Gregorovius found "a kind of horrible pleasure in rolling stones down this steep declivity, which hasten in frightful leaps from point to point, and make the rocks resound with the thunder of their fall."

The extent of the ruins, the commanding position, and the fact that the remains found here are among the most splendid which date from the time of the Romans, leave no doubt that this Capo — the highest point of the northeast shore — was the site of this remarkable Villa Jovis. To quote again from the last-mentioned author: —

"Here you may wander in a labyrinth of arched passages and subterranean galleries, countless chambers now used for vintages or cow-stalls. Capitals, pediments, architraves, marble steps, lie around in fragments. A few isolated rooms have still the remains of stucco-work, and decorations in the deep yellow or dark red of Pompeii may still be recognized. Some of the floors still retain their mosaic of white bits of marble with black borders, and here and there staircases to the rooms below are well preserved.

"The villa appears to have been built in several stories, the lowest of all still covered with earth not yet excavated. The upper part surprises the beholder by the yet well-preserved plan of its rooms, which, on the side toward the water, form a semicircle, perhaps around a theatre. Niches and circular walls, however, suggest a temple. This villa unites everything that belongs to the transcendent magnificence of royal life; and since it was so long the seat of the emperor, before any buildings by Nero or Hadrian existed, must have surpassed in splendor all the other villas of Rome. Add to this the incomparable situation above the straits, where the two bays lie spread out before the eye.

"Here sat Tiberius, like an eagle in his eyry, beholding everything that passed upon the island, and also the ships that entered the bay, coming from Greece, Asia, Africa, or Rome. The view from the water, sailing between Capri and the Cape

of Minerva, must also have been superb, — here the marble palaces and the light-house, there the beautiful temples; for Tiberius looked out upon that promontory which is to-day crowned by a tower, and beheld both the far-renowned temples of Minerva and of the Sirens, and the Temple of Heracles."

On the highest point of Lo Capo, 1,050 feet, and built upon the very ruins themselves, is the chapel of Santa Maria del Soccorso. Here dwells a hermit, who offers his visitors wine and a book in which to write their names. Some of these autographs may well be coveted by collectors. No potentate to-day can boast of such a site for his palace as this, which has attracted Tiberius and this poor monk to make a home here. The hermit has a few curiously interesting "antiques," found, as one may say, in his own door-yard. Many valuable pillars of lapis lazuli, and other precious substances, as well as magnificent pavements, — one of which is in the church of Capri, — have been found amid these ruins.

No word-painting can adequately describe the splendor of the view from the Capo, and its extent makes it hopeless for the master of the brush. It is as if one looked into a vast amphitheatre, and in some directions the distant objects seem to rise in circles, one above the other, until they fade into the beyond, which the vision cannot pierce. Its grandeur is not comprehended in a single visit. A certain adjustment of one's self to the scene is necessary before its unusual vastness can be justly estimated. Naturally the most splendid coloring is at sunset, when all the enchantments of Nature seem spread before one; below is the lovely island, and for miles around it the blue sea, with sails here and there, like the wings of birds; the bays of Naples and Salerno lie sparkling with the colors of the rainbow, in strange contrast with the barren Punta di Campanella, where the Temple of Minerva once stood; far to the southeast lies Pæstum, and in the

distant northwest are the Ponza Islands; while between these points are numberless towns and cities, promontories and mountains, with dread Vesuvius, "the Tiberius of Nature," pouring forth its smoke, the very emblem of the most terrific destruction.

One of the most curious and interesting spots in all Capri is the Grotto of Matromania, reached by the valley of the same name, descending from the Tuoro Grande to the sea. This mysterious cavern, one hundred feet deep, and more than half as wide, is entered through a magnificent natural archway. Within are traces of Roman masonry, and an arrangement like seats, and of steps, such as might lead to the spot where the image of the god there worshipped was placed, for it seems to have been a temple. A bas-relief found here represented the worship of the Persian Mithras, and it is believed that in this grotto that sun-god was propitiated and adored. The grotto faces the east, and the sunrise must be a glorious sight when seen from its opening. The dim mysteriousness which pervades it, the evidences that human beings have made some important use of it, the silence which is profound save for the trickling of water, unite to make it impressive even to a sensation of awe. A marble tablet found here bore the following inscription in Greek: —

"Ye kind demons who dwell in the Stygian land,
Receive me also, me unhappy, into Hades;
For not by the command of Moira, by the power of the ruler,
Was I suddenly struck with death, which, innocent, I did not fear.
The emperor was still loading me with gifts;
But he has now refused hope to me and to my parents.
I have not attained twenty years; no, not fifteen.
Alas! and I see no more the light of the shining day.
Hypatos is my name: I call to thee, my brother;
My parents, I mourn unto you. Oh, weep no longer,
Ye poor ones!"

The Steps at Capri.

The excursions already mentioned are made from Capri, and above them all are Anacapri and Monte Solaro. One hears much of the 784 steps from the Marina to Anacapri; 535 of these are above the lower town, and the ascent is broken half-way by the chapel of S. Anthony, where one may rest. But this fatiguing climb is no longer a necessity, as a road has been constructed, in long windings, from which are many delightful views.

The really short distance which separates upper and lower Capri, if on a level, would make the towns near neighbors; but the difficult ascent has separated them as effectually as many miles could have done, and before the road was made the people of the two villages, who even speak in different dialects, had almost nothing in common.

The rocks or cliffs between the towns are like colossal walls, in strange, weird shapes; while above them a portion of Monte Solaro projects like a great roof, and on the slopes of the mountain lies the "upper city." The construction of the steps is attributed to the Phœnicians or the Greeks. They are wonderfully made in a zigzag course, and end in a platform from which there are two paths, leading to the village and to Monte Solaro. The platform is called Capo di Monte, and affords one of the charming outlooks with which Capri abounds, and from here the view of the island itself is unique. The great skeleton rocks rise to heights above, and plunge into depths far below this point; in spots they are like gardens with waving vines and even trees; again they are gray and bare, and seem to frown on all the world. Lower Capri and the seas are beneath; Solaro reaches toward the skies above, and the picturesque ruins of Castle Barbarossa remind one that human beings have lived on these desolate, dizzy heights.

From this platform Anacapri, embowered in trees and

shrubs, looks like a doll's village. The houses seem like arbors in the midst of gardens, so small are they when seen from a distance; and even when near at hand they are the tiniest of homes. The trees, around many of which grapevines twine, grow even more luxuriantly here than in the lower town, for the sun has great power on this slope of Solaro, and the pure air makes stalwart trees as well as stalwart men.

The quiet of the town impresses one at once. In summer, when the men are coral-fishing, the women are almost alone. They care for the gardens, raise silkworms on the mulberry leaves, spin and weave, and sing their songs, and seem to dwell in the city of peacefulness. Their industry is marvellous, but their work is lighter than that of the women of the lower town. They carry no burdens unless the cisterns run dry, when they must go down the steps for water; but they weave and spin from sunrise to sunset through all their lives, which oftentimes extend into great age. At the end they are carried to "Paradise," which is represented by the pavement of their church, and from that they pass to their beautiful Campo Santo, and are laid beneath its cypress-trees, while flowers bloom above their graves. In no place could more appropriately be inscribed those sweet old words, *Requiescat in pace.*

Few ruins have been found in Anacapri, the most important being on the plain of Damecuta, which slopes gently down to the coast, to the point of the entrance to the famous Blue Grotto. It is singular that both on the north and west Solaro slopes down to a lower shore than that of the under part of the island; and yet this shore has neither beach nor harbor, and is certain destruction to any boat thrown on it.

There is a tradition that Anacapri was founded by two lovers, who desired even greater solitude than Capri

afforded, and climbing the steep rocks built themselves a shelter at the foot of Solaro. The ascent of this mountain will complete the "sights" on land that are usually enjoyed by the loiterer on this bewitching island. The mountain is 1,100 feet higher than Anacapri, but 400 feet short of the summit the Hermitage is reached. This is very interesting; the entrance to the cell is through an old chapel; there is a cheerful little garden, and if the hermit whom I saw is still there, he is gentle and courteous in manner, and has an expression of composure, such as is rarely seen except in the images of Buddha.

The hermit's nearest neighbor is the telegraph operator, on the summit above him, who passes his life peering down into the sea, identifying sails, and straightway sending the results of his observations to all who care to hear them. How many people in Naples, when they read that a P. and O. steamer is about to arrive, think of that man on the highest peak of Solaro, who has told them this news?

No pen could give a just description of the view from Monte Solaro; even the simple list of what may be seen from its height in a clear day is impressive, and lest my own geography should be at fault, I will give that of Gregorovius. Of course the most comprehensive view of the island itself is had from this summit, and it is a panorama of great interest and beauty. On the south lies the open sea.

"Toward the west and north the islands of Ponza, the high peaks of Ischia, the island of Vivara, the gentle slopes of Procida; behind them, dreamy and distant, the mountains of Gaeta and Terracina, with the Cape of Circe; farther the mountain pyramids of Misenum, at the foot of which Tiberius was murdered; the shores of Cimbria and of the Elysian Fields; the blue coasts of Baiæ and Pozzuoli; Cumæ, with the mountains of Gaurus and of Solfaterra; the castle-crowned island

of Nisida; the slender Pausilippo; the sharp peak of Camaldoli; the far mountains of Capua; then the gleaming shore of Naples, a long line from the city to Torre del Greco; the two-peaked, smoking Vesuvius above Pompeii, and behind it the beautiful mountains of Sarno and Nocera, with their wealth of spurs and gorges: to the east the brown, sharply chiselled coast of Massa, with the capes of Sorrento and Minerva; behind, the gigantic mountain of St. Angelo; farther still, the Rocks of the Sirens, and the high, mountainous shores of Amalfi and Salerno; and last, far away, the white, distant mountains of Calabria, Pæstum, — a mere line of shore, — and Cape Licosa in Lucania."

To think of such an horizon is an effort; and when to the bare fact of its comprehensiveness one tries to add the thought of all the wonderful events that have taken place within sight of Solaro, it is as if ages rolled over one, and the brain grows dizzy and refuses to lend itself to such unending labors.

A sunset from Solaro on a clear summer evening leaves an impression not to be forgotten. The whole sea is of a glowing gold and crimson, as is the western sky. Even the rocks rising here and there from its bosom — especially the rock of Ponza, from which so many Christian martyrs' souls have taken their flight — seem to be on fire; and although this very brilliancy warns one of the darkness that will soon follow, it is with many such looks as were forbidden to Lot's wife that the descent is slowly and regretfully made.

A delightful excursion is the *giro* of the whole island; and from the water the great variety in the formation of the cliffs and promontories is best seen. These views are most impressive; and at the foot of Castello, and not far from the majestic Faraglioni, is the Piccola Marina, one of the delightful surprises of this mysterious shore. Lying on the southern coast, and sheltered by rocks, it is

isolated from all the world. A few fishermen's cottages are built into the rocky arcades, and but a small number of boats can find safe mooring in the little harbor; the beach is very small, and is the only place on Capri known to me from which there is no view. Barren rocks and the broad sea hem in this tiny Marina, and the silence is broken only by the lapping of the waves and the cries of the birds far, far above on the heights of the cliffs. An occasional vessel going or coming from far-away Africa or the neighboring Palermo, as may suit one's fancy, is the only moving thing besides the rolling sea and the fleecy, passing clouds.

Capri is so rich in grottos that one scarcely knows where to begin in speaking of them; and, indeed, it would be quite impossible here to mention all that are known, or to do justice to any. The shores of the island are literally honey-combed by these caverns, and it is not probable that they have all been visited by human beings. The Grotto of the Stalactites, the White Grotto, the Marmolata, Marinella, and several others along the shore from Monte Solaro beyond the Faraglioni, are well worth exploring. In some of them exquisite seaweed abounds; in others, the walls and stones are of various colors, and all beautiful. Again, the peculiar formation of the chambers produces such sounds and cadences from the waves as make a grander "Ocean Symphony" than any heaven-endowed composer could either dream or write.

The celebrated Green Grotto — Grotta Verde — excels all others in its beautifully arched shape and the splendor of its surrounding peaks of rock. It is not entirely subterranean, and at noon it might be most fittingly called the Grotto of Hope, since it is lighted by that exquisite emerald-green which is the symbol of that virtue which S. Paul mentions in the celestial company of faith and charity.

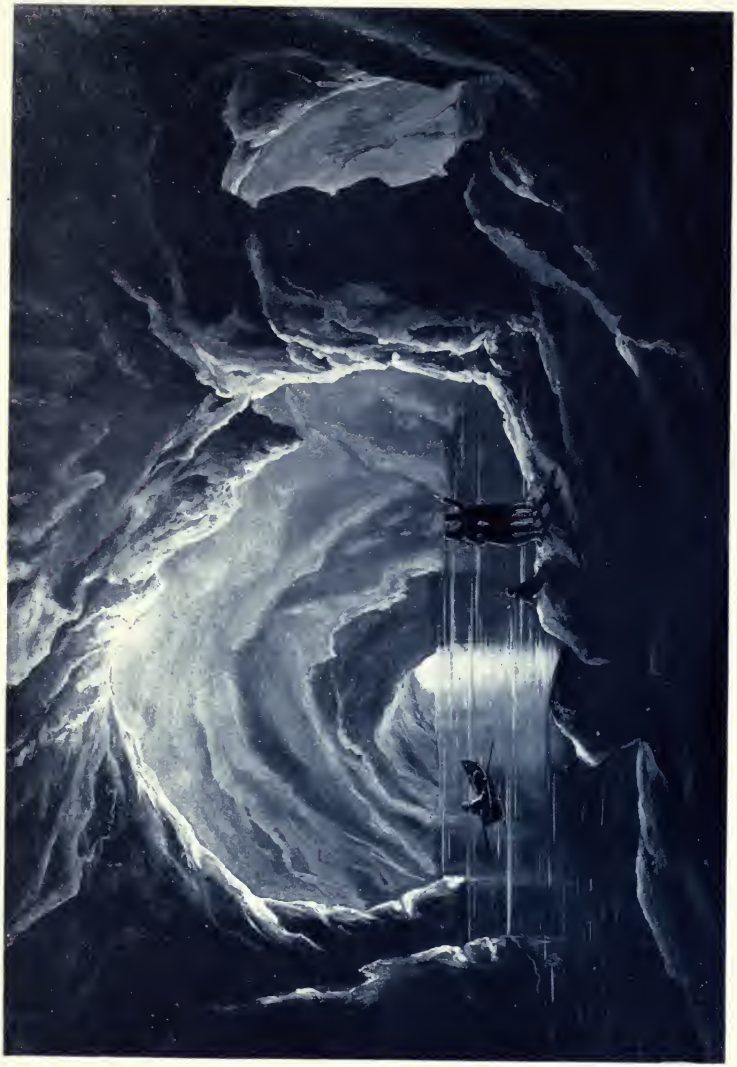
So much Blue Grotto literature already exists that nothing could be added to increase its value. It is better to select some of the excellent things that have already been said of it. Doubtless this cave was well known to former generations and peoples; but the knowledge of it had long been lost when it was re-discovered by August Kopisch, the artist Fries, and Angelo Ferraro, a sailor, on August 17, 1826. After giving notice of his discovery and the names of his companions, and announcing the name they had bestowed on it, Kopisch says: —

"It is a remarkable phenomenon, the water seeming to fill the grotto with blue fire. Every wave appears like a flame. At the back part of the grotto is an old passage leading into the rock, perhaps to the Tower of Damecuta above, where tradition reports that young maidens were formerly imprisoned by Tiberius; and it is possible that the grotto was his secret landing-place. . . . It is most beautiful in the morning, because in the afternoon the light is stronger and the mysterious charm thereby diminished. The picturesque effect will be increased, if the visitor can, like ourselves, carry with him into the cave burning torches."

The author of "Notes on Naples" says: —

"A sparry roof worked by the living waters spreads, like a pavilion, its low wide arches on every hand; cells and shelves and adamantine halls, bluer than the blue heaven you have left and they will never see, are above you, and beneath, and far within, and all around; silent, too, as sleep, except for the infant echoes of the rippling water, and the light drip, at intervals, of the suspended oar. The waves, which are the cavern's pavement, are like the turquoise stone, as delicate, but more luminous, and transparent as light, as they undulate around in their soft hues, suffusing the sunken rocks, the submarine wall, and the arched roof above you fretted with its stalactites. A color as of violet is in the air, and in the vault's more distant depths there is a purple like the starry night. Nay, the very

The Blue Grotto of Capri.



fish among the broken rocks below your keel seem blue as the bird's wing. This Grotta Azzurra is a hall for a sea-god, where Tethys might repose her limbs in sultry noon, or the translated Glaucus, enamored of his Nereid, make his home."

And Gregorovius thus adds his testimony to the charm of this unique cave of the blues: —

"When I entered the grotto, I felt as if I had gone back into one of those fairy-tales in which we live as children. Daylight and the upper world have suddenly disappeared; and you find yourself in the hollow earth, in the midst of a twilight of blue fire. The waves cast up sparkling, pearly drops, as if thousands of shining sapphires, red rubies and carbuncles, were thrown up from the depths. The walls are of a ghostly and mysterious blue, like the palaces of fairies. A sense of foreign substance and spirit pervades the place, making it in the strangest way at once mysterious and familiar. All is silent, as if in a world of shadows; no one ventures to speak. First comes a cry of admiration, then perfect stillness; and the only sound is the dipping of the oar, or the rippling of the waves, which weave wreaths of phosphorescent light on the rocky walls. The blue water is irresistibly alluring; it rouses an intense desire to plunge therein, and sink, drowning, into a sea of light. I have seen upon a Greek vase a figure of a siren, a very beautiful figure, raising both arms, white as lilies, while she laughs, and strikes together two shining brass cymbals: thus do the sirens rise in this cave out of the waves of blue fire, strike their cymbals, laughing, and dive into the waves, and rise again. But they can be seen only by little children, and by men and women born on Sunday."

Many an archéd roof is bent
Over the wave,
But none like thine, from the firmament
To the shells that at thy threshold lave.
What name shall shadow thy rich-blue sheen,
Violet, sapphire, or ultramarine,
Beautiful cave?

Blue, — blue, — beautiful and intense, —
Everywhere:
Spirits, or some one spirit immense,
Breathing and burning in the air;
Making an ardent presence felt,
Till the rocks seem as like to melt
In the glare!

No! they emit no heat,
Those prisoned beams.
At noontide, in thy coolness sweet,
The glowing Italian summer dreams,
And the limpid and sparkling lymph
Bath of beauty, in form of nymph,
Well beseems.

World of wonders and strange delights,
Submontane sea,
Bowers of branching stalactites,
Islands of lapis lazuli,
And waves so clear, and air so rich,
That, gazing, we know not which is which, —
Adieu to thee!

William Gibson

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